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COMMENTARY

Do the Voters Want Moderation? — OSCAR HANDLIN

The Cost of Israel's Survival
What Price Defense? — HAL LEHRMAN
Faith, Courage, and Taxes — BENNO WEISER

Small-Town Detroit — GERALD WEALES

The "Sons of Light" — THEODOR H. GASTER

End of a Year—A Story — SYLVIA ROTHCHILD

Broadway's Missing Communist — ERIC BENTLEY

A Jeremiad—A Poem — ELIE FLATTO

Jewish Surnames Through the Ages — BENZION C. KAGANOFF

Cedars of Lebanon
From the Dead Sea Scrolls

On the Horizon
Middlebrow England — RICHARD CHASE

The Study of Man
Reading the Constitution Anew — RICHARD HOFSTADTER

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Dennis H. Wrong — Werner Cohn — Paul Goodman
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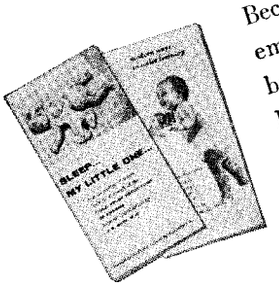

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COMMENTARY

SEPTEMBER 1956 VOLUME 22, NUMBER 3

Do the Voters Want Moderation?	*Oscar Handlin*	193
The Cost of Israel's Survival		
What Price Defense?	*Hal Lehrman*	199
Faith, Courage, and Taxes	*Benno Weiser*	211
Small-Town Detroit	*Gerald Weales*	219
The "Sons of Light"	*Theodor H. Gaster*	227
End of a Year *A Story*	*Sylvia Rothchild*	237
Broadway's Missing Communist	*Eric Bentley*	244
A Jeremiad *A Poem*	*Elie Flatto*	248
Jewish Surnames Through the Ages	*Benzion C. Kaganoff*	249
Cedars of Lebanon		
From the Dead Sea Scrolls		260
On the Horizon		
Middlebrow England	*Richard Chase*	263
The Study of Man		
Reading the Constitution Anew	*Richard Hofstadter*	270
Letters from Readers		275
Books in Review		
The Power Elite, by C. Wright Mills	*Dennis H. Wrong*	278
Mori Sa'id, by Hayim Hazaz	*Paul Goodman*	280
The Political Behavior of American Jews, by Lawrence H. Fuchs	*Werner Cohn*	284
Toynbee and History, edited by Ashley Montagu	*Bernard W. Wishy*	286
Negroes on the March, by Daniel Guerin; The Negro Potential, by Eli Ginzberg	*C. Vann Woodward*	288

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

De-Stalinization and Soviet Jewish Policy *Walter Z. Laqueur*

The revelations attending the downgrading of Stalin confirmed the fact that Soviet policy was frankly anti-Semitic—not "just" anti-Zionist—in recent years. What sort of Soviet Jewish policy is shaping up now, and does it offer any hope that Russian Communism will not continue to seek the dissolution and disappearance of Soviet Jewry?

Suez and the Western Powers *George Lichtheim*

Colonel Nasser's abrupt action in nationalizing the Suez Canal Company has glaringly exposed the hesitancy and lack of purpose of Western policy in the Middle East. An expert commentator appraises the results of the London conference and peers into the future.

Ring Lardner: An American Writer *John Berryman*

Still another item in the current revival of interest in the 20's is Donald Elder's recent biography of Ring Lardner. A critic and poet appraises this very American writer and the extent to which he made a contribution to American literature.

Getting Sensible About Security *Maurice J. Goldbloom*

Recent decisions by the Supreme Court and various administrative agencies indicate the growth of a standard of reasonableness in security matters that is replacing the quest for total security which dominated procedures in the past few years. A discussion by one of COMMENTARY's regular political analysts.

The Politics of American Jews *Werner Cohn*

Is there a general political alignment of American Jews today? How can that alignment be defined? What are its causes, historical and sociological? A young sociologist attempts to supply an answer.

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COMMENTARY

DO THE VOTERS WANT MODERATION?

The Politics of Evasion

OSCAR HANDLIN

THE approaching election is knotted in a bundle of striking paradoxes. The Democratic position as majority party has scarcely been shaken; yet President Eisenhower seems destined to be re-elected. The campaign promises to be as acrimonious as any in the past twenty years; yet the administration depends for Congressional support upon its opponents. The domestic and foreign issues of the next four years are momentous; yet an overpowering sense of apathy benumbs those who will go to the polls in November. Finally, the rival candidates are moderate men closer to each other than to the extreme elements among their own followers; yet each has closed ranks with his party and reserves his fire not for the dissidents with whom he disagrees, but for the opposition with whom he agrees.

In the face of the cross-currents that evoke these apparent contradictions, it is not surprising that the American voter is hesitant and uncertain. As he nears the booth some weeks hence, his mind may not altogether be made up. And any venture at predictions must necessarily be foolhardy.

This situation is obviously discouraging to the scholar, who prefers the more orderly perspective of the 19th century, when men seemed to sort themselves out almost spontaneously into liberals and conservatives in accord with their social and economic interests. Then the positions of candidates and voters on the tariff and currency could be neatly pigeonholed together with the consequent party identification. We have, indeed, more trustworthy instruments for measuring the struggle for power. To the traditional accounts of reporters and political scientists, there have been added, in the last fifteen years, an abundance of new data drawn from sociological and psychological investigations. If they do not, in themselves, aid in the task of prediction, these materials nevertheless immensely enrich our capacity for comprehending the problems of politics. Three recent works are typical, in their variety, of the width of available approaches to these complexities.

WE MAY usefully begin with an examination of the record of the Eisenhower administration, which seems to have given quite a new twist to American politics. Such a record is presented to us by Robert J.

OSCAR HANDLIN, a frequent contributor, teaches history at Harvard and is the author of *The Uprooted,* which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1952, *Adventure in Freedom* (1954), *The American People in the Twentieth Century* (1954), and other works. His *Race and Nationality in American Life* will be published next winter by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

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Donovan's *The Inside Story*.* Despite the sensational notices that accompanied its publication, the book is a straightforward account of the four years of the Republicans in office. Donovan is a competent reporter, and he has assembled his material with care. Although he has had access to minutes of the Cabinet meetings and to other documents not hitherto available, there are no surprises in his account, which grows tactfully vague at critical points. He is sympathetic to the Eisenhower wing of the party, and that naturally influences his interpretation at times. Yet the narrative seems thoroughly honest.

A review of Eisenhower's tenure of power raises an immediate question. What in his achievements justifies the confidence that he will be re-elected? His reputation as a military leader was certainly a consequential factor in 1952. But the glory has worn off somewhat; and yet the succession of two shattering illnesses has not, thus far, shaken the faith of the electorate in his capacity to give them the leadership they desire. Furthermore, three and a half years of experience have given them ample opportunity for testing his promises against his performance. If they still look to him for guidance, it is not because of the magic of his name alone, but because of the conviction that he has actually given them what they want.

The domestic record is not impressive. The administration will, no doubt, claim credit for advances in civil rights and for the continued prosperity. But in these areas it has largely allowed trends already in process to go on. On the other hand, every effort to implement the campaign promises of 1952 has led to fiasco. The brief experiment with Republican fiscal policy led to an economic decline in the winter of 1953-54. The Benson farm program had to be abandoned in favor of agricultural subsidies thinly disguised under the Democratic device of a soil bank. And the Republican "new look" has in practice been too often involved with Dixon-Yates and Talbott affairs to give the orators much at which to point with pride.

Nor can the President claim to have reformed and modernized the Republican party, as many hoped he would. He has certainly strengthened and consolidated his own position; and changes in leadership have brought his supporters into power in some states. The reactionary wing of the party has not, however, been dislodged and is only biding its time. Moreover, there is no indication that the Republicans have won over substantial elements of the old New Deal coalition which they need to become more than a minority. There have been relatively few accessions of strength from the ranks of organized labor, from among Negroes and other minority groups, or within the South. Even suburbia feels but a wavering loyalty, as the elections of 1954 demonstrated. Finally, the President has not been able to divorce his administration from partisanship. Already in 1953 he took a narrow view of his position, and in the election of 1954 he campaigned more openly and more committedly than any President in the past.

FOREIGN policy has been a succession of retreats. The brave talk of the opening months, when Chiang Kai-shek was to be unleashed for an attack on the mainland, quickly subsided. There followed instead the withdrawal from the Tachen Islands, the loss of Indo-China, which opened the way for Communist penetration of Southeast Asia, and, most disastrous of all, the penetration of the Middle East by Soviet influence. For all the bluster of his Secretary of State, the President has consistently followed the line his predecessor marked out. He has concentrated upon the defense of Western Europe through NATO and the rearmament of Germany, upon mutual defense agreements wherever possible, and upon economic stimulus through aid and trade agreements. There is little here that can evoke enthusiasm.

On one point only has the President fulfilled the promises of his first electoral campaign. He resolved the stalemate in Korea, and he has acted to preserve peace. The dramatic moments of his administration were the visit to the Korean battlefront, the con-

*Harper, 423 pp., $4.95.

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clusion of the armistice with the Chinese Communists, and the summit conference at Geneva, which momentarily kindled the hope that an end to the cold war might be in sight. Whatever future judgments may be rendered on the long-term consequences of these measures, their immediate popularity was beyond question.

Why should the longing for peace and security have predominant weight for the voters? Why should this factor loom as the decisive one in the coming election? To answer that question, one must re-examine the forces involved in the election of 1952.

IN DOING so, we are fortunate to have at hand Samuel Lubell's *Revolt of the Moderates.** Like his earlier work, this volume is rich in unique insights derived from his own methods of political analysis. Lubell is a reporter, but one who is far more than a careful observer and recorder of events. He lacks the formal, systematic approach of the social scientists, though he is aware of what they are up to; but he more than compensates for this by the skillful and perceptive nature of his approach. Talking to people as he moves about the country, he soaks up impressions which are illuminating because he knows what questions to ask, and because he is capable of going back into history far enough to find the roots of the answers.

There are numerous valuable features in the book—shrewd delineations of Eisenhower, McCarthy, Nixon, and Humphrey; perceptive analyses of contemporary Southern politics and of the farm problem; and a good study of the development of isolationism. But the most valuable contribution is the conception of American politics as a functioning system. Lubell understands the complexity of political motivation. The forces operating upon the electorate are like a wide stream in which a variety of currents are mingled. At any given moment, several different currents sweep the voter along. What determines his final ballot is the total configuration within which one element rather than another acquires decisive force.

Party affiliations today are influenced by both ethnic and economic issues. Cultural and social heritage makes men Republicans or Democrats, and sets limits to the degree to which they shift from one party to another. A comparison of the vote in New York City, for instance, reveals the importance of divisions between Catholics and Jews. In the same manner, Lubell demonstrates that German Americans of even the third generation retain loyalties that significantly influence their political behavior. Since such ethnic loyalties are normally binding, a majority of the nation is probably Democratic, attached to the party of F.D.R. by the New Deal coalition of minorities. Republican strength, by contrast, has been drawn largely from rural and old-stock Yankee sources, elements of diminishing importance.

The situation is complicated by the factor of economic interest. Careful studies of a number of cities show a high degree of stratification in voting, with the Democrats more powerful among the lower social and economic groups and the Republicans more powerful among the upper. In the nature of the case, therefore, economic issues, too, normally favor the Democrats, as the election of 1948 proved.

In neither respect was 1952 normal, however. Booming prosperity reduced the importance of traditional economic issues; and resentment at the results of World War II shook the allegiance to the Democratic party of some disillusioned ethnic groups, particularly that of the Germans and Irish who still nursed grievances that dated back to 1917. Under these circumstances, Lubell shows, all other questions were subsumed under that of peace. The inflationary high cost of living and discontent with the dragging cold war were alike attributed to the unsatisfactory stalemate in Korea. The pervasive desire for a change reflected an intense wish for some resolution of that stalemate. By the time the Korean armistice was achieved in 1953, all other issues had dwindled in importance; the conclusion of the Korean war

*Harper, 308 pp., $3.75. [Parts of this book were published in COMMENTARY for March and April of this year.—ED.]

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left Americans eager above all for stability.

Moderation therefore has become the predominant mood of the nation. The great popular objectives are the preservation of peace, maintenance of the balance among the country's diverse ethnic elements, and the prevention of "excesses" either in the direction of free enterprise or of government control. Politicians and voters alike seek a kind of equilibrium within which no trend will acquire too much force in the government. The inclination to vote against whoever is in power; the willingness to leave Congress in the hands of one party and the Presidency in the hands of the other; and the attractiveness of moderate candidates like Stevenson and Eisenhower, alike express that mood. So runs Lubell's argument.

This explanation is sound insofar as it applies to events down through the election of 1952. It is not, however, altogether convincing as an elucidation of the sentiments of the American electorate of today. If we turn our attention away from the elections and direct it toward the actual course and conduct of government, we find few signs of a "revolt of the moderates." For almost twenty years, essentially the same groups have controlled the national government with only slight interference from electoral changes. A coalition of Southern and Midwestern Senators, Democrats and Republicans, has maintained a firm grip on the operations of the legislature despite the shifts of party majorities in 1946, 1948, 1952, and 1954. Their influence has also carried extraordinary weight in the executive, since the failure of F.D.R.'s purge. Moderation is only the current term for the conservative, rural philosophy of this coalition.

The tendency on the part of American voters today to support the opposition, to vote against whoever is in, may therefore have a significance different from that which Lubell ascribes to it. It may express the frustrations of an electorate which has frequently, under both parties, seen its wishes set aside by unrepresentative legislators who hold power through undemocratic districting and the seniority system. Such frustrations, repeated over a long period, have generated a negative, almost skeptical mood concealed in the acquiescence in moderation. Those frustrations may also have been involved in the interlude of demagogy through which the country passed between 1950 and 1954.

THE swift obscurity to which Senator Joseph McCarthy has recently descended follows a period in which he occupied the very center of the American political stage. The fears of those who formerly considered him a serious threat to democracy were probably never justified. But his rise in power coincided with the spread of the "moderate" mood—although he was himself by no means a moderate—and the relation between the man and the mood deserves examination.

In that task, we have the assistance of *The New American Right*, a stimulating collection of essays edited by Daniel Bell.* Although the individual contributions are extremely uneven, and some of them drift away in loose generalization and inaccuracy, the volume brings together a useful body of information that illuminates the central problem.

The unifying hypothesis of the work is the development in the last half-century or so of a radical right composed of groups in revolt against the respectable possessing classes of American society. This trend is the product of the rootlessness and the heterogeneity of American life, which evokes in some personalities a demand for conformity that is almost authoritarian in character. In periods of depression that demand is channeled along class lines, but in periods of prosperity and inflation it takes form in the struggle for status.

In the past, the struggle for status was expressed politically in movements directed against immigrants, as were the Know-Nothings, the American Protective Association, and the Ku Klux Klan. But now, the children of the immigrants have themselves become involved in the quest for status; and given their origins, they can find no re-

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lease in xenophobia. Instead, their "dynamic dissent" takes the form of emphasis upon their own Americanism and "ideological intolerance" of the elite of intellectuals and business leaders identified with the East and its cosmopolitan connections. That reversal is particularly significant among German Americans and Irish Catholics, who were themselves only recently among the victims of intolerance. The "exhaustion of liberal and left-wing political ideology" creates "vulnerable targets for their hatred" and allows "enthusiasm without intelligence" to reign. McCarthyism, "this outburst of direct democracy," thus "comes straight from the leftist rhetoric of the old Populists and Progressives."

Not all the authors who contribute essays to this volume would agree with every detail of this generalized thesis. But it supplies a valid basis for discussion.

Analysis of these ideas may usefully begin with an examination of the connection established between McCarthyism and its presumed Populist or Progressive antecedents. I was, I think, the first to point to the strains of hostility against Jews and immigrants in Populist thought (COMMENTARY, May 1951). But I considered it important then, and still do, to emphasize that the use of negative stereotypes did not make the movement itself anti-Semitic or xenophobic. Faith in well-defined goals of social justice and equality was the positive element in this dissent, and that faith exerted a decisive restraint upon those who enlisted under the varied banners of reform.

McCarthyism was distinctive in its lack of a positive ideology. The empty negative quality of McCarthy's position was decisively revealed during the army hearings of May 1954, when he attempted to explain the nature of Americanism and of the Communist threat to it; and that, more than any other single incident, marked the turn in popular sentiment against him.

The earlier movements were also different to the extent that they *were* movements, organized in societies with recognized modes of expression. One cannot identify the Know-Nothings, the A.P.A., or the Klan with a single individual; their mass following was what was significant. McCarthy had allies and supporters, but in retrospect it is startling to recall how little success he had in transmuting that support into a functioning organization. Throughout he operated as the free-wheeling individual, and his power disappeared without a trace in the face of the first determined opposition.

That raises a disturbing question. What do we know about McCarthy's following? Its political significance, after all, was never tested. McCarthyism was not an issue in the election of 1946; in 1952 he ran behind the rest of the Republican ticket; and in 1954 his support was nowhere effective. It is at least a possibility that his power was needlessly inflated by the fears and lack of confidence of those he attacked.

McCarthy did express a mood prevalent in American society, though it was not the mood of moderation described by Lubell. More certainly McCarthy reflected the widespread intellectual confusion of the first four years of this decade. Whether large numbers of Americans would have supported him in any practical test or not, many of them, including the moderates, agreed that he was asking appropriate questions that no one else ventured to raise. What were those questions?

ALL three volumes before us insist upon the extent of popular responsibility for present-day political trends. "Congress is what it is," Lubell writes, "primarily because that is what the American people are like." The authors of *The New American Right* stress the significance of McCarthy's following, and Donovan frequently emphasizes the President's responsiveness to the popular will.

Yet American political leadership shared that responsibility. McCarthyism thrived in soil prepared by a decade's failure to define a meaningful position toward the challenge of Communism. On what basis could the South Boston Irishman or Wisconsin farmer judge McCarthy when Eisenhower himself

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embraced the Senator in the campaign of 1952, and for two years thereafter responded to every attack by turning his subordinates' other cheek?

President Truman had been hardly any less ambiguous. On the one hand, he had appeared to dismiss the whole issue as a red herring; yet on the other, he had initiated the security procedures that were eliminating the disloyal from office. And earlier still had been Roosevelt's failure. As Earl Browder moved in and out of jail in response to shifts of the party line, and as policy alternated between disapproval of the Soviet Union in 1939 and approval of it in 1941, all standards of judgment were necessarily confused. Hence the eagerness for questions that would at last bring the issue into the open.

This long-term uneasiness was heightened by the general ambiguity of foreign policy. Lubell treats, as others have, the vote on the draft law extension in 1941 as a test of isolationism. With war so close upon the horizon, it was foolhardy to cut back American military strength. But the confusion of the opposition Congressmen becomes more comprehensible when one discovers that President Roosevelt was then publicly insisting that war was not imminent and that the extension was needed for flimsy technical reasons.

The incident was symptomatic. From the outbreak of the Spanish civil war onward there was a transparent lack of candor in what the people were told. For whatever reason, on the questions of the arms embargo, of aid to the Allies, of relations with Russia and China, the statesmen charged with the responsibility for formulating policy did not take the voters of the nation into their full confidence. That may have been an error; or that may have been the less damaging horn of an unavoidable dilemma. In any case, it was tragic. For in pursuing the course they did, the leadership of the democracy shrank from the obligation of defining these issues for the electorate in such a manner that its choices at the polling places would be meaningful. That disastrous failure was as much the fault of conservatives as of liberals, of Republicans as of Democrats.

The paradoxes of today's political situation are part of the reckoning. The radical right profited briefly from the opportunity to ask embarrassing questions. Once its charlatanry was exposed, it lost the confidence of the electorate. But the issues have not yet been clearly defined. In the cheerfully vague oratory of the times, peace is a way to liberate the satellites, strategic retreats in every part of the globe strengthen a military position, and small, cheap armies, under God, are more powerful than large expensive ones—and better for the budget. Moderation is thus good, and good for you.

In the context of this past, moderation means evading the necessity of choice, the suspense of inaction between undesirable alternatives. After twenty years of confused striving, the voters value above all else the appearance of peace and stability that the Eisenhower administration has given them. Whether they can long afford to hold the pose of indecision in the face of the changing world about them, is another question, and one about which few can afford to be complacent.

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WHAT PRICE ISRAEL'S DEFENSE?

The Middle East's New High Standard of Armaments

HAL LEHRMAN

IF ALL the weapons mounted on one of the twenty-four Israeli Mystère Mark IV jets newly purchased from France are fired for a total of sixty seconds, replacement of the rockets and other missiles expended in that single minute will cost $20,000.

Israel's need today for weapons—and the money to pay for them—is as urgent as it was in the spring of 1948, when the emerging Jewish state had only some ancient light artillery pieces, a few Piper Cubs, and not one tank with which to defend herself against five invading Arab armies. Recent introduction into the Middle East of ultra high-speed aircraft—by the Soviets—and tanks equipped with complex electronic devices—by the British—has revolutionized Israel's military cost-of-living index. Her usual cut-rate sources of supply—traders in surplus stocks of World War II and Korean date—are not peddling the new hardware. It is available only from the producers, and only by special authorization. The Arabs enjoy more than adequate access to Soviet stores, and generally at bargain terms. The Israelis —when they manage to persuade a Western government or licensee to release a limited quantity—must pay list prices which, by contrast with pre-supersonic days, are literally enormous.

To keep herself minimally prepared against the threat implicit in Egypt's arms deal with the Soviet Union last September, Israel is being compelled to spend on *extra* weapons and materiel an amount of foreign currency equal to fully *half her total annual import* of goods and raw materials for her population's consumer needs. As former Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett has put it, Israel is under the mortal necessity to acquire "very costly modern military equipment out of all proportion to the normal needs of a country of our size—out of all proportion to the normal capacity of a population of our dimensions." This drain on Israel's meager resources is one of the Arab world's shrewdest calculations in its effort to encompass her ruin and ultimate extinction.

ONCE upon a time, before the era of standardized modern equipment ushered in by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the cost of Middle Eastern preparedness—for both sides—made sense, at least in terms of budgets. The West was the only outside supplier, directly or indirectly, for arms to the Middle East, in effect controlling the nature of the weapons acquired and the scale of armament. And the West, for a variety of reasons, slowed up both on conventional arms production and on research for more advanced (and expensive) models. This was the period of the Marshall Plan, with its emphasis on economic recovery rather than military ultra-readiness. Until 1950 no new types of arms arrived to upset the Middle Eastern balance of power.

In the Arab-Israeli war, both antagonists had obtained their weapons for the most part from surplus stock (the Arabs mainly through agreements with foreign governments, the Israelis through private dealers), except for light arms which could be bought

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THIS detailed report on the pressing problems —military and financial—of Israel's security is the fourth in a series of articles by HAL LEHRMAN, the other three having appeared in our February, March, and May issues. Mr. Lehrman is a well-known journalist and lecturer, and author of the recent *Portrait of Israel: Myth and Reality* (Public Affairs Committee, New York) as well as several works on world affairs.

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straight from manufacturers or were sometimes even produced locally. In wartime, because of the mass output of established models, the per-unit factory cost of armaments can be held down, and large quantities of World War II (and later of Korean war) materiel were left over for disposal to bargain hunters. The Patton tank now used by the peacetime American army costs approximately $175,000 new, but the Sherman tank, which was the staple of the wartime army, came off the assembly line for only $55,000; Israeli agents later could pick one up for as little as $10,000, reconditioned. The P-51 Mustang fighter plane, American equivalent of the British Spitfire or German Messerschmitt, was worth over $50,000 new—and was acquired by the Israeli air force at second hand for around a third of that price. The Mosquito light bomber, originally $100,000, went for barely $15,000.

In 1950, according to the Israelis, the British began upsetting the arms balance—and arms prices—by introducing jets and other up-to-date equipment into the Middle East. Starting with a bulk sale in that year to Cairo, Britain by 1955 had supplied Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, and Jordan with an estimated 150 early jets of the Meteor, Vampire, and Venom night-fighter types (in addition to some 50 Centurions, a tank twice as heavy as the Sherman, for Egypt and Iraq). Egypt received 100 of the Meteors and Vampires, which could fly better than 30 per cent faster than the piston-engined Spitfires and P-51's that had been the stock Middle Eastern fighter planes until then.

Nevertheless, the problem of defense was then regarded in Israel as disturbing rather than desperate. The primitive jets had not yet approached the sound barrier; their superiority in speed could conceivably be compensated for by the superior skill of Israeli pilots; besides, although Britain denied night-fighter jets to the Israelis, she did allow them to acquire at least 14 daytime Meteor jets, to which another 10 were later added to constitute a full wing of 24 fighters. In addition to the Centurions, Britain had delivered to Egypt (surreptitiously via Belgium) about 200 heavy Valentine tanks, and to Iraq 30 Churchill tanks. But the Valentines were already obsolescent and the Churchills no more than a match for the Shermans, which Israel continued to buy and improve in armor and rate of fire. Although Britain refused to sell Israel any Centurions, an adequate rejoinder to them—though only defensively—was at hand in the AMX-13, a light fast French tank with high armor-piercing firepower.

In sum, before the Cairo-Moscow transaction of September 1955, the situation could still be seen from Jerusalem as tolerable, financially as well as militarily. The Israeli establishment had been steadily absorbing arms since 1948, and by 1955 this normal purchasing program was tapering off to an estimated expenditure of upwards of $10 million yearly.

A far greater drain was the massive costs of training the citizen army and maintaining the reserves—the latter by a system hailed as unique in the world for its comprehensiveness. An estimated quarter-million combat and service troops could be mobilized almost overnight out of a total Jewish population reservoir of scarcely one and a half million. An intensively trained standing army and an outsize reserve were Israel's greatest and ultimately lone guarantee against annihilation.

The relatively enormous charges of this army were kept down wherever possible. Food, basic clothing, fuel, and maintenance of equipment were never stinted on, but everything else was. Salaries were low, for all ranks. Top pay for generals was IL 450* monthly, including all allowances. A private received IL 7.50 a month. Reservists, who spent as much as forty days yearly away from their civilian jobs in active field training, were given practically nothing except their food. (An employer-employee fund covered them up to 80 per cent of their first IL 200 of regular income.) In the two years preceding the Cairo-Moscow deal, new strenu-

*One Israeli pound is officially valued at fifty-six cents.

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ous efforts were made to reduce standing costs. The service of conscripts with large families, which involved excessive benefits for dependents, was cut from thirty months to three. Liberal exemptions were granted in the drafting of women. More youngsters than before were sent into "Nahal," the farm labor para-military corps attached to (and paid by) the agricultural settlements. Minor essentials, like military bands, were pared down. Certain military institutions, including hospitals, were transferred to civilian management. It is claimed that such economies brought an across-the-board over-all saving of close to 20 per cent.

According to guarded estimates, Israel's defense costs in the fiscal year of 1955-56 (before the full financial impact of the Soviet-provoked arms crisis was felt) are said to have totaled between IL 125 and IL 145 million. This, of course, does not include the incalculable losses caused by diversion of manpower, the curtailed output of harassed border settlements, or the added charges inflicted by Arab boycott, blockade, and so forth. Of the estimated sum actually expended for military purposes, between $20 and $30 million represented foreign valuta, the remainder local currency.

This was already a heavy burden for Israel, with its limited resources and pressing domestic needs, although the "normal," pre-emergency cost of preparedness in 1955-56 had constituted only some 30 per cent of that part of the Israeli budget comparable in function to the Federal budget of the United States. This ratio was much smaller than the ratio of defense to budget in the U. S. (if I may be permitted to compare the very small with the very large), where it came to 50 per cent. Computation of Israeli and American defense costs on a per capita basis would show the Israeli outlay to be even more restrained: for Israel, around $45 (IL 80) per capita; for the U. S., some $200 per capita—or over four times larger.

All such calculations have been rendered academic, however, by the arms-purchasing program which Israel has felt obliged to set for herself in reply to the threat of Egypt's new arms.

Egypt's new armament has forced a drastic revision of all the previous local standards of defense expenditure. Postwar output of ultra-modern weapons is rigidly limited because of the appalling pace of research and obsolescence. It takes two years or more to produce a new jet-type plane in quantity. No sooner does one model begin coming off the assembly line than the prototype of a newer model is already in the air. While the American F-84 fighter was in production, the F-86 Sabre jet (the peer of the Soviet Mig-15 acquired by the Arabs) was being tested, soon to be followed by the even faster F-100 (which was comparable to the advanced Mig-17). Over 15,000 piston-engined Mustang fighters were manufactured in wartime—but there are probably only around 3,000 Sabre jets in existence. The cost per unit of the new planes is correspondingly magnified. An F-86 is said to sell for $220,000—not counting spare parts, ammunition, and ground equipment, which just about doubles the price. The French Mystère costs even more. The British-designed Canberra light bomber, equal to the Soviet Ilyushin-28 obtained by Egypt, reportedly sells for $600,000—as against the $15,000 which Israel used to pay for a second-hand Mosquito light bomber.

A Sabre jet engine alone costs some $55,000—roughly what used to be the price of a complete new Mustang or Spitfire. As the human body and brain are too sluggish for combat carried on near the speed of sound—a P-51 pilot was able to use his own eyes to locate and shoot at his foe—in the improved jets, they are replaced by electronic sights immune to speed and altitude, which can cost as much as $60,000. Longer, costlier runways must be built; ammunition is more complex; special cranes are needed to load the missiles; a special refueling unit with a high-speed pump costs $20,000. Such prices incorporate a huge bill for development research, which is distributed uneconomically in large chunks over the small total of finished units.

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Making matters worse from the Israeli viewpoint, the Arabs were paying less for their new arms than Israel would have to pay for the equivalent. For one thing, the Soviet-made weapons were simpler than their Western counterparts because the Russians go to less trouble for the comfort and security of the man in the machine. And lowering costs still more for the Arabs was the fact that the Mig-15's had been mass-produced just before, during, and after the Korean war, making it possible to distribute them at reduced prices as they were replaced by newer designs. Finally, the Kremlin offered Cairo the easiest possible terms, at cut rates and in return for goods in kind instead of foreign exchange. The Egyptians had little hard money to spare, but plenty of merchandise to barter—especially high-quality cotton, their major cash crop, whose price they were worriedly trying to maintain in a falling world market. The Communist arms-sellers obliged by accepting large quantities at artificially pegged prices (though the Russians have since been reported coolly turning their cotton into cash, at a sharp discount and to Cairo's keen discomfiture, by dumping it on West European markets).

An informed analysis of the Prague deal, estimating the realistic "market price" of the Soviet equipment to any buyer seeking comparable materiel elsewhere, has set the value of the jet fighters Egypt got at around $110 million, of the bombers at $40 million, of the tanks at $50 million, and of naval units at $40 million. According to the same source, the Egyptians paid only $80 million for the lot.

"MERCHANTS of death" still abound, but they do not traffic in the types of weapons which Moscow (and even Britain and the United States) are bestowing on the Arabs. On the Western side, only Britain and the United States manufacture heavy tanks in categories comparable to those Cairo has received from Moscow. Only the United States, France, and Britain make a bomber in the Soviet IL-28 class. These same three powers and Canada are the main producers in the West of modern jet fighter planes. France, committed under American off-shore procurement contracts to certain schedules for production of Mystères to be used by the French air force as part of NATO, needs to "consult" and obtain "approval" for any delay in these schedules owing to diversion of aircraft to other hands. Canadair, a subsidiary of General Dynamics, builds Sabres at Montreal by agreement with North American Aviation. Italy, Australia, and Japan also produce or assemble jets largely based on American patents. Sweden manufactures jet fighters of independent design—but so far, for Swedish use only.

In almost every instance, the countries in the Western alliances which can supply modern aircraft to "outsiders" must—or prefer to—look to Washington for approval or leadership. In the end, therefore, the line invariably forms outside the door of the Department of State. The peculiar swinging open and shut of that door in recent months has been reported at length. Even when the Secretary of State ostensibly opened the door wide for allies and licensees to go out and sell, the latter were, understandably, reluctant to bear the entire brunt of Arab anger for selling arms to Israel. As for the United States herself, Israelis complained privately that the ban on arms to Israel went even beyond jet interceptors with which to cope with Egypt's Red-made bombers. (The Israeli arms "shopping list" presented last November to the State Department—at the latter's request—did *not* include any bombers.) The Department declined to make available to the Israelis, the latter pointed out, such clearly defensive weapons as certain types of anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns. Among these was a recoil-less gun which reportedly America was shipping in quantity to Iraq under a military-aid agreement. And as I have already indicated, the British had been turning a deaf ear to Israeli entreaties for Centurion tanks and night-fighter jets such as several Arab states already possessed in significant amounts. Thus Israel's financial need was lessened by a sheer shortage of sellers!

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That need has been further reduced by certain human factors. All neutral observers agree in describing the level of skill and combat spirit as incredibly low among the Arabs and high among the Israelis. At least 60 per cent of each year's batch of draftees in Egypt are rejected as unfit. Arab inability to handle machines seems as inbred among the educated officers, except for a few maverick engineers, as among the peasant rookies. One of the main factors in the margin of security Israel still held, months after the first shipment of Soviet arms to Cairo, was the slowness with which the Egyptians were learning to use them. (By late May, according to reliable private reports, eight Migs had already crashed and eight of Egypt's best pilots had been killed.) General innocence of maintenance techniques, which require a ground crew of eighteen for every jet pilot in the air, is a tremendous Arab weakness. Hence breakdown would seem to be possibly a greater threat to Arab mechanized military establishment than combat losses.

It is questionable, anyhow, whether an army's backbone can be stiffened by equipment alone. As Israeli raiders of the Egyptian positions at Nitzana in the Negev discovered last year, their enemy actually had more weapons and machines (some still in crates) in the line than men, which did not prevent most of this equipment from being destroyed or captured.

But to bring in play the superiority they enjoy in skill and morale, the Israelis contend, they must have *some* of the *same* kinds of equipment as the enemy—if only in order to catch up and come to grips with him. The piston-engined American-made P-51 flies at around 430 miles an hour, the British-made Meteor at 575—but the Russian-made Mig-15 can reach a speed of 635 miles per hour. Planes that can keep up with it are the French-made Mystère Mark IV and the American-made F-86. (I omit consideration here of the faster-than-sound F-100 and other late models of various nationality, all of which render the Mig-15 obsolescent but which, under present circumstances, would be available neither to the Arabs nor to the Israelis.) Mystère and F-86 speeds differ from the Mig-15's according to altitude: up to 20,000 feet the Western planes are faster, above this, to 40,000 feet, the Mig-15 has the edge. All three are supersonic—close to 800 miles per hour—only when diving.

The Egyptians in their Soviet-made jet IL-28's can carry four tons of bombs on short haul at a height of 40,000 feet. Israeli anti-aircraft guns cannot reach targets at that altitude. Only the Sabre and the Mystère, not the Meteor, can get up high enough and fast enough to do battle with the IL-28. Otherwise it is free to sit unmolested above Tel-Aviv (which it can reach in ten minutes from the advance Egyptian air base at El Arish) and plaster it with bombs.

The Israelis want only a fraction of the amount of the new Arab equipment, but since that amount is already so large, even a fraction of it would be grievously expensive. As reported by non-Arab intelligence sources, the Egyptians are to receive perhaps 200 or more fighters and 60 IL-28 bombers, of which at least 100 and 40, respectively, have already been delivered. (A separate agreement is reported, without confirmation, for another 24 Mig-15's to Syria, to which the Egyptians meanwhile are said to be siphoning off their older jets as their newer equipment arrives.)

Russian armor already delivered to Egypt, it is reliably reported, includes no less than 100 giant Stalin Mark III tanks, heavier even than Centurions, and 200 lighter T-34's, which are in the same category as Israeli Shermans, but with certain mechanical advantages. To this must be added about 100 assorted medium and medium-heavy artillery pieces, among them a "Katusha" rocket launcher and a long-range 155-mm. gun, plus a large quantity of anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns and armored vehicles. It is also known that the Egyptians, who already had a larger, faster, heavier-armed fleet than the Israelis, have contracted behind the Iron Curtain for additional naval equipment, in-

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cluding mine-sweepers, mine-layers, two destroyers, fifteen torpedo boats, and even—according to persistent but unverified rumors—some submarines.

Nor are Egypt's arms all that Israel must guard herself against. Iraq, Egypt's adversary on most other issues but pledged with her to "sacred unity" against Israel, ranks as the second military power in the Arab League. Thanks to a steady beefing-up from Anglo-American stores, Iraq is equipping two infantry divisions and the nucleus of a respectable armored force. Syria, rapidly overtaking Jordan as the third military power in the League, is relying mainly on the French for significant reinforcement in field artillery and mobile anti-tank guns and is reputedly receiving some T-34 and Stalin Mark III tanks from the East. She already has a full regiment of old German Panzer KW 4 tanks that were re-armed and modernized in Czechoslovak repair shops. Egypt and Iraq's new Centurion tanks, moreover, are equipped with gyro-stabilizers (worth $60,000) which permit them to aim accurately when moving, while other types of tank must normally halt before they can fire with any accuracy.

THE Israelis no longer feel that stiff guarantees, such as the security pact with the United States they once sought—let alone the 1950 Tripartite Declaration—would be enough to assure their security: a "guaranteed" country must have the means to keep an attacker at bay until the "guarantor" arrives. (The Anglo-French security guarantees were faithfully and even speedily honored in 1939, but they did not save Poland.) Therefore the Israelis want arms first and guarantees afterward. And they want the categories of arms which could not merely hold the aggressor off but would deter him in the first place.

Egyptian strategy rests on the blitz, the Israelis warn, the doctrine of the sixty-odd Wehrmacht officers who are reportedly seeded through Egypt's land, sea, and air forces. The blitz requires planes and tanks in combination. That is why Nasser is collecting so many of both. Israel's skies and earth are narrow, with no Urals to fall back upon. She can save herself from catastrophe only by intercepting an attack and countering it. She must possess the types of arms which will give her maneuverability, prevent hostile elements from invading her air and ground unchallenged, and permit her to menace the attacker's communications and bases. Most important of all, she must be able to administer the same blows to the enemy on his home soil as those he intends to deal her. And the enemy must know in advance that Israel has the means with which to do this.

In 1948 Egyptian planes were raiding Tel Aviv almost casually—until the Israelis managed to put together some surplus Flying Fortresses and visit Cairo with a few bombs, whereupon the Arabs fell into such a panic that their raids ceased instantly. Nasser can afford less than Farouk to let Egypt take punishment. He will be tempted to attack Israel *only* when he is sure that he can win by a quick knockout that will make retaliation impossible.

The list of needed arms that Israel submitted to Washington ten months ago included jet interceptors, heavy tanks, and anti-aircraft, anti-tank, and anti-submarine equipment. It did not include bombers, for fear the State Department would choose to interpret them as evidence of aggressive intentions. Some Israeli military people thought the omission was a mistake, and many more do so now in view of the growing conviction that the threat of retaliatory bombings would pacify the Egyptians more effectively than appeals or threats by the great powers. The Israelis' slow Mosquito bomber could be shot down almost at will by Egyptian jets long before reaching Cairo. The answer to the Soviet-made Ilyushin is the twin-engined Canberra, or the United States Air Force's Glenn-Martin B57 version of it. These cost $600,000 apiece net, and about a million dollars fully equipped. (The French Vautour light bomber, too, is about equal to the Ilyushin.) Against the estimated five squadrons available to the

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Egyptians, Israelis feel they ought to have—as a minimum—two squadrons totaling 24 jet bombers. Minimum security against Egypt's potential nine fighter wings (a wing has 24 planes) is reckoned as at least between three and four wings of latest Western type.

As for tanks, despite the high cost of the Centurion and Stalin, it is cheaper in the long run to buy them than the lower-priced anti-tank guns that are on the market. Israel is too poor in money and manpower properly to stud her vulnerable frontiers with anti-tank units. Her army's standard 17-pounder can shoot through a Centurion—but it takes two hours to emplace this gun and ready it for action. Is Israel's entire frontier to be lined with 17-pounders and their crews, at hundred-yard intervals? Besides, the weapon was never intended to contain an onslaught of tanks. The proper defense against tanks is other tanks. The Israelis want protection against the threat of the 150 late-model Arab tanks by acquiring 50 to 60 heavy tanks of their own. Finally, until refutation of the circumstantial evidence that the Egyptians are getting two to six submarines, the Israelis feel they must be able to meet this particular threat to their lifeline by obtaining adequate anti-submarine weapons.

PENDING "final" clarification of Western intentions concerning sale of adequate arms to Israel, she has been pushing a purchasing program for earlier-type jets that are to be modified and improved as well as ingenuity can devise. Some Meteors are being overhauled from top to bottom at a cost of $150,000 apiece, to meet certain combat requirements for which they never were designed. A number of Ouragans, fast French jet interceptors known as the "forefather" of the Mystère, have been acquired. None of these planes, which cost an average of $100,000 each, can keep up with a Mig, but apprentice pilots can learn the essentials of jet flying and combat in them. And if Israel ultimately obtains enough of the more modern types to give them adequate cover, these earlier models can be useful if only to confront aircraft of the same types still in Arab operation.

For the moment, perforce, Israel is also devoting much of her military expenditure to defensive firepower, troop effectiveness, and civilian preparedness. Some of this defensive equipment even has a certain deterrent value; good anti-aircraft guns can at least keep enemy bombers at inefficient heights and frustrate attempts at pin-point bombing of strategic targets like power stations; electronic early-warning equipment can discourage air raiders hoping to find skies entirely bare; even "Molotov cocktails" have been known to scare off Arab tanks. The two British destroyers recently sold to Israel must outfight the four supplied to Egypt by Britain and the two by the Soviets—but they would obviously give the Egyptians more pause than if Israel had no destroyers at all.

Israel may import as many mobile guns as she has money to pay for, and she can produce redoubtable anti-tank equipment at home. Her ancient Shermans continue to be strengthened and limited quantities of a super-bazooka that can destroy the heaviest tank at short range are being manufactured. The availability of AMX-13 light tanks is growing. Ammunition must be accumulated for these and for the anti-tank 6- and 17-pounders, as well as for field artillery, including 155-mm. guns. Anti-tank mines are being shopped for.

To compensate somewhat for her lack of large tanks, Israel must insure greater mobility for her infantry. This means buying increased amounts of command cars, power wagons, jeeps, and other vehicles capable of navigating rough terrain and overtaking an enemy's armor. From Britain last year she was able to coax a number of half-tracks. At the same time the number of troops in the field must be kept substantial. No matter how much metal the enemy hurls, he cannot win ultimate victory without men on the ground. Israel counts on the superiority of her population's skills and spirit, and on the great depth of her reserves—and upon

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her para-military agricultural settlements which make her soil bristle like a porcupine with strong points—to deny the enemy that victory.

No confirmed figures are available on the size of Israel's military establishment. Informed foreign observers estimate that the standing army has around 11,000 regular officers and non-coms, and some 40,000 national service draftees organized in three brigades, supplemented by an estimated 20 tank companies. The quarter-million troops Israel can mobilize in case of war represent 18 per cent of her total Jewish population, as compared with one-half of one per cent in the Arab countries. Her reserves being based on the territorial principle, they must be serviced with sufficient vehicles to concentrate with maximum speed at threatened sectors. They require top communications and signal equipment—and apparatus of ultra-modern American design is purchasable. The goal is for each troop unit to be self-sufficient, from flashlights to artillery. Each man—including service troops and especially every farmer in every settlement—must be equipped with a weapon.

Meanwhile a four-year plan for the fortification of new farm colonies is being pressed to completion in a single year. Clerks, cabinet ministers, rabbis, judges, and citizens of all descriptions have been volunteering their labor to build defenses for the outlying settlements. The stockpiling of imported foodstuffs, raw materials, and emergency machinery is proceeding despite the unfavorable impact on the country's balance of trade. A nationwide program of air-shelter construction has been launched, with the state bearing up to two-thirds of the cost, depending on the size and financial capacity of the individual communities.

How much is to be spent for Israel's urgent needs in all defense categories, and in what priority and ratio of outlay? The sum of IL 75 million is reported as the amount of local currency needed for the extra charges of the emergency. These are not costs of normal defense, which continue at their regular level, but the *additional* expenditure required and payable in Israeli pounds. They cover such things as locally available air-shelter materials and the increased output of home-produced bazookas, mortars, submachine guns, spare parts, mines, grenades, shells, and light ammunition. As for the extra cost in foreign exchange, two informed estimates are offered, depending on whether or not the arms ban holds. If Israel continues to be largely denied fast jets and the like, she will need $60 million for secondary—but under the circumstances all the more vital—equipment. If the diplomatic ban is withdrawn, she will need as much as $100 million. The latter figure is privately suggested by military experts as their estimate of the cost of an effective reply to the Soviet-induced arms threat.

Should the larger expenditure be out of the question, it is believed that the better part of $60 million would be concentrated on communications and improved radar, on naval craft, civil defense, vehicles and spare parts, anti-aircraft defense, guns and ammunition, tanks and anti-tank defense, apart from aircraft. But if the embargo were lifted, priorities would be radically shifted and Israel would buy interceptor planes rather than anti-aircraft guns, more tanks and fewer anti-tank guns, still more tanks and fewer vehicles. The bulk of the increase in expenditure would be for up-to-date aircraft. The lifting of the embargo would make such planes available to Israel, but not cut one cent off their price.

Israel currently uses up around $400 million worth of foreign currency annually. The impact on her immature economy of a rise of 15 or more per cent in her spending abroad—on economically wasteful imports, on supplies adding not a single ounce or dollar to her real or potential productivity—would be painful. Even the increase in expenditure of local currency for military purposes already compelled by the Moscow-Cairo deal has had a sharp effect. On a normal outlay of an estimated IL 90-100 million, Israel must now impose an extra IL 75 million representing a minimum increased

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charge of 75 per cent. Where and how are such emergency drafts of cash and credit to be obtained?

PREVIOUS estimates of required financial aid had already been upset in 1955 by the decision to increase immigration from North Africa. Emergency taxes yielding IL 15 million were imposed on tobacco, liquor, and other items as Israel's own contribution in this emergency. The Jewish Agency raised its budgetary allocations by IL 45 million ($25 million). To meet this rise, the United Jewish Appeal was implored to collect in 1956 a "Special Fund" of $25 million in philanthropic donations over and beyond its normal expectations, with another $5 million to come from Jews outside the United States.

Before the 1956 UJA drive was even under way, the arms crisis erupted. At the same time, the North African pressure continued to grow. Israel's hard currency was incapable of meeting *both* needs. Golda Meyerson (Meir), then Labor Minister, rushed to America to plead that the target of the Special Fund for immigration be raised from $25 to $100 million. Otherwise Israel might be compelled—in allocating her meager foreign exchange—to choose between her military security and her moral purpose as a place of refuge against persecution. The Meyerson appeal, however, was considered impractical by a majority of American philanthropic leadership: the extra $25 million already seemed difficult enough to obtain, and American Jewry in general was perplexed and disturbed by the arms issue, particularly in view of the State Department's reluctance to release arms for Israel.

In Israel, meanwhile, provision was at least being made to amass the IL 75 million needed in additional local currency. Organized voluntary collections for a Defense Fund (*Keren Magen*) raised about IL 18 million by the spring of 1956. In May, the Knesset voted a Defense Levy from which, combined with the Defense Fund, a further IL 55 million was hoped for through one-year direct surtaxes ranging from 3.8 to 14.3 per cent of income, and through higher excise taxes on goods and services all the way from soft drinks to electricity and automobiles.

But no such taxes could be imposed or satisfactory computations made to produce in full the amount of foreign currency required for the combined increase in the immigration and arms bills. Some money came through from Jewry in Britain and the Dominions (over and above that raised by the special appeals for the North African immigrants). Brazilian Jews sent an impressive check direct to the Israeli Prime Ministry, earmarked specifically for arms. In the United States, the UJA eased the Israeli burden further by a nationwide refunding operation of previous bank loans within each community that produced some new cash for North Africans and other non-military obligations. The Israel Bond organization, by mid-summer, had sold more than 45 per cent above the previous year's levels to help bolster Israel's economic development programs.

Yet with the most sanguine estimates of accelerated UJA and Israel bond campaigns, plus income from exports and all other calculable sources of foreign exchange, the state must still foresee a gap of $30 to $40 million between the grand total of its available funds for peaceful growth and military preparedness, and the minimum sum necessary to purchase both.

Since security had to be bought at whatever sacrifice, two methods were envisaged for application *in extremis*. One required a drastic cut in appropriations for the productive development of the country; the other called for large-scale borrowing. Both plans, singly or combined, contained deep pitfalls.

Retrenchment on expenditures for productive development had already set in as early as a year ago. In 1954 the government had taken over from the hard-pressed Jewish Agency the financial responsibility for housing North African immigrants. But in 1955 the state felt compelled to turn this charge back to the Agency, and the latter was to meet it as best it could from UJA

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receipts. To settle and employ newcomers already in the country, the government was still budgeting IL 45 million in the fiscal year 1956-57, but the Agency would have to find $10 million somewhere for housing those yet to come. (In both ledgers, these items did not include the costs of hospitals, schools, relief for unemployables, and other immigrant outlays, which continued to be met by the ordinary state budget.) The straitened purse was already forcing some 6,000 freshly arrived families to accept temporary shelter in aluminum, asbestos, or wooden shacks, instead of moving directly into permanent stone housing. The era of the *ma-abarot*—those depressing, economically wasteful "work camps" in which new arrivals to the country languished, and which Israel had been on the verge of eliminating—had returned.

The impact of retrenchment also began to be felt in the farm colonization program. In the fiscal year 1954, some 60 per cent of the newcomers had been settled immediately in agriculture, where they could become productive with the briefest delay. But it costs much more to establish an immigrant family on a farm, with acceptable housing, tools, and instruction, than to dump it into a camp or town. In the fiscal year 1955, the ratio of agricultural absorption was cut to half; in the present year the decline was continuing at an accelerated pace.

This, and the financial curtailment of the ship-to-settlement program, meant a serious slowdown in the building up of the Negev, on which Israel counted heavily for eventual contributions to her economic resources. There and elsewhere, a cut in development expenditures in order to provide arms funds would cruelly affect the country's drive toward solvency. Currently Israel was allocating more than IL 200 million—one-third of her budget—to irrigation, electrification, and industrial expansion. To the degree that she would be constrained to reduce such expenditures, her eventual economic solvency would be further delayed and her present dependence on help from abroad prolonged.

THERE remained the alternative of borrowing. Borrowing had literally saved Israel in 1948, when cash scraped together on short-term loans had bought the few arms without which she would have been overrun. As the Arab-Israeli war progressed, loans piled on loans at a dizzy turnover pace. With usually only two to six months to pay off an individual note, the Israelis often had to incur a new loan merely to redeem an old one. At the end of 1948 the government was carrying as much as $15 million or more of these short-term obligations on its books at one time. Although no debt was ever defaulted, the need to borrow fresh money to meet old obligations and to finance the new ones of the early postwar years provoked one crisis after another. In 1954 the debts due in the current twelve months stood at the unmanageable figure of $110 million.

In that year the UJA borrowed through each community from local banks against anticipated philanthropic collections of future campaigns, and advanced the proceeds to Israel for liquidation of her more pressing short-term obligations. This meant that Israel in the next ensuing years would receive that much less from the UJA. But the operation, called a "refunding" or "consolidation," permitted the government to reduce the ratio of its short-term to its total foreign debt from 18 to 7 per cent, thereby substantially easing the necessity for hand-to-mouth financing.

But large recourse to helter-skelter borrowing to fill the present arms-fund gap would be taken only with extreme reluctance. In 1948 such borrowing did not depend solely on the generosity of individuals devoted to Israel. Nor could it depend on them exclusively if it had to be resumed today. One must also rely on banks and private loan agencies, and even on "sharks." When these facilities are exhausted, one turns then for help to the suppliers of the goods themselves. One buys on credit as long as possible, then ostensibly for cash—putting down a deposit without knowing where the rest of the purchase price will come from. Prices and in-

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terest rates keep rising, and terms grow shorter, because your creditor cannot be sure how long you will remain a plausible risk. At the same time your normal, "respectable" sources of credit fade away as your widening commitments make you, in at least a technical sense, increasingly "unreliable."

Worst of all, the drop in your credit rating is not restricted merely to the area—in this case, arms-buying—which made you borrow in the first place. It affects many other branches of the economy—all those branches which depend in any way on imports. Poor financial standing, Israel has discovered, insidiously affects efficient purchasing. The penalty for dealing with less and less legitimate "bankers" and suppliers, and with an increasing number of middlemen, is higher prices all around for virtually everything on the market.

ISRAEL today, of course, is in better financial shape by far than in 1948. She would not, it is anticipated, have to borrow on harshly unfavorable terms. Her foreign-exchange earnings in exports are sizably larger. She has more liberal lines of credit available from various European countries and banks. The published total of her foreign-currency reserves in the Bank of Israel is ampler: $51 million at the end of 1955, as compared with $40 million only a year earlier.

On the other hand, borrowing might cost more than is apparent, and bring less real return, insofar as it could cut down on bond sales and possibly even on philanthropic revenue. A rise in imports due largely to Middle Eastern tension during 1955 has already brought the ratio of short-term loans up to nearly 10 per cent of Israel's total foreign debt. The nation's foreign currency reserves, moreover, do not represent cash fully available for defense. At least half are earmarked for other needs. Their whole sum represents not so much disposable reserves as that all-purpose fund which is as necessary to an infant national economy as his balance in the bank to a struggling businessman.

HOWEVER one looked at the problem, therefore, the price of security for beleaguered Israel in the fall of 1956 seemed appallingly high. Nevertheless, the financial crisis, at the moment of writing, was far from irremediable. The resiliency of Israel's economic sinews and supports, tested with good result in the past, could yet achieve a tolerable solution. Moreover, the usual good luck that has attended her in other emergencies was also prayerfully awaited in the current hour—and seemed on its way. After all, what Israel needed most was access to Western arms in a regular commercial manner. Israel had never asked for more. A lifting of the ban on the sale of weapon types comparable to her enemy's would permit her to use her normal, adequate credit facilities; it would enable her to enjoy a reasonable degree of both military and financial security. Indeed, the political reassurance given to potential lenders and suppliers by a Western all-clear signal on Israeli arms purchases would make it easier for Israel to meet the charges of a $100 million defense maximum buying program than to raise the $60 million for a second-rate program.

There now appears to be a good reason to believe that the embargo on arms to Israel is actually in process of being broken. If so, Israel will have her greatest single antagonist, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, to thank for this.

Until shortly before the eruption of the present Suez crisis, the only substantial dent in the embargo on major weapons for Israel had been made by the French shipment of twenty-four Mystère fighters. The State Department, clinging to its declared position, said that while it did not object to sales by others, the United States must avoid any action that would cause the Arabs to side with the Soviets and identify Israel with the West. The State Department, further, declared that little Israel's efforts to arm herself against the vast Arab world were essentially futile.

This position, it is known, was seriously hampering Israel's efforts to obtain arms elsewhere. Apart from long-shot possibilities

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like Italy and Japan, the likeliest sources were Canada and France. In the former case, it is reported, sentiment was exceptionally strong for the Israeli cause. Indeed, it is said that the Canadian parliament and the entire Canadian cabinet—with one exception—were prepared to act. The exception was Prime Minister Louis Stephen St. Laurent. According to private accounts, he, too, was sympathetic with Israel's position. But he believed that any action should be internationally concerted and that Canada should not "go it alone" while other powers "played it safe."

This writer now understands that the Canadian misgivings were effectively dispelled this summer. Canada, France, and certain other interested governments, it is reported, agreed to make a positive joint contribution to redressment of the balance of military power between Israel and the Arab states. In fact, these governments were believed actually ready this summer to inaugurate a schedule of sales to Israel which would have met her essential requirements in all major weapons except bombers.

By a monumental irony, however, this entire development was brought to a standstill by the Suez crisis. The reported decision to arm Israel had been reached in large part because of Arab intransigence on all fronts —and especially because of Nasser's hostile performances throughout the previous months. Yet when the stormy Egyptian leader outdid himself by seizing the Canal, his very extremism caused the arms program for Israel to grind to a sudden halt. It apparently was felt that the strong and plain international case against Nasser on the Suez issue should not be complicated or weakened by relatively subordinate or extraneous considerations. Why give the Egyptian president a pretext to accuse the West of supporting "Zionist" purposes? Why drive the other Arab states into a common front against Israel and the West?

If all this is true, one may be permitted to reserve judgment on the cogency of such reasoning. Many observers would feel that the hour is uncommonly late to be still hoping for Arab reasonableness and restraint in exchange for Western conciliation. In any case, it is believed that the present freeze on the reported plan to sell arms to Israel must sooner or later be reviewed. For the moment, the whole matter is concealed behind heavy diplomatic curtains. But one thing seems quite clear: if Nasser is left alone in the exercise of his natural gift for alienating Western opinion and governments, he is virtually certain to end up by provoking the Western powers into giving Israel adequate military and financial security.

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ISRAEL: FAITH, COURAGE, AND TAXES

Living in a Crisis

BENNO WEISER

THE customs inspector at Idlewild looked at the gifts which I had brought along from South America.

"I am in transit," I explained.

"In transit? Where to?"

"To Israel."

The inspector looked at my passport and said sympathetically, "You have troubles there."

I knew that this conversation would not solve Israel's troubles, but I felt that it could solve those posed by the gifts. I answered in the affirmative.

The inspector leaned over the counter, and said as if in confidence, "This time you will have to go it alone."

I could have answered that we had done so in 1948, but instead I said, "Do you think it's fair?"

The inspector replied with a shrug, "You can't drag the whole world into a war." He said it with a certain regret, perhaps as one says *c'est la vie*. There was probably no lack of sympathy. He did not charge me any duty.

During my short stop-over in New York danger signals from the Middle East made daily headlines. After another border incident in which Jewish lives were lost, Gaza was shelled by Israeli artillery and there were over sixty dead. Retaliating against retaliation, Nasser sent his Fedayeen suicide squads into Israel and some people were killed almost in the suburbs of Tel Aviv. I wondered whether this was a moment to go, but my trip had already been announced. Only when driving to the airport did I hear over the radio the announcement that Khrushchev, before departing for London, had stated that the Soviet Union was ready to cooperate in a peaceful solution of the Palestine problem. That was the first good news in many months during which Israel had seemed besieged by its enemies and abandoned by its friends.

A THICK white fog covered Lydda airport as the plane arrived in the early morning hours, and we were forced to circle for almost half an hour over Tel Aviv as it came to life under the morning sun. Looking down at the blocks of yellowish-white buildings that reached to the edge of the crystalline blue sea, one realized what a sitting duck this tangle of houses and streets could be for another sort of plane. Only a few days earlier, eight supersonic Mystères had arrived from France, the first fighters that Israel had got hold of that could cope with Egypt's Ilyushin bombers. Looking down, one wondered how it had felt in the months gone by to be a resident of Tel Aviv and to read daily of the arrival of more bombers in Egypt.

As it turned out, we had arrived at the same time as peace. Peace *à la* Palestine, of course, which means one person killed near the Egyptian border, two fired at from across the Jordanian border, or just a bit of shooting without any casualties across the wall of the Old City of Jerusalem. At Lydda Airport, boxed in by the Super-Constellations of the transoceanic companies, stood Dag Hammarskjold's white two-motored

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THE high financial cost of Israel's defense as described in this issue by Hal Lehrman is, of course, only part of the price that beleaguered country has to pay for security. In this first-hand description of the condition of life in Israel, BENNO WEISER (whose account of the steps by which he came to adopt Israeli citizenship, "Fall and Rise of a Zionist," appeared in the April COMMENTARY) attempts to assess the cost in human terms.

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plane, a dove that had not brought peace but found an olive branch upon landing. As I discovered later, everyone on the Israeli side who attended the meetings with the UN Secretary General was impressed by his intimate knowledge of the most minute details, his shrewdness, his quick grasp, and gift for negotiation, but hardly anybody gave him credit for the return of relative quiet. The general feeling was that the real responsibility for that was to be looked for in the change of Russian attitude expressed in Khrushchev's statement, and Russia's UN vote in favor of the Hammarskjold mission a few weeks before; and that the State Department, in taking the initiative for the Hammarskjold mission, had been moved more by the desire to keep Israel out of the headlines until after the November elections in the U. S. than by anything else.

Thus both the State Department and Hammarskjold cashed in on a rare conjunction of interests. The Soviet Union, busy with de-Stalinization and her attempts to weaken NATO through overtures to Britain and France, was not interested in a Middle East war. Egypt and her allies were not ready for it. Israel did not want it. And the idea itself of war horrified the West. Hammarskjold, in the Israeli view, managed to avert a war that wasn't going to break out anyway—at least not yet. The Arabs took care to see that he should not try for anything more than that. The clashes on Israel's borders immediately before his arrival, culminating in the Fedayeen raids, broke the armistice agreements so that the UN Secretary General might have the chance to restore them. But the basic differences were not brought any closer to solution. (There were border incidents during and after Hammarskjold's visit; his concrete achievement was to inaugurate a period of *less* violence.)

After fifteen minutes on the road from Lydda to Jerusalem the taxi driver pointed at a cement factory. Less than a week before, the Fedayeen had dynamited its workers' dining hall. The driver did not seem impressed, however, and since he wasn't, his passengers weren't either. It did not occur to anyone that the road might be dangerous. After all, the bombing had taken place six days ago and had already been swallowed up in Israel's crowded past. "So what," said the driver. "Nasser sent, he claims, three hundred Fedayeen across the border. A dozen Israelis, mostly civilians and children, were waylaid and killed. The Fedayeen paid the full price. Besides those we captured, we've just turned over to the Egyptians, at Kilometer 95, the coffins of eleven others. Was that a military success?"

In Jerusalem, people were busy preparing for the Zionist Congress, and nobody would have mentioned the Fedayeen any more if not for the fact that the tourist season was bad. The authorities had expected a record year, but the hotels, which had been booked up months in advance, had received a steady stream of cancellations from December on, and if not for the Congress they would have been empty. The Israelis' comments on this situation were composed three-fourths of ill-disguised irony. There was hardly an Israeli who would not say with a sneer or a smile, "Things look more dangerous from abroad, eh?" As an ex-European who had lived in countries whose inhabitants had been less aware of the real danger in which they were living than people abroad had been, one had to suppress the impulse to say that people outside Israel might be less mistaken than those inside. But on second thought, one understood that the Israelis had to live with danger and could only do so by belittling it. What was the use of telling them that they might be wrong? Nobody thought of evacuating Jews from Israel! If they had learned to coexist with danger, all the better. A certain immunity had been built up in the course of twenty years of continuous trouble.

What is life like in a country where war might break out in two, three, or nine months? How does one live with headlines announcing the arms build-up in the Arab countries and the coordination of the Arab armies for combined "defensive" action

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against Israel; with editorials in the leading newspapers of neighboring countries asserting that only Israel's disappearance can bring peace to the Middle East? What does it feel like to belong to a besieged country of 1,800,000 people without a single alliance, at best with some platonic friends, when reading about the visits of Soviet dignitaries to Cairo, Damascus, and Beirut, of Arab dignitaries to Moscow, about Tito's visit to Cairo, or Nehru's meeting with Nasser and Tito, or Nasser's announced visits to Italy, Greece, and Russia?

There was the old-timer who shrugged it all off with a gesture meaning that there had always been troubles, and that we would probably get out of this one too, and have more later. There were new immigrants who, having undergone army indoctrination, repeated textbook slogans like *"Kacha bonim artzenu"*: that is how we build our land. There was a young immigrant from Uruguay who had arrived three years ago. "My country," he told me, "is known as the quietest and most stable in South America, but it took the Uruguayans five wars to obtain that tranquility. Should one war suffice for Israel? There is, after all, a price for making history."

But there was also the Tel Aviv mother who told me that there had been nights when she had gone to bed apprehensively. "Why don't we move to a lower floor," her nine-year-old daughter had asked her. "Ours is so close to the bombs."

Or the Jerusalem businessman whom I complimented on his home during one of the many parties which are typical of Jerusalem life. "Yes, it's a beautiful house," he answered pensively, while he filled my brandy glass. "I thought of adding another story, but isn't it absurd somehow to add another story and an air raid shelter at the same time?" He sipped his drink and added, after a pause, "Perhaps I will build *later*." It was a party and I didn't insist on finding out what *later* meant.

To an old boyhood friend I commented on the steady succession of border incidents. "Look," he said, while we sipped coffee on a Mount Carmel terrace, below us the splendid panorama of Haifa, "there have been about three thousand casualties among both Arabs and Jews in border incidents since the conclusion of the armistices in 1949. That means roughly a yearly average of two hundred Jewish casualties. Every other day a Jew is wounded or killed because of the absence of peace. Compare this with the average number of casualties from our traffic accidents. What the Arabs take is perhaps 5 per cent of the toll of the Fords, Kaisers, Hillmans, and Chevrolets. Does it occur to anyone not to walk on the streets or not to use cars? After all, accidents generally happen to the other guy!"

This was, of course, a highly subjective interpretation. Seen from tranquil Haifa, the lack of peace seemed no more than a "surcharge" of 5 per cent over accidental death. But in Nahal Oz, whose barley fields run straight to the Egyptian border, the situation was different. There one out of eleven settlers had been wounded at one time or another. "We play Russian roulette with Arab bullets," a guard told me a few days after another guard had been killed and savagely mutilated by infiltrators who had come from the Gaza strip to harvest the barley the kibbutz had sown. "Generally, it's enough to spot them and gallop in their direction to disperse them, but this time Egyptian soldiers were with them. They tore our *shomer* from his horse, dragged him across the border, and returned him to us a corpse. A day before or a day after, and I would have been that corpse." He said it as would a worker describing the bad material he had to work with. After a while he took his gun and mounted his horse to make his rounds. His wife, busy with the baby, did not even look up. Strange lottery, thought the spectator, seeing the horse trotting southward.

The army took the Zionist Congress delegates on a trip to a newly established border settlement facing Nitzanim, which through the ages has been the scene of many battles, the last one in October 1955, when the

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Egyptians, after refusing to evacuate a demilitarized zone, suffered eighty casualties in a night attack by the Israelis. We went in a convoy of buses, each bus with an army colonel as guide and a female soldier as stewardess. In Beersheba, I presented a French Egyptologist in another bus to the woman soldier in charge of ours. "He has the advantage," I said jokingly, "of having to deal with dead Egyptians only." The girl smiled, and said with a gesture toward the south, "When we get through with them in a fight, those over there are usually dead Egyptians too."

Our colonel, however, was less boisterous. As we rode through the Negev we met tanks, self-propelling cannons, jeeps, and other military vehicles. The scenery consisted only of sky, rocks, these vehicles, and young soldiers. The latter looked smart and healthy; they were deeply tanned and their teeth appeared very white by contrast. But it was pathetic to see what they were protecting—stones, rocks, and sand. Even shade had to be imported and could be found only alongside the tanks.

The Congress delegates, exhausted by days of speeches, looked admiringly at the young soldiers quietly standing guard in the desert. "There are no natural borders," said the colonel. "There are only arbitrarily drawn lines. We have no choice but to sit on them."

"What can conquer this spirit?" exclaimed a matronly American delegate.

There was an unexpected answer. "Arms," the colonel said. "More and better arms."

In the sudden quiet of the bus, all eyes turned toward him. He was surprised. He had not intended to make a speech. His reaction was only that of the soldier against euphoria.

On the way back we passed near the spot where David had slain Goliath. "A combination of courage and good luck," said the colonel, moving to my side. "And David had the most modern armament of his day. Even with the best arms we would remain David. But the world has taken it into its head to build up Goliath."

"Can you imagine a defeat?" I asked. I could not see his face in the dark bus as, after a silence, he said in a husky voice, "No." And, as if feeling the contradiction, he went on, "Because I cannot imagine it doesn't make it impossible. Thinking only in military terms, one could come to other conclusions, but—in military terms—we only had one chance in a thousand in 1948. Now our situation is infinitely better. Nasser has Russian planes, British tanks, Czech artillery, and Nazi instructors, but he hasn't been able to import soldiers, and I don't remember any war won by Arabs in the last thousand years. It's one thing to win easy political victories over dying empires and another to fight a people that has no place to retreat to."

I RECEIVED the same answer from a novelist in Safed's artist quarter as we sat looking across from his patio at the minarets, cupolas, and cypresses. "I have faith," he said. "You can't live here without faith. This rebirth after two thousand years can't be a joke of history. Perhaps the endemic mysticism of the place makes me talk like this. Ordinarily I don't believe in miracles, but can you apply cold logic to Israel? A British White Paper practically put an end to Zionism in 1939. Rommel stood at our doorstep. Bevin tried to dig up our arms caches. When our war of liberation started we didn't have one plane and only four pieces of artillery, good only for training. And here we are, starting our ninth year. Sometimes I worry about my daughter in the army, but it never occurs to me to worry about Israel's survival. After all, we are not facing a monolithic enemy. Egypt and Iraq may fight tomorrow over Jordan. The West can change its policy, so can the Kremlin. We are the only stable element in this whole hoax."

"There is, of course, constant danger of war," an associate of Ben Gurion's said to me. "But there is a danger we dread still more—defeat without a fight. Frankly, we are more afraid of being pressured into concessions than of anything else. Though it's true the Egyptians march more smartly now, in a fight, on land or in the air, they show the

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same weakness as before. In April they had the chance to answer our bombardment of Gaza with military action, but instead they sent their Fedayeen. So it's still doubtful to what degree they can benefit from their modern arms. We know there is already a cemetery of Migs somewhere in Egypt; so far they have lost twelve in 'encounters' with themselves. And though their Migs and Ilyushins can outfly all our jets except the Mystères, Egyptian pilots, according to our intelligence, just won't fly above a certain altitude.

"No, if the Arabs maintain the armistices it's because they are convenient for them. Under their protection they raid our territory, and if we strike back they denounce us to the Security Council. And what luck they have had," he continued. "No one has so many windfalls in such a short time. It is certainly not their doing that there is oil in Iraq or Saudi Arabia, or that the Suez Canal runs through Egypt. Eight Arab countries have been carved out of the Turkish empire without a single shot. And now they are cashing in on a worldwide anti-colonial movement to which they themselves have contributed very little. Ironically enough, it was we Jews in Palestine who taught the peoples of Asia how to get rid of foreign conquerors. India has fought, Indonesia has fought, but what price did the Arabs pay for their sovereignty? To conquer us they will need more than luck."

In some quarters I found deep bitterness and gloom. "We made one mistake," said a professor at the Hebrew University. "We thought a Jewish state would solve the problem of anti-Semitism, as it did, to a degree. In most countries of the free world it has become easier to be a Jew. But anti-Semitism still figures in our political difficulties. The whole Arab-Israeli mess might never have happened if Bevin hadn't turned out to be a lowbrow anti-Semite. Nor is Russia's attitude merely opportunistic. What could one expect of a country that was ruled by a psychopathic anti-Semite like Stalin? And Khrushchev is, after all, a Ukrainian, and in the Ukraine it's endemic. Unfortunately," the professor continued, "American policy isn't free of it either."

"Isn't that stretching things?" I asked. "American policy may be selfish. It may even be anti-Israel, but does that make it anti-Semitic?"

"What do you call selfish?—to act according to one's convenience? I accept that. In my honest opinion America's present policy in the Middle East does not coincide with her real interests. A strong Israel does. I admit that an unbiased mind could come to a different conclusion. But a biased mind—an anti-Semitic one—couldn't possibly come to a conclusion favorable to Israel. And I am afraid that American policy is the product of a biased mind."

"Is that a scientific analysis?" I asked with some bewilderment.

"Are Freudian slips scientific enough for you?" retorted the professor. "Do you remember the strange explanation that Dulles gave a Senate committee about Saudi Arabia's refusal to admit Jews among American army personnel? He said that Saudi Arabia was against Jews because Mohammed had been killed by a Jew. He later had to retract this, because the truth is that Mohammed died comfortably in bed. But no psychoanalyst would take Mr. Dulles's mistake as merely that. It must have come from his deep subconscious, where for him Jews remain Christ-killers.

"I am convinced," continued the professor, "that it takes bias to come to the conclusions to which American foreign policy has come. Take, for example, the argument that by providing arms to Israel the United States would push the Arabs still further into Moscow's arms. Wouldn't it have been easy, as soon as Nasser's deal with Czechoslovakia became known, to state simply that American arms were available to both the Arabs and Israel? Is the half inch that the Arabs still *might* be pushed closer to Moscow worth endangering Israel's survival? Even a superficial study of Britain's relations with the Arabs proves that it does not pay to appease them. What makes Americans think

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that by using the same methods they will fare better? Do you really think Ibn Saud would have tried restricting the rights of American Jews if there had been greater determination to defend them? The Arabs threatened to boycott West Germany if she carried out her reparations agreement with Israel. Adenauer called their bluff and, as you know, Bonn's trade with the Arabs is flourishing today."

ISRAEL is so much a part of the West and so strongly linked with the United States through American Jewry that the United States could never really be unpopular here. But something strange is happening. There is no hatred for the Arabs: their enmity has come to be considered nature-given. There is no hatred for Soviet Russia: nobody except fellow-travelers expected anything from the Communists, the traditional foes of Zionism. There is hardly any hatred for the British: they left behind some good memories along with the bad ones and, after all, they have come a long way since Bevin. But the dismay at the government of the United States borders on resentment. From a "friend" they had expected more.

As leading Israelis see it, the temporary relaxation of tension was due to Britain's energetic warning to Khrushchev that she would intervene in the event of war in Palestine. Khrushchev's statement, later, to an Egyptian journalist that an Arab-Israeli clash would trigger World War III was undoubtedly a reaction to this. Though the Israelis do not flatter themselves into believing that the British move was prompted by pro-Israel feeling, they point out that America not only condemned Israel to remain hamstrung in the face of the Arab build-up, but did not even make a cautionary statement like Britain's. Some seasoned observers counter that it is not American policy to commit itself in advance; that America entered both world wars and the Korean war without previous warning, and that in an Arab-Israel war she would intervene with or without previous statements. But the Israelis do not want to be rescued after war has broken out. They don't want a war at all, and feel that of all the great powers the United States has done the least to prevent one.

The Dulles formula—that though the United States would not sell jet fighters and heavy equipment to Israel, she would not object to having Israel obtain them from other NATO countries—may have eased some of the pressure on the State Department, but it did not bring a single jet to Israel that she would not have gotten otherwise. The first dozen Mystères shipped here were contracted for many months before the Czech arms deal, and it can be safely assumed that the French would have sold the second dozen without help from Dulles. French officials, both in Tel Aviv and in Paris, complained that the publicity given by American news agencies to real and imaginary French-Israel jet transactions make it impossible for France to continue deliveries unless America joins in. Negotiations with Canada came to nothing, though the Canadians made it known that they would gladly contribute to redressing what they considered an imbalance in the Middle East, but only in combination with other Western powers. The futility of American policy was underscored by a statement in a leading Cairo paper that for Egypt it is equally reprehensible whether the United States herself supplied Israel with jets or permitted other NATO powers to do so.

In the words of an Israeli diplomat, the State Department's advice to Israel has been, "Go to Paris (or to Ottawa), knock on the door three times, ask for Fifi, and say, 'John sent me.'" But Fifi wants more proof of John's interest than his calling card. Luckily for Dulles, a combination of factors appears to be preventing the Arab-Israel situation from exploding before the November elections, and thus the short-range goal of American Middle East policy will be achieved.

"There is no single person more responsible for the present arms imbalance than Dulles," said a right-wing Knesset deputy. "I see him in my dreams as our gravedigger."

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"There is only one thing standing between us and surrender," another Israeli official said to me, "and that is our determination to resist any attempt at intimidation, since compromise would be senseless as long as the Arabs plan our annihilation. Our strength lies precisely here—that we cannot afford to make concessions. If it is true that the world nowadays cannot afford a war anywhere, our determination may prove to be our salvation. Our only ally is old General 'Ein Brera'—no alternative."

I SPOKE with a fisherman from Ein Gev who, night after night as he sets his course northeast on the Sea of Galilee, exposes himself to Syrian gunfire. Taking advantage of the fact that fish is *dag* in Hebrew, he punned, "We cannot call a Hammarskjold for each *dag*," and he added with a smile in which there wasn't a trace of sadness, "Where is it written that you have to live to seventy?"

There are, however, some who think it desirable to reach that age, and emigration from Israel, which has always gone on at the rate of one emigrant for twelve immigrants, increased substantially during the months in which Israel seemed helplessly exposed to air bombardment. (In the first four months of 1956, 2,288 emigrated, compared with 1,188 during the same period last year.)

Only the arrival of the first dozen French supersonic jet fighters brought reassurance to the inhabitants of Tel Aviv, who affectionately nicknamed France's ambassador Pierre Gilbert "Mystère" Gilbert. He was already the most popular diplomat in Israel because he had mastered the language well enough to make speeches in an almost Sharett-like Hebrew.

The arrival of arms—and quite a bit has arrived over the last months besides the supersonic jets—shifted some of the worries from Defense Minister Ben Gurion to Finance Minister Eshkol. Israel's citizens, whose economic lot seemed on the upgrade a year ago, now have to finance the construction of air-raid shelters costing thirty million dollars; and a new defense tax, which has come to supplant the voluntary contributions of last October, not only increases the income tax but puts a levy on the use of telephones, radio, gas, electricity, refrigerators, automobiles, and the consumption of wine, beer, non-alcoholic drinks, alcohol, cigarettes, and tobacco. The current joke is that of the Gentile tourist who wanted to visit the Wailing Wall. "Take me," he said to the guide, "to the place where all the Jews go to cry." The guide took him to the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

On the several recent occasions in the past year when Israel seemed at the brink of war, partial or total mobilization was necessary. The latter means that up to two hundred thousand persons suddenly have to leave their jobs, with all that implies for the national economy. The Arab boycott, the blockade of the Suez Canal,* and the burden of defense expenditures have had their impact on Israel's industrial expansion, all the more since most of the arms have to be imported without benefiting the nation's industry. Haifa's Industrial Fair last April showed the amazing number of items that Israel's industry can produce, but with Israel cut off as she is from her natural markets, a great deal of her industrial exportation has a highly artificial character.

Finland and Turkey have been, until recently, Israel's best customers, but an expert explained this in the following way: "Do

*In France and in England there have been statements in Parliament and the press that the West's moral position in the present Suez crisis would be stronger had it reacted effectively against Egypt's stoppage of Israeli vessels. Britain's official attitude is that there is no link between Suez and the Palestine question, and government spokesmen in Parliament continue to defend their no-arms-for-Israel policy. Neither has there been any noticeable change in American policy. Though fed up with Nasser, the U. S. has so far acted to restrain the more belligerent British and French. Meanwhile the Palestine question has been put on ice for the duration of the crisis. Should Nasser be set back, Israel would of course benefit. But should he emerge victorious, he may conclude that the West would muster no more strength to defend Israel against Egyptian attack than to prevent seizure of the Canal.

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you know the story of the dog that was offered for sale at the price of $100,000 in a newspaper ad? Well, someone read the advertisement and went over to see the dog just because he was curious. He found a handsome canine, but there was nothing extraordinary about it. 'Why $100,000?' he asked. 'That's my price,' answered the owner. The ad appeared for a week, and then stopped. Curious again, our man dropped in and found the dog gone.—'Yes, sir, it's sold.'—'For how much?' asked the man.—'For $100,000.'—'Do you mean that someone actually laid down $100,000 for the dog?'—'No,' answered the owner, 'I got two cats in exchange worth $50,000 each.' That, more or less," concluded the expert, "is how we trade with Finland and Turkey."

The only bit of financial luck Israel has had in the last year was its oil strike, which in the next fiscal year should save her one million dollars in foreign currency, and even more in the future.

"WE HAVE never been lucky in our timing," a veteran Zionist said to me. "When we got the Balfour Declaration, Russian Jewry was already cut off from emigration. When Palestine's doors were open, the Jews didn't want to come. When Europe's Jewry wanted to come, the British shut the doors. We got our state after the extermination of those whose immigration we needed most, and we got it at a moment when Asians and Africans, who under normal circumstances would sympathize with us, now align themselves with our enemies because of a common hatred of the West."

Under the circumstances, the optimism with which new buildings, new settlements, new factories spring up everywhere in Israel is, even for the most hard-boiled, a stirring expression of persistent courage, as is also the faith which brings, even at the height of its difficulties, thousands of immigrants to Israel's shores. Most of the immigrants are refugees from Arab nationalism. Most of them go straight to new border settlements to face—Arab nationalism again. But now they have a chance to defend themselves.

Only as one returns abroad and reads, again, of Shepilov's visit to Cairo, Damascus, and Beirut, of the formidable display of arms at Cairo's liberation parade, of the repetitious threats of Arab statesmen, of the outright comical statement of Selwyn Lloyd that Israel is still ahead of the Arabs in armament, and of the hints that it has become a "solid part of American policy" not to sell arms to Israel even if it means that Israel won't get them anywhere else—reading all this, one wonders if that custom official at Idlewild was not more honest than all the diplomats together and if there is a place in the repertory of Jewish history for a happy ending.

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SMALL-TOWN DETROIT

Motor City on the Move

GERALD WEALES

SINCE Detroit does not have a palpable personality, like Atlanta or Montreal, the newcomer can only begin to understand it by realizing that, although the fifth largest city in the United States, it is still essentially a small town. Its increase in population (more than a million since 1940) came so quickly, bursting the city at the edges and spewing people all the way to Ann Arbor in one direction and nearly to Toledo in another, that it did not have time to change character in the process. Its concerns are still those of a small town; so are its social alliances, its prejudices, its political alignments. Detroit has abundant new wealth and some cultural pretension, but not much sophistication; it contains a variety of nationalities and races without achieving cosmopolitanism. It hatches innumerable plans for civic betterment and civic improvement without engendering much civic pride. There must be Detroiters who would take the preceding sentence as a personal affront, but one seldom meets them. Detroit is not a city that is loved, as New York is, as San Francisco is. It is not even a city that is passionately hated. It is frequently annoying, generally ugly; it chiefly inspires indifference.

One reason for this is that Detroit is a kind of transient hotel. There is a continual influx of newcomers, mainly Southerners, both white and Negro. Those who come from the South do not choose Detroit for some inherent glamor in its name, but because they hope to find work in the automobile plants, or because they have friends and relatives who have preceded them in the same migration. For the most part, they are limited by lack of experience to the lowest paying non-skilled jobs, and they live in crowded slums. The collapsing frame houses, with sagging porches and window frames askew, which dot Paradise Valley, Detroit's worst Negro slum, are open sores that indicate the kind of decay which must be present even in the brick buildings, two-family homes and small apartments, where too many people are forced to live together. The white slums, usually called the hillbilly slums, are of much the same quality, have much the same look about them. Only the color of the faces at the windows and the kind of music coming from the bars and hash houses (rock and roll in the Negro slums, country music in the white) indicate the racial character of a neighborhood, and on many slum streets the two races meet in a common squalor. The city of Detroit can hardly have much attraction for the transplanted Southerner who has not yet dug his way out of the slums.

The attraction is apparently not much stronger for the more comfortably off. Almost any Sunday, the Detroiter out for a casual drive is likely to run into a traffic pile-up on an insignificant dirt road north of the city, where his country-hungry fellow townsmen have massed for the opening of a new suburban development. The movement toward the suburbs, which has often enough been examined and exclaimed over as a national phenomenon, has a particular

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LAST MAY, H. Stuart Hughes reported on the way Americans live in the New California ("California—the America to Come"). Now GERALD WEALES examines the shifting patterns of community life in America's "Motor City." Mr. Weales, who has taught at Detroit's Wayne University, is a contributor to the *American Scholar*, the *Hudson Review*, *Commonweal*, and other journals. He last appeared in COMMENTARY with a review of the Paddy Chayefsky movie *Marty* ("Marty and His Friends and Neighbors," September 1955).

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piquancy in Detroit. The movement to Livonia or Dearborn, to Birmingham or Bloomfield Hills (each according to his bank account) is not so much an escape from city life as it is a transference of Detroit's persistent small-townishness to a more correct setting. If the new suburb quickly enlists allegiance in its PTA and Rotary, its country club and its careful pattern of social exchange, these are no more than the new manifestations, at a different economic level, of the old Detroit neighborhood. Perhaps because Detroit has always been a city of neighborhoods, the movement to the suburbs is not so much a withdrawal from the city as it is a recognition, however unconscious, that there is no substantial city from which to withdraw. One has a feeling here that if the layers of the suburbs could be peeled off, like Peer Gynt with his onion, there would be nothing at the center.

CERTAINLY the property owners in downtown Detroit are becoming economically aware that the movement to the suburbs is spiritual as well as physical. Perhaps because they themselves do not live in Detroit, they know that the suburban dwellers do not like to come into the city and do not do so unless they have no other choice. Northland, a mammoth shopping center which not only serves the suburbs north of Detroit but draws its customers from inside the city as well, has cut deeply into the commercial take in downtown Detroit. The downtown property owners have been carrying on a consistent campaign to remind their old customers that shopping downtown is a pleasure, but they have had small success because the business center of Detroit really has little to offer. It does not have the beauty, the convenience, or even the suspicion of adventure that has always drawn commuting ladies into Manhattan for a day away from the children and the garden. There are very few good restaurants or comfortable cocktail lounges, only one real department store, J. L. Hudson's, and a handful of movie theaters, playing features that will be in the suburbs in two or three weeks. Transportation, at least from very far out, is difficult and parking is almost impossible. Only loyalty to Hudson's, Detroit's own department store, which just noisily celebrated its 75th anniversary, could conceivably lure the distant shoppers; but even that possibility is ruled out by the fact that Northland is built around a Hudson's as well-stocked as the main store downtown. It is not surprising, then, that Detroiters prefer Northland, with its free parking space, its variety of small shops around the central store, its concourses and courts, its gardens and fountains and benches to rest on. Sometimes Northland is described in reverent tones as as much an aesthetic adventure as a shopping center; many Detroiters do drive out and sit around the courts on Sunday when the stores are closed. Actually the place is somewhat garish (not inappropriate in Detroit, the producer of puce-colored automobiles). Whatever Northland's drawbacks—and let's leave them to Lewis Mumford to discover—shopping there is obviously more convenient and pleasant than shopping downtown, so the dwindling returns downtown testify. Eastland, Northland's counterpart in another direction, is now under construction.

There are various projects afoot which will, it is hoped, revive Detroit, and give it a sense of community. The Civic Center, the new construction that includes the mammoth City-County Building, the elaborate Veterans' Building, and the new Henry and Edsel Ford Auditorium, which is scheduled to open in the fall, is designed to bring grace and space to the area along the Detroit River which was once one of the ugliest parts of downtown Detroit. As yet it is no more than a handsome and incongruous island in an otherwise decaying area.

The Arts Center, within easy reach of downtown Detroit, encloses Wayne University, the Detroit Institute of Arts, the Detroit Public Library, and a variety of separate small institutions that have some connection with the arts or education. Wayne, which has just become a state university, is expanding rapidly, building or projecting to build a number of new structures that will

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lift the offices out of the horde of two- and three-story brick houses where they are now found—or, for the newcomer, often not found. If the new library and Music Building are indications of what is to come, Wayne's campus may, several years from now, actually be both beautiful and useful. Not only is Wayne to expand, but both the library and the art museum are to get new buildings and it is hoped that a number of comfortable and attractive apartment buildings will go up in the neighborhood and turn the Arts Center into a real community. At the moment, however, the infant Arts Center is caught between the outrageous Paradise Valley which trails off to the east, and another slum which runs west. The few good apartments in the vicinity are more intent on preserving their racial exclusiveness than they are on being part of an intellectual center, which must finally be, if it is ever to be, as interracial as Wayne itself.

There is also a plan, still somewhat embryonic, to raze downtown Michigan Avenue, Detroit's Skid Row, and replace the ratty old bars and flophouses with light industry and concomitant housing that would turn the area into one in which men could live and work. Four of the hospitals within the city have also recently suggested an extensive redevelopment plan that would permit a giant Medical Center to rise out of the ashes of Paradise Valley. Insofar as these projects are generally concerned with the city, and not simply with shoring up falling property values, their intention is a happy one. Whether or not these few areas, brightened into new beauty, will prove to be the good apples in the barrel of rotten ones that spread their health to the whole is far less certain. The increasing isolation of the Columbia-Riverside neighborhood in Manhattan and the University of Chicago area in that city makes one wonder if these projects are as hopeful as they sometimes seem to be. It is too early to judge, and foolish to condemn out of hand; it is sufficient to notice that, as of now, the moving vans are heading in the other direction—out.

Behind the movement to the suburbs lies more than the familiar rise in economic status. There is the pattern of change within the city, which is national and racial, which naturally engenders tension and even a sense of panic. Detroit has, of course, long been a city of pockets, neighborhoods which retained their national, racial, or religious characteristics. Despite the inevitable assimilation, the old identifications are still strong. As the Jewish neighborhood in the Dexter Avenue area becomes Negro, the Jews move as a group to the fashionable mudflats of picture-windowed Oak Park or to the solid, phony-Tudor area around Six Mile Road, whose earlier inhabitants, escaping the Jews who have escaped the Negroes, move out still farther. The old Italian neighborhood around the Eastern Market has long since become Negro; in the last few years the Italians have been moving in increasing numbers into Grosse Pointe, while old Pointers have clucked at the newcomers, and pointed in still another direction. Multiple pressures, of course, hold these groups together. For the most part, the movers have gone to the same schools and churches, belonged to the same social groups, gone to the same parties, and, inevitably in small-town Detroit, moved into the same new neighborhoods.

The pressure of old prejudices is also binding. One hears that a Jew has finally broken the barrier in Birmingham and been able to buy a house, but one hears as frequently quite a different story. A teacher whose name was not obviously Jewish was about to sign the papers for the purchase of a lot in one of the new developments, when the agent thought suddenly to ask him if he was Jewish. When he answered that he was, the agent explained, "Of course, we can't refuse to sell you the lot, but I think your children would not be happy here." There are occasional, unfortunate public testimonies to the old group differences. When a makeshift theatrical troupe called the Dublin Players made a two-day appearance in Detroit last March, their first performance was for some reason late in get-

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ting started. A city official on the sponsoring committee came out to beguile the restless audience. It was St. Patrick's Day, the audience was almost solidly Irish, and he at first amused them with a suitable joke about an Irish Catholic priest and a stick-up man, and then, searching for something correct for the family gathering, came up with a mildly anti-Semitic joke. There was almost certainly no intended malice in his choice of story, but his casual, unthinking use of it may explain partially what a Jew finds in a place like Oak Park—an inarticulated communal defense against anti-Semitism.

The greatest tension, of course, is to be found in the areas that are changing from white to Negro. The Detroit *News* recently reported with some pride the achievement of the Boston-Edison Protective Association, a thirty-year-old organization that is working to preserve the character and uphold the property values in a neighborhood a few blocks north of Wayne University. Prior to 1948, the Association's main concern was with keeping out Jews and Negroes, but, moved by the Supreme Court decision of that year, the Association decided to welcome any and all comers who would genuinely concern themselves with preserving the neighborhood as a pleasant place in which to live. On May 14 the Association held a party—the occasion for the *News* article—in which the members gathered in a self-congratulatory mood to celebrate their liberal hearts and their well-preserved neighborhood. I do not mean to be flip about their achievement, but the circumstances are so special that it can hardly be "the real solution," as which, according to the *News*, it has been hailed by Wayne sociologists. For one thing, the property is expensive ("up to $100,000"—but not many can be that high); for another, the inhabitants, white and Negro, Jew and Gentile, are a special group—professional men, academics, clergymen, civic leaders. It would be comforting to think that the Boston-Edison experiment could be a pilot neighborhood for the rest of the city to copy, but the evidence elsewhere makes that hope an unlikely one. Occasionally a single street will hit some sort of balance—as in a few streets in Highland Park—where the division is almost equal, where the whites and Negroes are able to live alongside each other with no trouble. Such streets are anomalies, however, and although their balance may represent a desired social situation, it is unlikely that they can really survive long in the prevalent atmosphere of change.

THE process of change is almost as fixed as a ritual, from the last desperate moment when an all-white street, panicked by what is happening a few blocks away, tries to hold onto its racial purity, to the moment when a nearly Negro street pressures the last few white families into moving. The first break in the all-white street is likely to come when one of the residents, who may be moving for any of a number of reasons, recognizes that he can make more money by selling his property to a Negro, for the Negro, hedged in by all sorts of informal restrictions, is in no position to bargain over price; there are not that many houses he can bid on. The "For Sale" signs then begin to pop up like mushrooms in the spring. That old bogey, "falling property values," is on everyone's lips, but the more genuine impetus to sell lies in the complicated fear of social contamination; the real fear that the quality of the schools will change (many observers insist that the consistent underpreparation of the Negro students coming into Wayne University is not so much the result of early schooling in the South, the usual excuse, as it is that the Board of Education is less careful about teachers and facilities in schools after the Negroes move in); and in the recognition that property values are higher in the first stages of a neighborhood's transition. Occasionally there is violence on one side or the other, depending usually on the character of the neighborhood to start with, and often on the combustibility of the teen-agers, for the tensions are strongest where the two races meet for the first time in high school. But usually the pressures from both sides are subtler.

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In April of this year Detroit had a near-farcical, if appalling, indication of the tenseness that exists in the virginal white neighborhood. John Rouse, half Cherokee, half French Canadian, accustomed to living among whites, bought a home on Robson Avenue, a middle-class neighborhood unaccustomed to Indians. His new neighbors, convinced that he was a Negro, greeted his appearance with threats and offers of more money to get rid of him. He went, protesting against the injustice of the whites in thinking him a Negro and treating him like one, without ever considering that the pressure would have been unjust in the case of a real Negro. The neighbors, a little regretting their haste, were sorry that they had not known him to be an Indian; still, they agreed that it was good that he was leaving because someone, sharing their original mistake, might misunderstand his presence in the neighborhood. At the other end of the process, a faculty member at Wayne, who lives in a neighborhood now predominantly Negro, said recently that he had to look for a new place to live; the new Negro landlord of his apartment building is making clear to the remaining white tenants that they are not really welcome.

The Dexter Avenue area is an excellent example of one in transition. On Dexter itself are all the identification marks of a Jewish neighborhood—the kosher butchers, the delicatessens, the bookshop selling literature in Hebrew and Yiddish, the Barton's candy shop; on neighboring Linwood is a bagel bakery and a caterer who deals in cocktail knishes. The residential streets that run off these two main avenues, lined for the most part with two-family homes, are abloom with "For Sale" signs; most of them are already mixed streets. Just as the Eastern Market, which always mixed Michigan garden truck with its Italian products, now has stands for collard greens, so the signs on the grocery windows begin to indicate that the neighborhood is changing from Jewish to Negro. Farther east, on Twelfth Street, which was once one of the Jewish main streets, there are still a few relics of the past, like one popular delicatessen-type restaurant, which, despite the fact that it is almost a Jewish island in a Negro sea, is reluctant about serving Negroes at its tables.

Although the Dexter Avenue area may mirror the social side of transition, it cannot begin to indicate the political importance inherent in the neighborhood changes in Detroit. The Jewish community in Detroit has never been big enough to constitute a definitive voting bloc; no Jew has even been able to count on a political career in the city. Such is not the case with the Negroes, however, for Detroit is one of the largest Negro cities in the North. Detroit's only Negro Congressman at present is Representative Charles M. Diggs, Jr., but for the first time the Negro community has felt strong enough to hope for a second Representative. The Poles have been the dominant group in Detroit Democratic politics since they wrested control from the Irish years ago, but now in the traditionally Democratic First District, the most Polish of the Polish districts, the Negroes are bidding for power. Obviously this local struggle is being played against a national backdrop, the lurking possibility that the Negroes will bolt the Democratic party in large numbers over the issue of desegregation. The district organization is still in the hands of the Poles, a fact that became apparent when the Negroes lost a fight for an all-Negro slate of delegates to the Democratic convention in Chicago. In the Congressional primary of August 7, the incumbent Thaddeus M. Machrowicz defeated Miss Cora Brown, the first Negro woman ever to be a state senator in Michigan, for the Democratic candidacy for representative in the First. This double testimony to the ascendancy of the Poles in that district should not be overrated, however, for the Negroes, by making two serious attempts to gain control of the First, have carved out a new position of strength for themselves in Michigan Democratic politics.

In a city in which the Negroes have so much voting power, discrimination against

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any minority cannot comfortably be a matter for public record. Only a man like Orville L. Hubbard, the perennial mayor of all-white Dearborn, can make open statements, like his whole-hearted defense of segregation which was picked up by Southern newspapers and politicians who need just that kind of air to fan their own windmills. It is not the Hubbards, however, that are important in the continuing undertone of discrimination through Detroit; it is the official indifference within Detroit itself. In a statement dated February 20, 1956, the Civic Affairs Committee of Americans for Democratic Action accused the Commission on Community Relations, a city department supposedly concerned with all matters of discrimination and race relations, of marking time; in two years the Commission had made no recommendations to the Mayor or Common Council, nor had the city officials asked for any. The Commission was first established as a result of the 1943 race riot, and in its early years, when it was still the Mayor's Interracial Committee, before it had achieved the muscle-binding status of a city department, it was a vigorous and useful instrument for education and cooperation among races. Under its present director, the Commission has, according to the ADA statement, consistently failed to make use of the community groups, white and Negro, whose support would be necessary in any genuine work in community relations. Police Commissioner Piggins recently prepared a report for the Commission in which he characterized the racial situation in Detroit as relatively calm and harmonious; the incident of the Indian on Robson Avenue must apparently have been one of the "isolated instances of minor tensions, distorted far beyond their real significance," which he uses to explain why some people feel that Detroit is racially on edge. It is the contention of the ADA, however, and of other organizations such as the NAACP and some of the unions, that tension can best be relieved and violence avoided if an active campaign of education is waged continuously, if cooperation between interested groups is stimulated before it is dangerously needed. Lurking behind the present concern is the memory of the 1943 race riot. No one expects a repetition of that outbreak but still its shadow hangs over the shifting city, as Father Coughlin's garish church hangs over Woodward Avenue, a testimonial to earlier and older hates.

DETROIT is not only a ready-made laboratory for the observations of itinerant sociologists and political scientists, it is also the Motor City. Locally the name is used with an odd mixture of reluctance and boosterism, occasionally incongruously, as in a sleazy skating rink and boxing palace on Woodward Avenue which proudly proclaims itself the Motor City Arena. The designation is even gaining national currency; on network disk jockey shows, you can now hear, "Out in Motor City they are dancing to—." America's concern with the iconography of automobile development—Pushbutton Power-Flite, Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic, Variable Pitch Dynaflow—is particularly virulent in Detroit, as might be expected in a factory town which depends upon one industry for its economic health. It is possible, even congenial, to talk about something other than automobiles in Detroit, but if one eavesdrops on the conversation of the well-dressed young businessmen in a downtown chophouse or of the ragged kids walking on Third Street, their voices still rich with a mountain accent, one is likely to hear the same historic discussion of the introduction of automatic transmission.

The first full force of Detroit's concern with the automobile comes with an examination of the city's three daily papers. The fall of a government in France or a riot in Cyprus must take a back seat in the Detroit papers if it occurs on the same day that one of the automobile companies issues a press release outlining innovations in next year's model. A statement by Harlow H. Curtice, Tex Colbert, or one of the Ford boys is certain to receive extensive coverage, and inspirational features on automobile executives are not at all uncommon. Though of the three Detroit dailies only the *News* is Detroit-owned

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(the *Free Press* is one of John Knight's papers and the *Times* is Hearst), the automobile coverage of all of them is so great and so consistently industry-oriented that disgruntled Detroiters sometimes call them "the three trade papers." Occasionally, the newspapers do the city a real disservice. As a result of the way in which this year's bad production drop was reported, not many Detroiters not directly connected with the auto industry or labor realized what was happening until the situation became critical. Even when the slump in the automobile industry became a matter of concern in newspapers and magazines all across the country, Detroit papers managed to be as sanguine as possible under the unhappy circumstances.

General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler, and on the labor side the CIO, particularly the UAW, are influential in every possible segment of Detroit life. The automobile companies are the chief financial and spiritual support of Michigan's Republican party, with Ford supposedly in the saddle now—and, according to *Fortune* (December 1955), General Motors sulking at the new look (the *Fortune* look) in Republican politics. The Michigan Democratic party is generally considered to be the CIO party; certainly a great many UAW officials (as private persons, of course) are active in Democratic politics—working in precincts, sitting on city and state committees, and filling public office. Because of the accumulation of big money in the industry, the companies, through donations to education, charity, and particular civic projects, are able to attain formidable public relations and a continuing and important voice in most of the city's activities. The unions, too, are important givers of grants, and the UAW, through special sections dealing with community relations and minority problems, does active work throughout Detroit; union officials, either as public-spirited citizens or directly as labor representatives, appear on most civic and charitable committees in the city. There is a continuous stream of articles, pamphlets, and films flowing from the industry's public relations departments, extolling directly or indirectly the solidity, the achievement, the amiability, and the Americanism of the automobile makers. The unions, too, do some work in film, some directed specifically at their members, some for a more general audience, like the famous "Brotherhood of Man" cartoon the UPA did for UAW, and some pamphleteering, but they can't match the automobile industry when it comes to dignity-bearing publicity.

The city remains primarily a UAW town, despite the presence of other unions, just as, despite the presence of other industries, it remains primarily an automobile town. By a particularly neat balance, Detroit manages to be a union town and a company town all at once. One can hear the most blatant kind of anti-unionism expressed, sentiments which in the mouths of young college students sound like parodies of industry propaganda of the 30's; and one can hear, as well, the most casual avowals of unionism, for the children of auto workers who were in on the formation of the UAW are likely to be union supporters, as simply as they are Democrats and Catholics, because it is a family affair.

It is in Detroit that the most important labor-management agreements are likely to be worked out in the future, that the problems of the guaranteed annual wage, the 32-hour week, and automation will be met and solved. Although Detroit is obviously going to be the incubator for the ideas that will turn out to be most significant, socially and economically, for the United States in the near future, it is doubtful that the average Detroiter will be any closer to the decisions than will the average New Yorker or Chicagoan.

As one might expect in a city its size, Detroit has a scattering of writers, artists, musicians, and scholars, a few of whom have national reputations; the most notable star in the city's crown is probably Eero Saarinen, architect for the GM Technical Center, who recently graced the cover of *Time*. Whatever intellectual exchange there is centers around Wayne University and the Cran-

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brook Academy of Art, although the exchange is so small and so informal that Detroit cannot be said to have a genuine community of ideas. There is not even a bohemia, that fringe-edge indication of a creative center. Like most American cities, Detroit is more congenial to music than to any of the other arts; and, as in most American cities, a certain amount of snobbery dictates attendance at concerts, particularly at those of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Detroit is not much of a theater city. There are two legitimate houses which carry the usual road shows and occasional pre-Broadway tryouts; there are suburban theaters, semi-professional or amateur, all of which seem to be playing *The Tender Trap* continuously; and a dedicated, awkward little theater group, World Stage, that operates in a match-box size attic which is still too large for the few customers that it ordinarily draws. Like most American cities of any size, Detroit has several movie theaters that specialize in foreign or unusual films, although ordinarily these stick close to English pictures (Alec Guinness is the distributor's best bet in Detroit) with an occasional French or Italian offering that can be advertised as dirty. The Detroit Institute of Arts has a good permanent collection and an active schedule of lectures and special exhibits, most of them road shows that are doing the museum circuit all across the United States. The Cranbrook Academy of Art has regular exhibitions, but its particular excellence lies in its work in handicrafts and textiles.

Detroit, then, provides as much opportunity as most American cities for a healthy and energetic cultural life, and certainly each of the arts has its supporters in the city. There is, however, nothing in the collection of possibilities that seems peculiar to Detroit, nothing like Cleveland's museum or Dallas's little theater, where a national reputation is built on the fusion of a city and an art. If one were to search for a figure to represent Detroit culturally one would not look to the world of art or music or literature. Two figures somehow seem representative. The first is Edgar A. Guest, who rhymed his way right out of the pages of the *Free Press* into the somewhat sodden heart of America. His achievement brought him not only fame and riches, but an honorary degree from Wayne University and the distinction of being the only living person to have a Detroit high school named after him. At that institution the poet used to appear annually to give readings of his verse. If Guest is somehow symptomatic of the old, small-town Detroit, the most popular and probably the most indicative figure of the new, bustling city, the Detroit of the electronic age, the metropolis that is still not off the publicity drawing boards, is a television comedian named Soupy Sales. He is a Carolina boy with an unerasable leer and a comic style that mixes the most familiar gestures of burlesque with the most frenetic enthusiasm of the borscht circuit; his signature is a little dance step, known far and wide as the Soupy Shuffle, although to the unpracticed eye it looks remarkably like the old, familiar Flea Hop. There are rumors of a network show for Soupy; if they become more than rumors, Detroit, which has given America the automobile, automation, the Ford Foundation, Charles Wilson, Father Coughlin, Edgar Guest, and Prophet Jones, may again become a national benefactor.

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THE "SONS OF LIGHT"

The Spiritual Grandeur of the Dead Sea Scrolls

THEODOR H. GASTER

EVERYONE who has read the newspapers or listened to the radio or come within earshot of a professional Bible scholar during the past ten years has heard by now of the Dead Sea Scrolls, and it is safe to say that no archeological discovery of recent times has produced a more profound or sustained public excitement. Partly, no doubt, this is due to the romantic circumstances of the discovery itself; everyone has been intrigued by the story of how an Arab boy, searching for a strayed goat in the Desert of Judah, stumbled by chance into a dark cave and found in it the oldest known manuscripts of the Bible and a collection of ancient but forgotten religious writings. Partly, too, it is due to the tantalizing mystery which surrounds the date and authorship of those writings, and to the fascination of watching scholarly sleuths cudgel their own and one another's brains in trying to solve it. Mainly, however, it may be attributed to the sensational claim (popularized especially by Edmund Wilson) that the Dead Sea Scrolls challenge or impugn the uniqueness of the Christian faith. These documents, it is alleged, attest the existence of a Jewish sect which lived at the same time and in the same general area as John the Baptist and Jesus and which not only professed many of the doctrines they taught but actually believed in a Christ-like "Teacher of Righteousness" who suffered martyrdom but subsequently "reappeared in glory" to his disciples. Small wonder that in the face of such pronouncements the general public should suddenly be manifesting a burning interest in what went on in the Desert of Judah some two thousand years ago.

In the following pages I shall try to summarize for laymen just what the Scrolls really have to say—what, in their own right, and divorced from false associations, they contribute to religion and the life of the spirit. It is necessary only to read the texts to see at once how sensation has outrun sobriety and how premature and unwarranted interpretations have been allowed to all but stifle their genuine religious message. In offering this presentation, I may perhaps be allowed to say that the more I have studied and lived with the Scrolls, the more difficult have I found it to treat them with detachment. Although I have never willfully allowed this consideration to color the statement of facts, I am conscious that in the matter of appraisal a pronounced spiritual sympathy—a process of virtual "identification"—has played its part. Indeed, what started as an objective, academic study became increasingly an act of piety toward the memory of those poor but valiant "sons of light" who gave these documents to us and who, like their greater forebear, stood in the cleft of a rock and saw the glory of God pass by.

NO ONE yet knows for certain who wrote the Dead Sea Scrolls, when and where. Attempts to date them by radiocarbon tests, by paleography (the form of script), and by

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IN THE tumult of interpretation and argument over the Dead Sea Scrolls, and over the question of whether the Jewish sect at Qumran anticipated Christianity, the independent spiritual greatness of these texts has gone unappreciated, THEODOR H. GASTER finds. Dr. Gaster's complete translation of the Scrolls will shortly be published by Doubleday (several selections appear in our Cedars of Lebanon department this month). Professor of comparative literature at Dropsie College, and author of books on subjects ranging from the origins of drama to Jewish festivals, Dr. Gaster has contributed to COMMENTARY since its inception.

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identifying purported historical allusions have alike proved inconclusive. It is now generally accepted, however—though there are still some shrill dissident voices—that whenever, wherever, and by whomsoever they may originally have been composed, they came to serve as the literature or religious repertoire of an ascetic, "protestant" and "puritan" Jewish brotherhood that lived on the western shore of the Dead Sea in the early years of the Common Era. That brotherhood (now generally identified as the Essenes) was distributed over a number of encampments, and one of its principal centers—perhaps, indeed, its "main office"—was a "monastery" situated in the forbidding gorge of Qumran, at the northern end of the area in question. The building has now been excavated, and coins found within it establish that it was occupied continuously (except for a short break due to earthquake) from about 125 B.C.E. until 68 C.E. Since the latter date coincides with that at which the Roman troops of Vespasian moved into the district on their way to suppress the First Jewish Revolt, it is a plausible conjecture that the "monastery" was abandoned at their approach and that the manuscripts of its library were then cached for safekeeping in the surrounding caves, whence they have now been miraculously retrieved.

The aims and objects of the Brotherhood, its government and constitution, its doctrines and practices, are amply described for us in two "manuals of discipline," a book of hymns, a series of commentaries on Scripture, a treatise on the final war to be waged against the forces of evil, and sundry lesser works of homiletical character.*

We are introduced by these documents to a group of men who, disgusted by the degeneration of religion and the corruption of the official priesthood at Jerusalem, had come to the conclusion that the only way in which Israel's traditional commitment to the Torah and Covenant could be maintained would be by establishing a select society of the faithful, duly dedicated and disciplined, and independent of such baneful influence. To this end, they betook themselves to the Desert of Judah and there organized a series of socialistic camp settlements on Scriptural lines. They believed that they constituted the true Congregation of Israel, the small remnant that had remained loyal to the Covenant and that was thereby ensuring the perpetuation of God's people, the fulfillment of its mission, and the eventual cleansing of the earth from the stain of guilt. The Covenant, they insisted, had been maintained and preserved throughout history only by a succession of such pious "remnants."

The members of the Brotherhood conceived of their adventure as a repetition in their own day and age of the experience of Israel under Moses, and entertained the hope that in return for their privations they would eventually reach a new Sinai, receive a new promulgation of the Covenant, and enter, in a more than territorial sense, into the Promised Land. There was, however, one crucial difference between them and their ancient prototypes: they were not waiting to receive the Law; they already possessed it. Their aim was simply to reassert that Law, to deliver it from the perverse and garbled interpretations that were being imposed upon it by false expositors and "men of lies." The true interpretation, they held, had in fact

*One of the manuals of discipline, styled conventionally "the Zadokite Document," was already known from a 12th-century copy found, some sixty years ago, by the late Solomon Schechter in the famous Cairo Genizah, but its relation to the Dead Sea Brotherhood became apparent only when the Qumran scrolls were brought to light and when fragments of a far more ancient copy were actually retrieved from one of the caves. The hymns are known conventionally as "the Psalms of Thanksgiving," because many of them begin, "I thank Thee, O Lord." The commentaries thus far published cover the first two chapters of the Book of Habakkuk, sundry verses of Micah, Nahum, and Zephaniah, and Psalm 37. There is also a paraphrase of Moses' farewell address to Israel in the Book of Deuteronomy. The text of the treatise on the war has been brilliantly edited by General Yigael Yadin, who has shown that the organization of the army and the plan of battle which it describes are patterned on Roman models. The work would seem, indeed, to be a kind of religious "skit" on Roman military manuals.

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been transmitted by a kind of "apostolic succession" begun by the Biblical prophets and continued by a series of spiritual monitors each of whom was known as the "correct expositor" or "right guide" (*not* "Teacher of Righteousness," as it has been commonly rendered)—that is, the *orthodox* expounder of the Word. The "right guide" was apparently in every case a *priest,* his title being derived from Moses' farewell blessing upon the priestly tribe of Levi: *They have observed Thy word and kept Thy covenant. They, then, shall teach Thine ordinances to Jacob and Thy Law to Israel* (Deut. 33:9-10).

Just as Israel had been led of old by those prophets and teachers, so, it was held, a new Prophet and Teacher would arise at the end of the present era to pave the way for the Golden Age, when the scattered hosts of the faithful would be gathered in, a duly anointed high priest and a duly anointed king (called "the *messiahs* [anointed] of Aaron and Israel") installed, and "the earth filled with the knowledge of the Lord like the waters which cover the sea." The concept was derived from the words of Moses in Deuteronomy 18:15-18: *The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, from among thy brethren . . . unto him shall ye hearken. . . . The Lord hath said unto me. . . . "I will raise them up a prophet from among their brethren, one like unto thee; and I will put my words in his mouth, and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him."*

IN ORDER to emphasize the idea that theirs was but a repetition of the ancient community under Moses and that their experiences were but a fulfillment of prophecy, the Brotherhood made use of an elaborate imagery drawn from the Bible. They styled themselves the "Chosen" or "the Elect of God," in reminiscence of the election of Israel at Sinai (compare Deut. 4:37; 7:6; 14:2, etc.). Their voluntary withdrawal to the desert was represented as a sojourn in "the desert of Damascus," thereby indicating that it was the fulfillment of God's word through the prophet Amos (5:25-27) that He would drive His recalcitrant people into exile *beyond Damascus.* Alternatively, echoing the words of Ezekiel (20:35), they spoke of the prevailing apostasy of Israel as "sojourn in the wilderness of the peoples." Their ancestral priests were described as "the sons of Zadok," in allusion to the foremost priestly family in the time of David (II Sam. 8:17) and to those whom the prophet Ezekiel had designated (40:46; 43:19; 44:15; 48:11) as the only legitimate priests in the restored Temple of the future.

Biblical precedents seem also to have been stressed in the actual organization of the Brotherhood. The Governing Council, we are told, had to include three priests and twelve laymen distinguished for knowledge of the Law and for holy living; and it is perhaps not too fanciful to recognize in these an imitation of the priestly triumvirate of Aaron, Eleazar, and Ithamar (Num. 3:4) and of the twelve heads of the tribes associated with Moses (Num. 1:4-16; Deut. 1:13-15).

Scriptural imagery was likewise employed in speaking of the Brotherhood's opponents. The venal priests of Jerusalem who connived against their own colleagues, the successive "right guides," and allowed them without protest to be defamed and traduced, were described as "a household of Absalom," in reference to the perfidious behavior of David's son against his own father. Divisive elements within Israel itself were termed "the household of Peleg"—a clever adaptation of the Biblical name in Genesis 10:25, inspired by the fact that the Hebrew word *p-l-g* means "divide." The heathen forces of Belial who would be discomfited in the Day of Vengeance were defined as the "hordes of Gog," an ancient northern nation whose doom had been foretold by the prophet Ezekiel; while the Roman oppressors of the Jews were termed "the Kittians," in allusion to Balaam's prophecy (Num. 24:24; compare also Dan. 11:30) that *ships shall come from the direction of the Kittians* (originally, this was Kition in Cyprus!) *and cause tribulation.*

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IT WOULD, however, be a mistake to suppose that the Brethren were inspired only by a desire to relive the past or that they betook themselves to the desert simply because they were unsettled by political turbulence or disgusted by the venality of the Jerusalemitan priests. They were swept also by other winds, and not the least of these was a strong mystical current. Adherence to the Way of God, they held, implied more than mere subscription to a legal code or a ritual discipline, or even a system of ethics and morals; it implied also the attainment, by insight, perception, and absorption, of what mystics term the "unitive state" with Him. Accordingly, they regarded themselves not only as the remnant of Israel and the replica of the pristine Mosaic community, but also as the "sons of light." The inner enlightenment which they claimed, however—the enlightenment which had led them, in fact, to embark upon their great adventure—was not attributed to any sudden spontaneous act of supernal grace. Rather was it the result of man's own voluntary exercise of that power of discernment which God had planted within every creature at the moment of its creation. All things, it was affirmed—all the phenomena of nature—had been endowed by Him with that instinctive power. It was, indeed, only by virtue of such indwelling power that sun, moon, and stars, tides, rain, and snow were able to discharge their functions in the universal scheme. In the case of man, however, God had balanced this instinct with an *evil* impulse ("the spirit of Belial") which sought ever to ensnare and enthrall him. If man vanquished that evil impulse and allowed himself to be guided only by the "spirit of God" and of God's truth, he automatically broke the trammels of his mortality. He was embraced forthwith in the communion of eternal things and with the immortal beings of the celestial realm—the holy, transfigured beings who stood forever in direct converse with God.

It was this state that the members of the Brotherhood claimed for themselves. This was the ultimate goal of their entire spiritual adventure; the aim and *raison d'être* of the Torah and of the disciplined life which it enjoined. They held that by virtue of their "enlightenment" they were members not only of the consecrated earthly fraternity but necessarily also of the Eternal Congregation. As one of their psalmists puts it, they "walked alway in uplands unbounded and knew that there is hope for what is molded of clay to hold converse with things everlasting." This is not, as all too many scholars have supposed, a mere belief in bodily resurrection or a mere hope for the survival of the soul in some cloudland of bliss. Rather is it the sound mystic sense that, given the right spiritual posture, given the victory over that darkness which is set before him along with the light, man may live even on earth in a dimension of eternity.

This idea too the Brethren expressed in an idiom drawn directly from the Bible. Because the prophet Daniel had spoken (11:33,35; 12:10) of the role to be played by the "enlightened" (Hebrew, *maskilim*) in the final age, they styled themselves by that name; and they termed their current tribulation "the time of trouble" or "the time of refinement," in express reference to the same prophet's declaration that *there shall be a time of trouble such as never was* and that *some of the enlightened shall stumble that they may thus be refined and purified.* Moreover, they called their enlightenment "Light-Perfection," for which the Hebrew is *Or-Tôm*—a play on the oracular Urim and Thummim of Scripture and more especially on that verse in the final Blessing of Moses (Deut. 33:8) which declares that *Thy Thummim and Thine Urim shall be (ever) with him that is loyal to Thee.*

THE Brotherhood was swept also by another, no less powerful current. This was the widespread contemporary belief that the great cycle of the ages was about to complete its revolution. The belief was based on the conception (which can be traced back to remote Indian antiquity) that existence consists not in linear progressive evolution but rather in a constant cyclic repetition of

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primordial and archetypal events. When major upheavals occurred, it was promptly supposed that the cycle was nearing its end, that the so-called Great Year was at hand, and that cosmos was about to revert to chaos. The primal elements, restrained and controlled at the beginning of the world, would again be unleashed; all things would dissolve in an overwhelming deluge or be burned in that everlasting fire which rages in the depths of the earth. Then the cycle would begin again; a new world would be brought to birth. The picture is painted in vivid colors in one of the hymns:

On what strength of mine own may I count
when Corruption's snares are laid
and the nets of Wickedness spread;
when far and wide on the waters
Forwardness sets her drags;
when the shafts of Corruption fly,
with none to turn them back;
when they are hurled amain,
with no hope of escape;
when the hour of judgment strikes,
when the lot of God's anger is cast
upon the abandoned;
when his fury is outpoured upon dissemblers;
when the final doom of His rage
falls on all worthless things;
when the torrents of Death do swirl,
and there is none escape;
when the rivers of Belial
burst all high banks
. . . . . .
rivers of fire that devour
every foundation of clay,
every solid bedrock;
when the foundations of the mountains
become a raging blaze;
when granite rocks are turned to streams of pitch;
when the flame burns down to the abyss,
when the floods of Belial are loosed
unto hell itself;
when the depths of the sea are in turmoil
and cast up mire in profusion;
when the earth cries out in anguish
for the havoc wrought in the world;
. . . . . .
when with a mighty roar
God thunders forth,
and His holy welkin trembles
as His glorious truth is revealed;
when the hosts of heaven give forth their voice,
and the world's foundations rock and reel;
when warfare waged by soldiers of heaven
sweeps through the universe?

For men, this theory posed the immediate problem of escape, and religion answered that problem by the postulate that "the just shall live by his faith" and that all who remained loyal to the Covenant were themselves participants in the creation of the new order. There was a sense in which, if he could not be delivered from the body of this death, man could at least be released from the trammels of this life. He could immerse himself in eternal things, divorce himself from the temporal and the mundane and, reversing the old adage, find that in the midst of death he was in fact in life.

The Brotherhood lived at a time of such "cyclic crisis." It is writ large in the noncanonical (pseudepigraphic) scriptures of the two centuries preceding the Common Era, and its fading echo may be heard in John the Baptist's cry that *the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand*. It was escape from the inexorable cycle, release not only from the guilt of sin but also from the fetters of mortality, that these men were seeking. The desert to which they repaired was not simply the Desert of Judah; it was also the mystic's Desert of Quietude—what John Tauler called "the Wilderness of Godhead, into which He leads all who are to receive the inspiration of God, now or in eternity." In that wilderness they would not merely receive a renewal of the Covenant; they would also have the vision of the Burning Bush. Removed from men, they would acquire an unobstructed view of the Divine. Thirsting in an inhospitable wild, they would drink the unfailing waters of God's grace. Shorn of earthly possessions, theirs would be the poverty of the mystics—that poverty which Evelyn Underhill has described as "complete detachment from all finite things."

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Burned by the scorching sun, they would see the *semplice lume* of Dante, the "infused brightness" of Saint Teresa, and by that light they would not be dazzled. They would achieve an intimacy, a communion, with the eternal, unchanging things, such as one can achieve only in a desert or on a sea. And in that experience they would reproduce and concentrate within themselves the drama of the cosmic cycle, the dissolving of the old order and the birth of the new.

In strange juxtaposition with these rarefied speculations, however, the Brotherhood also entertained a severely practical view of what was going to happen when the time for the world's renewal fell due. Even if individual men escaped the final doom, general doom there still would be, and a good deal of evil would still remain to be destroyed. The destruction would come by means of a forty years' war waged by the "sons of light," aided by the celestial hosts, against the "sons of darkness." In three campaigns they would win; in three, lose. At last, at the seventh encounter, God would triumph over Belial. This would be the Day of Vengeance. Thereafter all things would be renewed. The Era of Divine Favor (in contrast to the Era of Wrath) would be ushered in. God's light would shine sevenfold strong. He would reaffirm the Covenant with the faithful, and engrave His Law on their hearts.

The Brethren drew up an elaborate manual of operations for this war. It was cast in the form of a Roman treatise on military tactics and included explicit instructions regarding recruitment, the formations of troops, the code of signals, the inscriptions on the ensigns, and so forth. And when it describes the final battle, these are its words:

> This is the day which God hath appointed for abasing and humbling the [Prince of] the Dominion of Wickedness. But He will send eternal salvation to those who have a share in His redemption through the power of Michael, the mighty ministering angel; and He will send also an eternal light to illumine with joy the children of Israel. They that have cast their lot with God shall enjoy peace and blessing. As the rule of Michael will then be exalted among the angels, so shall the dominion of Israel be exalted over all flesh. Righteousness shall flourish in heaven, and all (upon earth) that espouse God's truth shall rejoice in the knowledge of eternal things. Wherefore, sons of the Covenant, be of good courage in the trial which God visiteth upon you, until He give the sign that He hath completed His test.

MEMBERSHIP in the Brotherhood was open to all persons over twenty years of age. "Postulants" had to undergo a two-year probation. During the first year, they were regarded as being, so to speak, "outside affiliates" or "fellow-travelers," with no share in the communal resources and under no obligation to surrender their own private property. They did not dine at the common table. At the end of the year, however, their attitude and conduct were reviewed. If they passed the test, they qualified, as it were as "inside affiliates." They now had to deposit their possessions on trust with a special officer, but they were still excluded from any stake in the communal funds. Only if they passed a further test at the end of that second year were they deemed eligible for full membership, and even then they were admitted only by general vote and had to swear an oath of loyalty which was administered publicly to all initiants together.

No one, however, who was suffering from any unclean disease could be received into the Brotherhood, nor could anyone who contracted such a disease maintain his position within it. Similarly, no one who was lame, blind, deaf, or dumb, or afflicted with any visible bodily defect, could be elected to communal office and rank as a "dignitary."

There were various ranks of membership, and the lower had to obey the higher. These ranks involved ascending degrees of "purity"; and the precise status of each member—including even the priests—was reviewed annually at a special council, promotion or demotion being then voted in accordance with his record.

The minimum number to constitute a "chapter" or conventicle of the Brotherhood was ten, corresponding to the *minyan* of normative Jewish practice. If the ten in-

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cluded a priest, he was not permitted to remove himself from the other nine. Each such chapter—perhaps even each group of ten—had to appoint one of its number to serve as a full-time expositor *(doresh)* of law and doctrine, to whom recourse could be had at any hour of day or night.

Members of the Brotherhood shared all things in common. They dined, prayed together, and all were required to spend one-third of the total nights of the year in joint study and worship. They were encouraged to discuss matters of religion with one another, but were forbidden to do so, or to disclose the lore of the Brotherhood, to outsiders (styled "sons of corruption"; see Deut. 32:5; Isa. 1:4).

Children of members had to undergo a ten-year period of training in the doctrines and principles of the Brotherhood and to master a manual entitled "The Book of Study *(Hagû)*"—evidently an "official" interpretation of Biblical law, a kind of sectarian Mishnah. (Such, at least, is the provision laid down in a manual of discipline for the ideal congregation of the future, and we may not unreasonably suppose that it was based on current usage.)

The spiritual direction of the Brotherhood was in the hands of the priests, the sacred seed of Aaron, who were obliged to abide by a traditional interpretation of the Law laid down by the original "sons of Zadok" and by the founding fathers. They were assisted by Levites.

THERE was also, however, a well-knit secular government. The chief "federal" officials were a President (or Prince) of the Entire Congregation and an Inspector-General of All Encampments. Furthermore, there was a panel of ten judges, four of whom were selected from the priests and Levites, and the remaining six from the laity. Special status was accorded also, as in ancient Israel, to "heads of families."

Each individual encampment was under the authority of a local "superintendent." His duties are thus defined in one of the manuals of discipline:

> He is to enlighten the masses about the works of God, and to make them understand His wondrous powers. He is to tell them in detail the story of what happened in the past. He is to show them the same compassion as a father shows for his children. He is to bring back all of them that stray, as does a shepherd his flock. He is to loose all the bonds that constrain them, that there be none in his community who is oppressed or crushed. He is also to examine every new adherent to his community regarding his mode of life, intelligence, strength, fortitude, and wealth, and to register him in his due status, according to his stake in the portion of Truth. No member of the camp is to be permitted to introduce anyone into the community without the consent of the . . . superintendent.

Subordinate to this official were "commissioners" of work, property, charitable funds, and the like.

No one under twenty-five years of age could occupy a communal office, and no one under thirty could exercise sacerdotal authority, be reckoned as head of a family, or hold a commission in the Brotherhood's military establishment. Judges were not permitted to officiate above the age of sixty; for, says one of the manuals, "through the perfidy of Adam the potential span of human life has been reduced, and in the heat of His anger against the inhabitants of the earth, God decreed of old that their mental powers should recede before they complete their days."

The supreme authority in all lay matters was vested in a Council or Board. In this Council, we are informed, there were always to be three priests and twelve specially qualified men, "schooled to perfection in all that has been revealed of the entire Law"; but whether these constituted the total complement of members is uncertain. The twelve specially qualified men were known as "the men of perfect conduct" or "the men of holiness," and they had to undergo a two-year period of preparation. Their function was not so much juridical as spiritual: they served as moral and ethical exemplars.

> Their duty [we read], is to set the standard for the practice of truth, righteousness, and justice, and for the exercise of charity and humility in human relations; and to show how,

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by control of impulse and contrition of spirit, faithfulness may be maintained on earth; how, by active performance of justice and passive submission to the trials of discipline, iniquity may be shriven; and how one can walk with all men with the quality of truth and in conduct appropriate to every occasion.

Members of the Brotherhood were subject to a rigid code of behavior. They were not allowed to swear oaths (other than the oath of allegiance), to nurse grudges, to slander their fellows, to indulge in blasphemous or lewd talk, to conceal their possessions, to appear naked, to spit at public assemblies, or—to take a nap during proceedings of the Council! They were likewise restrained from "raucous, inane laughter." Breaches of this code entailed forfeiture of rations for specified periods and/or temporary exclusion from the sodality. Repeated breaches or offenses involving repudiation of basic principles were punished by irrevocable expulsion.

THAT there are several arresting parallels between the ideas and doctrines of the Brotherhood and those of the early Christians, and likewise between the idiom of the Scrolls and that of the New Testament, cannot be denied. Just as the Brethren called themselves "the Elect" or "the sons of light," so too did the early Christians (see John 12:36; Titus 1:1; Ephesians 5:8). Just as the Brethren claimed to be at once the "remnant" of the true Israel and participants in the Eternal Congregation, so too did the followers of Jesus (Romans 11:3-5; Ephes. 2:19). Just as the Brethren termed their spiritual monitor "the right teacher," so too was Jesus hailed as "a teacher come from God" (John 3:2). Just as the Brethren looked forward to the advent of a prophet at the end of the present era, so too Jesus was acclaimed by his followers as "that prophet that should come into the world" (John 6:14). Just as the Brethren declared that they were "preparing the highway in the desert," so John the Baptist made use of the same quotation from Isaiah (40:3) in calling the people to repentance and regeneration (John 1:23). Just as the Manual of Discipline proclaimed that if the Brethren abode by the prescribed rules, they would be "a veritable temple of God, a true holy of holies," so Paul told the Christians of Corinth that they were "a temple of God, and the spirit of God hath its house in you" (I Cor. 3:16-17). And just as the Brethren anticipated a final apocalyptic war against Belial and drew lurid pictures of a stream of fire which would burn up the wicked, so too did the author of the Book of Revelation. Indeed, the present writer has noted no less than one hundred and fifty similarities between the thought and idiom of the Scrolls and those of the New Testament Scriptures.

Similarly, there are marked affinities between the organization of the Brotherhood and that of the primitive Church. It is significant, for instance, that the term used by the Brethren to denote their total community, though itself derived from the Pentateuch, was that adopted also by the Aramaic-speaking Christians of Palestine to signify the Church; while the governing board of three priests and twelve laymen is strongly reminiscent of the three "pillars" of the Church (viz. James, Peter, and John) mentioned in the Epistle to the Galatians (2:9) and of the twelve apostles. So, too, the Hebrew word for the "overseers" or "superintendents" is the equivalent of the Christian *episkopoi* or "bishops" (in the original non-sacerdotal sense); while the rule requiring all "who perform communal service" to be at least twenty-five years old, and all "heads of families" and military officers to be at least thirty survived in the Church in the prescription of the Council of Hippo (393 C.E.) that no one was to be ordained under twenty-five, and in the Neo-Caesarean and Maronite rules that no presbyter may be under thirty.

These analogies, however, should not be pressed unduly. Insofar as ideas and expressions are concerned, just as many of them as can be paralleled from the New Testament can be paralleled equally well from the non-canonical Jewish "scriptures" that were circulating between 200 B.C.E. and 100 C.E. and from the earlier strata of the

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Talmud. The picture of the final conflagration, for example, is likewise painted in the so-called Third Book of the Sibylline Oracles, a basically Jewish compilation dating about 140 B.C.E. The apocalyptic war (derived ultimately from Biblical prophecy) is mentioned also in the Talmud, in the Apocalypse of Baruch and elsewhere. The doctrine of periodic world renewal, a favorite tenet of Neo-Pythagoreanism, appears again in the pseudepigraphic Testament of Abraham and in the Book of Jubilees; while many of the more striking images of the Brotherhood's Book of Hymns recur in the Psalms of Solomon and in the Odes of Solomon. Moreover, several of these ideas find place equally in the doctrines of such sects as the Mandaeans and the Samaritans, where they may be recognized as survivals of what was anciently common thought and folklore. Thus, the division of history into an Era of Divine Displeasure and an Era of Divine Favor is a cardinal dogma of the Samaritan faith; while the Mandaeans, like the Dead Sea Brethren, style themselves "the Elect."

Similarly, in the realm of organization, there are just as many parallels between the institutions of the Brotherhood and those of the religious corporations of the Graeco-Roman "mystery religions" as there are with the primitive Christian Church. The camp superintendent, for example, has his counterpart in the *koinobiarch,* and the subordinate "overseers" in the "commissioners" *(epimeletai)* of those groups; while there too all goods were shared in common, admission entailed an initial oath, and there was the same emphasis upon the "mysteries of God" and the same prohibition against disclosing the lore of the fraternity to outsiders.

To draw from the New Testament parallels any inference of special or unique relationship to Christianity is therefore gravely misleading.

MISLEADING also, and to an even greater degree, is the claim that the Scrolls anticipate the *distinctive* tenets of the Christian faith. On the contrary, it may now be stated definitely that on the evidence thus far available this claim is based only on misunderstanding and misinterpretation and that, in point of fact, *the Dead Sea Brotherhood held none of the fundamental theological doctrines of Christianity.*

It has been asserted, for instance, that the several references in the Scrolls to a "right teacher" all refer to a single historical Teacher of Righteousness, a prototype of Jesus. Anyone, however, who takes the trouble to examine these references in the translation by me to appear shortly will see that the term in question designates a continuing office, not a specific individual. In some cases, it alludes to men who lived in the past; in others, to a spiritual monitor who is to arise in the future.

It has been asserted also that a passage in the Commentary on Habakkuk which speaks of the teacher's having been "persecuted" but having subsequently "appeared in splendor" to the community on the Day of Atonement foreshadows the Christian doctrine of the suffering and resurrected savior. Even, however, if the translation were correct (which is doubtful), this would still be poles apart from the Christian belief that the crucified master was God incarnate who by his passion redeemed mankind from an inherent guilt caused by a pristine fall from grace. Of this basic tenet of Christianity there is not a shred or trace in the Dead Sea Scrolls.

There is likewise no vestige of the idea of Original Sin. On the contrary, the idea is repeatedly affirmed that every man is endowed at birth with the charisma of discernment and that any sinfulness which he manifests throughout his life is due only to his personal neglect of that gift and to his personal submission to, or entrapment by, the evil impulse (Belial).

> Thus far [says the Manual of Discipline], the spirits of truth and of perversity have been struggling in the heart of man. Men have walked both in wisdom and in folly. If a man cast his portion with truth, he does righteously and hates perversity; if he cast it with perversity, he does wickedly and abominates truth. God has apportioned them in equal measure

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until the final age, until "He makes all things new." Howbeit, he foreknows the effect of their works in every epoch of the world, and He has allotted them to man so that man might know good and evil. But when [the time of] Inquisition [comes], He will determine the fate of every living being in accordance with which of the [two spirits he has chosen to follow].

Thus, because sin is individual and not the inherited lot of the human race, and because it is incurred only by a man's personal disposition, it can be shriven only by his own personal experience. Once he "sees the light" by the exercise of his own God-given powers, he is automatically out of darkness. In such a system of thought, since there is no concept of original, universal sin, there is obviously no place for universal, vicarious atonement. Men suffer their individual crucifixions and resurrections; there is no Calvary.

Again, there is no Communion. Certain scholars, to be sure, have claimed to find a prototype of it in the description which is given in one of the texts of a banquet attended by "the Messiah." What the document in question is really describing, however, is simply the order of precedence that is to obtain in Israel in the days of its future restoration; and in order to bring out the point that the sacred seed of Aaron is then to outrank everyone else, the writer observes that even if "the messiah of Israel" —that is, the "lay messiah" or anointed king— should happen to be present at a communal meal, he and his retinue are not to take their seats until the priest and *his* retinue have done so, and it is to be left to the priest to pronounce the customary benediction over the food! There is no suggestion whatsoever that a Messianic banquet in the Christian sense ever formed part of the regular life of the Brotherhood, and certainly none that the bread and wine of this future meal were to be regarded as the flesh and blood of an incarnate God or that the consumption of them was to have any redemptive power. Accordingly, there is no parallel with Christian Communion. At most, what is described is some future *agape* or "love-feast."

It is, indeed, far more important to recognize the radical differences between the Dead Sea Brotherhood and Christianity than the superficial similarities. Christianity is based on the idea that salvation comes to the world by God's dying for man; the Brethren affirmed, on the contrary, that it comes by man's living for God. Christianity assumes that the Passion has to be followed by the Resurrection in order to make it completely valid. The Brethren asserted, on the contrary, that the two things are necessarily simultaneous, that suffering is itself regeneration. In their eyes, the potency of the Crucifixion (had they believed in any such doctrine) would have lain in the very fact that it evinced another scale of values in which that supreme passion became not the ultimate defeat but the ultimate triumph. The concept of a subsequent resurrection would have seemed to them a superfluous anticlimax, because it would have presumed an antecedent death; and the very thing which they claimed to have achieved by their own devotion and torment was that thereby they were living in a dimension of eternity, where life, as it were, was utterly transfigured and where death and mortality were rendered irrelevant. To them, Good Friday would have needed no Easter, and the miracle of Holy Week would have lain in the Cross and not in the Empty Tomb.

IT IS in the affirmation of these things that the real message of the Scrolls may be seen to reside. Viewed in this light, they are more than a mere relic of antiquity, a curious historical datum. They are witnesses to an attitude of mind and a posture of spirit which are meaningful for our own day. They represent a perennial situation—the perennial sojourn in the desert of those of us, at once restless and serene, to whom the current organs of religion seem so painfully inadequate to the intensity of our commitment. In this sense, it may indeed be said of the men of Qumran that *Ye that did cleave unto the Lord your God are alive every one of you this day.*

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END OF A YEAR

A Story

SYLVIA ROTHCHILD

THE trees were ablaze. The water was on fire. Anna Cooperman spent her days sitting on the bank of the Charles River or the pond in Fenway Park, unmoved by the glories of a New England autumn. Rain or fog would have suited her mood much better. Her daughters worried about her. She seemed always on the brink of tears.

On Saturday her eldest daughter Georgia came to take her for a drive. Georgia waited two hours while her mother dressed. Anna could not hurry. She was always afraid that she would forget something of importance and be humiliated. Brown shoes with a black dress, a crooked seam, soiled gloves, or unpolished nails would ruin her afternoon. She was very careful and managed to achieve a kind of perfection in brown gabardine, mink scarf, and the velvet hat she had bought on Boylston Street. She could have passed for fifty-five instead of seventy-one. It pleased her to hear people tell her that.

"And after waiting for her all that time, we did not drive two blocks before she fell asleep," Georgia told her sister on the telephone. "I drove out toward Canton, the way Pa liked to take us, but she wouldn't even get out of the car at Blue Hills."

"Poor thing," Martha said. "I'll have her to dinner tomorrow. She hasn't been here since Larry had the measles."

The Salvation Army band woke Anna Cooperman early on Sunday. At eleven o'clock she and her friends sat on a bench at the edge of the Charles River and watched the parade of carriages and dogs. Mrs. Baum stroked her Bassett hound dreamily. Mrs. Hess watched a couple lying on the grass. She turned from them to look at her watch every few minutes. They were to lunch at Howard Johnson's at ten minutes to twelve. Then they would play cards until it was time for tea. They napped after tea.

"Where will you drag us to tonight, Anna?" Elizabeth Hess asked.

Anna sulked. "You can sleep in your bed tonight," she said curtly.

Her companions laughed and nudged each other. "No lectures, no concerts tonight," Hilda Baum said. "I can take off my shoes and watch Milton Berle."

Anna loathed the women sitting with her. They were her neighbors, not her friends. She was ashamed to sit with them. She had taken them to Symphony on Saturday night and they were like two bad children. Elizabeth slept with her mouth open and Hilda remained in the ladies' room after the intermission. "The squeaking grates on my nerves," she said. "I can't bear it."

It was not the first time and Anna had no reason to be surprised, but she took their reactions personally. "My dear husband loved these things so," she assured them after she had coaxed them into coming to a lecture at the Ford Hall Forum, or chamber music at the Gardener Museum or Jordan Hall. She admitted that she could not understand much more than they could, but she wanted respect, the only thing they could not give.

"They all mumble so nowadays," Anna complained at the forum. "They used to speak up much better."

"They should take more nourishment," Mrs. Baum suggested. "If they ate more, they might have more strength to talk."

Anna Cooperman could not explain that she did not come for the speaker or the

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SYLVIA ROTHCHILD, whose first published story appeared in our issue of October 1951, is well known to COMMENTARY readers for her portraits of American Jewish life.

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music. It was enough to enter Symphony or Jordan Hall and smell the seats and see the stage. Being there established her identity. She even met people who recognized her and hurried over to take her hand. "How good to see you, Mrs. Cooperman! How well you look!" She did not know their names and had no memory for faces, but her friends envied her those moments. They proved that she had actually been the wife of a prominent man, a politician with many friends, a philanthropist who knew how to share.

Yet she spent most of her time with two women who happened to live on the same floor of the Marlboro Arms Hotel. She did not approve of Hilda Baum, who had been divorced three times and did not even have a child to show for her trouble. Anna could not understand Elizabeth Hess, a doctor's widow with children in England and South Africa. The Hesses had run from Germany because of Jewish grandparents they scarcely knew. Elizabeth had been baptized as a child and had lived as a Christian. She had never recovered from her bewilderment.

At one o'clock Anna set up the chairs for cards and put chocolates and cookies in a dish. She shifted the chairs so that she could sit under her husband's portrait. Neither Baum nor Hess seemed worthy of the honor.

The phone startled her. It rang so seldom. She sat down on the bed as she lifted the receiver.

"How are you, Annie? This is Esther Schwartz."

"Fine," she answered, as she hunted in the barren labyrinth of her mind for the face of Esther Schwartz.

"Forgive me for calling so late, but we just happened to speak of you and Morris was furious to hear that I hadn't seen you all these months. The new grandchildren keep me busy as a cockroach. But here I am to wish you a happy, healthy New Year, free from all sorrow."

Anna strained to remember and finally saw not only the face of Esther Schwartz, but the length and breadth, the full two hundred pounds, of her. Morris Schwartz and Samuel Cooperman had shared the same office in their early days. She could remember the names on the glass door and she could remember the dinners at the Schwartzes' house where there was always too much to eat and drink, too much conversation, too much effusiveness. They embarrassed her and she insisted that she could not understand their Yiddish jokes. She sat smiling vacantly while her husband explained that she had grown up in Switzerland and spoke French and German beautifully, but no Yiddish. But at the Schwartzes' house she met people who watched her grope for a word and tried to help her by speaking Yiddish.

"So, Annie dear, if you are alone tonight, give us the honor of having you to dinner and then you can come to services with us. It's not a night to be alone in a hotel," Esther was insistent.

"I thank you," Anna said gently, softly, with a touch of French in her voice, "but I will be with my children."

"That is as it should be. My best wishes, then, for a happy year."

"The same to you," Anna said.

"And I must also tell you that I stopped at the Children's Home to leave a little something and heard that you've been continuing the good work of the Judge and I can only say God bless you."

"It's my pleasure," Anna said sweetly. "Goodbye."

Anna looked at her desk calendar. Her next visit to the Children's Home was two weeks away. She looked forward to the Thursday afternoons when she left her friends to their own meager resources and visited with the director of the orphanage and the other board members. They would discuss the numbers of pairs of new shoes, the painting of the bathroom, the cost of lettuce and vitamins. She often brought a treat with her; two hundred lollypops, two hundred Dixie cups or two hundred cupcakes. When she looked out at the children playing on the lawn, she liked to think that a little of each one belonged to her. She did

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not need to talk to them. She did not pat their heads or try to hold the little ones in her lap like Esther Schwartz. They were like her own children, distant, confusing, beyond her control.

"Open up for the police!" Hilda called from the hallway.

"Where do you think we've been? We bought a present for you," Elizabeth said.

"Why a present? What is the occasion?"

"The occasion is to cheer you up. We're too old to be so serious. Too many gloomy lectures. Too many long-hair concerts. We sat in my room and I mixed a little screwdriver the way my second husband taught me. Don't get scared, we didn't bring you any. But Annie, the world looks rosier this way. You're missing something." Elizabeth giggled and handed her the present wrapped in curled ribbons and gold paper. Anna was afraid. She didn't trust them.

"Open it! It won't bite you," Hilda urged.

They laughed hysterically while Anna opened the ribbons and slid the tissue paper out of the gold wrapper. Inside was a tiny ash tray in the shape of a toilet seat.

"It's charming," Anna said. "It will always remind me of you."

The afternoon slipped by. Anna lost twenty-six cents. She was annoyed by the Bassett hound that sat behind her chair, wheezing loudly.

"Tonight is a holiday," she said suddenly.

Her friends looked blank.

"It's Yom Kippur, the Jewish New Year."

"Get out the matzos," Hilda said gaily.

"Matzos are for Passover," Anna corrected her. "Passover is in April."

"That shows you how much I know," Hilda said. "I never did take an interest. It's America for me and I say, let the dead bury the dead. I used to know a little something, I remember my first husband, Shapiro from the liquor chain, he once took me to some service and there were people crying over their sins. It was foolish. I said, honey, I haven't had the pleasure of a sin in a long time, and I'm not taking the blame for anything I didn't do. He was a character! Superstitious and dopey about food. The way I figured it, anything that was any good, he wouldn't eat. He drove me bananas."

"I wouldn't even care to hear about it," Elizabeth said. "After all, you have no idea of what it is to leave your house and your children. My husband left one of the best practices in Hamburg to come here like a beggar. Don't mention Jewishness to me!"

Anna was bewildered. It was during such discussions that she needed her man most of all. She did not have the words with which to demolish them, the vulgar ignoramuses with their ash trays. "I go to my daughter's tonight," she said. "We better put the cards away. I'm getting tired of gin."

"I was hearing the news just the other night," Elizabeth said. "The German war criminals and all that. And I ask, what about the American war criminals and the French and the British? I'm sick of all this hate for the German. Nobody knows what they would do if they were there. But I'll tell you they would do the same. Some day they'll have it all here and they'll see."

"Live and let live is my motto," Hilda said. "I don't care what a person is so long as he's decent."

ANNA sighed with relief when they were on the other side of the door. She wrapped the ash tray in its tissue paper and put it in the drawer of the desk and prepared herself for the evening. They had not cheered her.

She muttered to herself while she dressed. It made her even more unhappy to think that she had forgotten the holiday. She took out her best black dress and chose a rhinestone pin and earrings to honor the occasion. She remembered to put some lollypops into her purse for the children and went down to the waiting cab.

It was the rush hour out of Boston. People walked faster than the traffic moved. It took twenty minutes to get to Temple Israel, where crowds waited on the steps and women stood at their husbands' sides. She looked out enviously while the cab driver waited for the light to change. "My husband used to take me," she said to him. "Every

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year he would buy me an orchid and take me to hear the singing. He was very good to me."

"You don't say," the driver answered.

"Perhaps you know the name of Judge Samuel Cooperman? He passed away a year and two months ago."

"Here you are, lady," the driver said, "17 Emerson Avenue."

THE children ran to the door when she rang the bell. She heard them fight for the privilege of opening it. Eight-year-old Larry opened it with such force that he tumbled backwards. His sister burst into tears. "It was my turn," she wailed. Martha came and kissed her cheek. "How fancy we are tonight, darling! How are you feeling?"

"It's the tone of her voice that I cannot bear," Anna said to herself. "It's not what she says, it's the way she speaks as if I were an idiot child."

"I am very well, thank you," she said aloud. "I thought it would be nice to dress up in honor of the holiday. I have so little occasion."

"The holiday?" Martha asked.

"Tonight is Yom Kippur, it's the New Year. Esther Schwartz invited me to dinner and services."

"My God, is fat Schwartzie still around? Isn't it nice of her to think of you!"

"She's on the board of the Children's Home with me. I see her occasionally."

"Isn't that fine. Well, I'm changing into some clean dungarees. Would you like an apron, Mother? You're really too elegant for us. The children were painting today and I don't know how safe the chairs are."

"No, thank you. I'm very comfortable as I am," she said, but she took little Sara's hand off her lap. "Now be careful of Grandma's pretty dress, dear," she said coyly, "and do tell your mother to wipe your nose."

Anna looked around the disorderly living room for a place to sit. There were magazines and toys still on the couch. She moved them to one side and sat down gingerly. She looked around the room for some familiar things and found her silver tea set, tarnished from disuse, and a Queen Anne chair that sagged, and the reading lamp from her bedroom with the shade askew. It was all strange and unconnected like her daughters. Georgia and Martha were both built like their father. Georgia was five foot ten and Martha an inch shorter. Anna could not remember when they had not towered above her.

Georgia had her father's heavy nose and jaw and her mother's pale blue eyes. Martha had her mother's delicate features set on an oversized body. Both girls made her think of puzzles that had been jumbled, the features mixed up and the heads misplaced.

Martha came out of the bedroom in black gabardine slacks and a tight pink sweater. She had her hairbrush in her hand. "How are your lady friends, Mother? Do you still play cards every day?"

"We had a lovely game this afternoon."

"It certainly is lucky that you found each other. I was so worried that you would be lonely in the hotel."

"I'm not lonely," Anna said quickly. "We went to Symphony last night. Koussevitsky was marvelous."

"It was Charles Munch, Mother dear."

"I was there, Martha."

"I know, dear, but Koussevitzky died several years ago." Martha shoveled the crumbs off the kitchen chairs and wiped up the milk the children had spilled.

"It was lovely anyway. It was very lovely."

"Georgia will be here soon. She said she took you for a drive yesterday."

"Lovely colors," Anna said. "Your father loved such days. He would drive all the way to Vermont. Once we were all the way to Middlebury when I asked who he was going to see, and he said, the leaves."

"I was with you," Martha said. "Don't you remember?"

"Of course I remember," she said indignantly. "I see that the silver is neglected, dear. It's worth a great deal of money and you should polish it more often and my lovely old chair should have new springs. Mrs. Connelly was so devoted to all the things."

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"I know," Martha said wryly. "I will never be able to compete with Mrs. Connelly."

"You should have some help then. I always said that a mother should take care of her children but there should be help."

"There absolutely should," Martha said, as she pulled her daughter's underpants down and carried her out of the room.

"Why don't you call Mrs. Connelly tomorrow and tell her Judge Cooperman's silver needs polishing. I'm sure she'll come."

"Mrs. Connelly is more than eighty years old, Mother, and if she were eighteen it would still be out of the question. I've explained so many times. The house gave us enough money so that you can live as you like, but that's all. I have to live on Sidney's salary."

"I don't see why he can't earn enough money to take care of his family properly. M.I.T. is such a big school and so elegant."

"Yes, my love, but our professor will be home in five minutes. Will you try not to speak of it? It hurts his feelings." She jabbed a potato baking on the top of the stove. Sidney opened the door.

Sidney kissed them all. "And how is her Royal Highness?" he asked Anna. She begged him not to call her grandma and it pleased her when he remembered.

"I don't like to look or feel like a grandma." She guarded her size fourteen and her high-heeled shoes. Her clothes were more youthful than her daughters'. Anna could remember when Larry was born and the Judge was asked a dozen times a day, "How does it feel to be a grandpa?"

"It's great," he liked to say, "it's just hard to imagine being married to a grandma." She never forgot his joke.

THE children sprawled on the living room floor and watched television, while their parents ate. It was hard to talk under the noise of horses' hooves and gunfire. Anna's impatience grew. The noise, the table in the foyer, the tasteless meat loaf and canned peas all conspired against her. She was sorry that she had not gone to the Schwartzes'. At least they would have admired her clothes and talked of the past. She would have been introduced as the wife of Judge Cooperman.

"You're not eating, Mother," Martha said solicitously.

"It's not very good," she answered. "It's not nearly as tasty as we had at Howard Johnson's yesterday."

"That's too bad," Martha said, flushing.

"I'm sorry to hurt your feelings, but it really isn't any good. I've never cooked in my life but I know it shouldn't taste like this at all."

Sidney left the table to put the children to bed. Martha cleared the dishes. He brought the children in for their good-night kisses and she whispered, "If I get like that when I'm old, you can take me to the lab and use me for one of your experiments."

He kissed her quickly. "If I wanted a cook, I would have married one," he said.

Georgia and Ralph came in as they sipped their coffee. Ralph was a large handsome man with iron-gray hair and a pink girlish face. He began courting Georgia when she was twenty. She held him off until she was thirty-seven. "Because he's a perfect fool, Mother," she had said. But Anna preferred him to Sidney, who was short, pudgy, astigmatic, and half a head shorter than Martha. Anna swore they made a ridiculous pair.

"The most amazing thing just happened," Georgia said. "Absolutely incredible! We were just finishing our dessert at Barbi's and I heard this familiar voice and turned to see who it was. I didn't recognize her at first, but it was Marian Carr and she knew me immediately. I haven't seen her for twenty-five years. She has three children. Two of them are married! She swore I looked the same as ever and was surprised to hear that I was actually practicing law. It's fantastic. I've been trying to remember what we did with twenty-five years. Four trips to Europe, three cross-country. But what did we really do? What did we accomplish?"

"Well, I always said you were working too hard. There's no point in a woman working so hard," Anna said.

"First it was Dad's office and then Steinberg's and then Ralph's."

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"I couldn't have managed without you, honey," Ralph said.

"But twenty-five years! Do you realize I'll be fifty in July?"

Anna shook her head. "It's not true."

"I was born in 1907. I have a birth certificate to prove it," Georgia said bitterly.

"You don't look a day over thirty-five," her mother said. "I see no reason to harp on it."

"I'm not harping. I'm just asking myself, where did the time go. I never thought about it until I told Marian that I'm still living in the apartment I took when I left school."

"But it's a beautiful apartment and you've furnished it exquisitely. It's perfect," her mother assured her.

"But what about progress?" Georgia asked as if someone could answer her.

Martha collected the cups and saucers. "I can show you my rug. It's two feet larger than it was last week."

"What became of the loom?" her brother-in-law asked. "I knew something was missing."

"The children got into it," Martha said apologetically. "But more than that it began to be a terrible bore. You know, weaving is fascinating until you learn how. Once you have the pattern worked out, it's positively moronic."

"I thought you said it was relaxing?" her sister asked.

"Well, it is, but in a moronic way."

"She's almost exhausted the arts and crafts field," Martha's husband said cheerfully. "In another six months she'll settle down and darn my socks and repair my torn pockets."

"Sometimes the lack of manual dexterity can be a blessing," Georgia said. "In the past year you've studied weaving and pottery. Before that it was tray painting and leathercraft."

"And the little blocks she stepped on in her bare feet," Anna added peevishly.

"And remember the year she rented a little piece of garden down near Fenway Park and grew the squash?" Ralph slapped his knee, threw back his head, and laughed.

"Nasty green things only an Italian could stomach," Anna said with a shudder.

"Did she ever finish anything, Sidney?" Georgia asked. "I've never seen more than swatches of material or a single napkin."

Sidney shrugged his shoulders. "She has fun," he said. "I think you're jealous."

"Here's something that will be finished," Martha said. She pulled a rug, five feet in diameter, out of the closet. It was made of rags and old stockings that she braided. "I really need this rug. The one we have is falling to pieces. If someone will hold this end I can braid some more of these old stockings."

"Not tonight, dear," Anna said sharply.

They turned to look at her.

"Is it necessary to do that this night? It's a holy night. Do we have to sit here like rag pickers? I won't allow it. Your father would be humiliated."

"I don't remember that Father was so devout, Mother," Martha said gently.

"Not only was he not devout, but he laughed at the whole show," Georgia said.

"He took me to services every year. He never forgot the holiday."

"He was a politician, Mother. He couldn't afford to. He went to Irish wakes and Polish weddings and was a great pal of the Clan McNaughten. 'Stand on your own two feet,' is what he used to say, 'and don't get taken in by the hocus-pocus.'"

"You can say what you like, but I would rather be listening to the choir and Rabbi Liebman with people who know how to dress and behave, than working on your dirty rug that the children will surely tear to pieces in a few weeks. And I will ask to get me a cab, if you must continue."

"Senility," Georgia said between her teeth. "I told you. I knew it was coming. It won't be long before she'll be lighting candles for the dead."

"What are you mumbling?" her mother asked. "There's no respect any more. Is there?"

"It's late," Martha said, in the voice she used for balky children. "Georgia can give you a lift home. You've been out two nights

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in a row. It's no wonder you're tired. Let's see now, where did I put that glamorous hat?"

Ralph put his arm around her and led her to the door. "Why don't you wait here, Georgie? I'll take the Queen home and come back for you."

She liked the way he held her arm and helped her into the car. It was a big expensive Oldsmobile. She could not help but compare it to his brother-in-law's battered Ford, full of children's toys and cookie crumbs, that was parked behind it.

In a few minutes they were at the hotel. Ralph insisted on taking her up to her room. The desk clerk gave him the mail she had forgotten to take the day before. He was opening her door when Hilda came out of Elizabeth's room. Anna introduced her son-in-law and Hilda was obviously impressed. Ralph kissed Anna good night. "Take care of yourself," he said as he went into the elevator.

Hilda followed her into her room. "You had a good time?" she asked. "It must be nice to have your own children to visit."

Anna nodded as she took off her hat.

"Which one were you visiting, the artist one or the lawyer? Imagine a lady lawyer. She must be real smart."

"They were both at my younger daughter's house. She's the one that's good with her hands," Anna said.

"And those are her children?" Hilda asked as she pointed to a picture of Sara and Larry. The children sat on the couch, in party clothes she had never seen. "They're darlings!" she said.

Anna remembered the lollypops that were still in her purse.

"My goodness," Hilda said, "is all that mail for you? Aren't you the popular one."

"I forgot to take it out all week," Anna said. "I'm ashamed. I forget so much."

Hilda counted the envelopes Ralph had left on the desk. "Twenty-six letters," she said incredulously. "It would take me ten years to get so much mail. You're lucky to have so many friends."

"My husband's friends," Anna said modestly.

"It's all the same," Hilda said. "Elizabeth and I were saying tonight that we envy you. That's why we like to make jokes. Sometimes we get scared that you're really sore. We know you're a lady and we're glad you hang out with us."

"I'm not really sore," Anna said.

"You see, I've knocked around so much, New York, Florida, California, always hotels and rushing around. No place is home. Nobody knows me anywhere. Family all gone. Elizabeth has had real hard times. Her children don't even bother to write her. All she has is her little bit of money and if she got sick and blew it, she'd be in a terrible fix. But see, now you've got friends and children and money to give away. It's the way to be."

Annie wrapped her velvet hat in tissue paper and put it away in its box. Hilda looked into her well-filled closet with envy.

"Well, listen," she said. "It's time for old girls like us to be in bed. So don't stay up all night reading those love letters. Good night, dearie."

"Good night," Anna said. "Thank you for coming in."

She sat at the desk and opened her mail. They were all New Year's cards from Kaufman, Clark, Klein, MacDonald, Fogarty. There were only three that she could identify, but she set them up on the mantel beneath her husband's picture and counted them again.

"Last year there were fifty-one and this year twenty-six and next year there will be twelve and some year there will be none."

Anna brushed her hair and put cream on her face and neck. She wore a blue satin nightgown that matched her eyes. She stretched out on her bed and said a prayer for the New Year. She prayed for health and better memory. She remembered her children and the children at the Home and even her neighbors. Her supplications, however, were not addressed to a distant, mysterious Almighty. It was easier to talk to her own Judge Samuel Cooperman, who had always been very good to her.

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BROADWAY'S MISSING COMMUNIST

Theater Without Candor

ERIC BENTLEY

WHILE the Communists have never been numerous in this country, it is a commonplace that their influence anywhere is out of all proportion to their numbers. It is also true that, while the failure of the Communists to attract the American "proletariat" has been abysmal, they have been distinctly more successful with the professional classes. And with no group, it seems to me, have they done so well as with the theatrical profession.

There are various reasons for this. One, obviously, is that theater people are very easily carried away with enthusiasm. And, though there are other things to be enthusiastic about in this life besides Communism, few of these can combine, as Communism does, the appeal to enthusiastic generosity with an appeal to precisely the opposite impulse: for if we shout with joy at the idea of shaking our chains off, we sigh with relief at the idea of having them clamped back on again. The double appeal corresponds to the double nature of men in general and theater people in particular. The latter tend, even more than the rest of the population, to combine a vast quantity of "democratic" good will with an equally vast ambition to have prestige and be in cahoots with those who have even more. Most actors wish to be "stars," and what happens when they get their wish? On the one hand, they express a dogmatic faith in their public (the public which elects them and keeps them in office as it were), and on the other they are *arrivistes,* patronizing the best hotels, eating at the best restaurants, riding only in taxis, living behind squads of agents and secretaries.

On the one hand, then, the impulse to kiss everybody and burst out crying from sheer love of mankind; on the other, the impulse to exact from the world a preposterous over-valuation of one's own importance; this doubleness is evident not just in "left-wing" actors and producers but also in many of the famous "left-wing" playwrights of the period. ("Left-wing," in quotation marks, means "calling themselves left-wing but actually in the Communist orbit and therefore, consciously or not, dominated by Communism." I shouldn't dream of denying that, without quotation marks, the word takes in a lot of non-Communist and even anti-Communist territory.) From which we may conclude that if the Stalinist brand of pseudo-radicalism had not existed, someone with a shrewd grasp of theater psychology would have had to invent it. (I am reliably informed that when Ilya Ehrenburg was in New York he would eat only at the Chambord and I doubt if that was because it was near the Third Avenue El. It was more likely his historic mission to prove that the International and the International Set are not only compatible but identical.)

However this may be, on Broadway, over the past quarter century, Communism has been the only political force with any

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THE lack of candor about Communism that ERIC BENTLEY finds in the American theatrical world provides part of the explanation for the confusion which still attends that subject, in spite of the long debate—or perhaps one should say brawl—conducted around it so recently in this country. Mr. Bentley regularly reviews plays for the *New Republic* and holds the Brander Matthews Chair of Dramatic Literature at Columbia. He was born in England, educated at Oxford and Yale, and is the author of many books on the drama. His newest, *What Is Theater?*—from which the present article is taken—will appear next month both in a hard-cover edition (Horizon Press) and in a Beacon Press paperback.

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real spread, any real staying power, even perhaps with any firm identity. Not that this is ever admitted, least of all by the Communists. Few production outfits wear their party card on their sleeve; few plays openly confess to a Communist author or a definitely Communist idea. But the party has been, and remains, much more active on Broadway than most people assume. A visitor to this country just recently might have gathered from at least one liberal journal that none of the theater people then being questioned about their politics had ever had anything to do with Communism except in the fevered imaginations of "witch hunters." Little jokes were made about the absurdity of suspecting the funny men of the entertainment world of such ideas and activities. But the joke here was on the liberal journals, as anyone acquainted with the facts well knew.*

A stranger to New York might take a little time to find professed Communists in the theater (and this was the case long before the Smith Act may be said to have driven Communism underground). What he would have found then, and could without much trouble find today, is Communists professing to be progressives, anti-fascists, or possibly even sympathizers. How far the "line" has drifted from the Communist Manifesto may be gauged from the fact that I have heard some of these people explain at length why the explicitly pro-Communist utterances of Brecht are today much less *à propos* than many a piece of non-Communist writing which contains, say, a word against war or in favor of the "common people." If such writing has a great established name attached to it—anyone from Jefferson to Sholom Aleichem—so much the better, but even a bit of *Kitsch* will do, for the requirements, after all, are "warmth" and "love of humanity," which, in the implied definition, are found more abundantly in Edgar Guest than they are in Baudelaire.

Sentimentality has always served to fog all the issues, and was therefore denounced by earlier Marxists as "petty bourgeois." But sentimentality is the characteristic weapon of Marxism in its Stalinist phase, as the most cursory glance at Stalinist literature will confirm. At this point, *Kitsch* becomes, for the rest of us, doubly suspect; even the names of Jefferson and Sholom Aleichem become suspect when they are the merest aliases.

First, there are professed Communists; second, Communists professing progressivism and many other nice-sounding "isms"; third, and most numerous in the theater, there are the unconscious sympathizers. In the 1930's it was possible for unconscious sympathizers to sympathize with *all* aspects of Communism. A shocked silence would descend upon gatherings of "non-Communists" if some intruder referred to the Moscow Trials as a frame-up. The Soviets today cannot command such wholehearted support, but in nothing is the power of their propaganda so marked as in its influence upon persons who not only are not Communists but also quite consciously dissent from Communism. For example, the Communists' insistence on social injustice in the United States, their methodical reiteration and exaggeration of the same facts and allegations, creates even in Americans pretty much the mentality of the Russian in the story who, when he heard an American criticize the Moscow subways, replied, "Well, what about the Negroes in the South?" The sting is taken out of every criticism of Russia by an appeal to what is in itself a fine impulse—the impulse to set our own house in order rather than spend the time sounding off against other people.

At the very time that the Communists admitted having framed Rajk and many others, I received an ad for John Wexley's book on the Rosenbergs in which much more scrupulous treatment than Rajk ever got is represented as among the foulest barbarities of our time. And Arthur Miller, apparently

*The only reason why this passage is vague is that I have not written it in order to bring accusations against particular individuals. If the truth of it were questioned, however, I should have to change my tune.

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desiring to break free from a Stalinism which he had never admitted being in bondage to in the first place, can only condemn Soviet policy as "cultural barbarism" if he quickly adds that America isn't very much better, the evidence for the equation being that Mr. Miller's own "liberty has been suppressed." What Mr. Miller defined flatly in a press release as suppression of liberty was actually the refusal of a single employer to give him a single assignment. Mr. Miller had a play running on Broadway during the very season in which he said his liberty had been suppressed; and his income as a playwright must obviously be far beyond what most writers have earned in any country in any age.

THERE is no better evidence of the continued influence of the Popular Front mentality among non-Communists than in Broadway plays about politics. There was one last winter (1955-56), for example, in which, though a sympathetic portrayal of a refugee *from* Communism indicated the author's independence, one of the principal assumptions of the story was squarely in the Stalinist tradition. This was the assumption that American life is currently poisoned by persecution mania. If a government employee's wife, long before she married him, and in fact as a schoolgirl, joined the Communists for a very short time, he is ruthlessly dismissed from his job today: such is America, 1956. But, in sober fact, one of the reasons the play (*The Innkeepers* by Theodore Apstein) failed is that the author's assumptions about life in America today were news that had not yet reached his American audience. It is only behind the Iron Curtain that audiences believe Howard Fast's play *Thirty Pieces of Silver*, with its picture of the American as Judas, to be a representative picture of American life today. It was there that I myself was asked how many fascist parades I see in Manhattan *per month* and also when I last saw a lynching (presumably from my windows on Riverside Drive).

A character is missing from American plays that touch on Communism: the Communist hero. All and sundry are suspected of Communism, but only villains and clowns are guilty of it. Communists on stage—in *The Love of Four Colonels, The Prescott Proposals, The Great Sebastians*—are always (a) foreigners and (b) cut out of cardboard. The feeling of having been falsely accused being the archetypal sentiment of living in the 20th century (classically imaged by Kafka), the false accusation of Communism has become the stereotype of political drama —from *The Crucible* (by implication) to the more recent *Time Limit*.

On two occasions, I felt the temptation to rewrite a play, putting the missing Communist in the niche that plot and theme evidently left for him. Both times, his absence was the principal flaw in the structure. In Robert Ardrey's *Sing Me No Lullaby* we were asked to believe that things are made so hot in America for citizens who were once Popular Fronters that the very heat forces them to become out-and-out Communists: life having become impossible for this young man in witch-hunting America, he feels compelled to flee to Red China. The author could have avoided talking a lot of nonsense by making the young man a Communist.

The other example is *Anastasia* by Marcelle Maurette and Guy Bolton. Anastasia *is* the Czar's daughter, but obviously that doesn't make either her or the authors happy, for they have depicted the White Russian émigrés as a corrupt and repulsive lot. Where is she off to at the end? And why can't she have that nice young man who has loved her so long and so well? A neat solution is at hand if only we were permitted, through the young man's torn trench-coat, to descry a party card. Why should she be the missing princess if he can't be the missing Communist? Ilya Ehrenburg would approve, for Anastasia and her Communist lover could then re-enter Moscow, and continue the great work from the Muscovite equivalent of Chambord.

I LEAVE it to sociologists to figure out why something a good deal less coherent was put before us. Students of dramaturgy may

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perhaps conclude that a new, though somewhat Pirandellian, pattern is evolving. In the new drama, the Missing Communist will resemble Signora Ponza of *Right You Are* in that you will spend the first part of the evening wondering who he is, and the second discovering that he isn't. He isn't who you thought he was and he isn't anyone else and he obviously couldn't have done the things he was accused of doing because, well, if you must know, he doesn't exist. The man who exists has quite a different name and isn't a Communist at all. He's progressive, of course, and a good anti-fascist, and, yes, if you insist—we're among friends here after all—he's, well, let's say a sympathizer. The term fellow-traveler is not in my vocabulary. . . .

In all of which, art and life are one. For the Communist hero is missing from American life too. If Alger Hiss had been a Communist, and had courageously kept his secret through all the vicissitudes we know, what a hero he would be! But the man has hardly even heard of Communism. Take a look at him: how *could* he be a Communist? If Julius and Ethel Rosenberg had been Communists, how their comrades would have had to admire the heroism of their refusal to confess! Everything for the Cause! But, instead of heroes, they are victims, and Communist authors will only be able to compare them with other victims like Dreyfus, not with heroes like Zola. And since some kind of Zola can always be cooked up (as he also was no Communist), I predict in the near future an attempt at a revival of interest in the Dreyfus case. But my main point is that the Hiss and Rosenberg cases are dramas *manqués,* and that the *manqué* element is the same as in Broadway plays touching on the Communist theme.

Is this all very arbitrary and baffling? Or is there a pattern here which we can get the hang of? I incline to the second conclusion. If there is an element of the mysterious to the story, we cannot assume that it is wholly fortuitous. For, in this realm, mystification is a method, a fine art, practiced for definite ends and on a gigantic scale. In a famous speech which another hand later made the basis for the most outspoken Communist play ever written, Lenin said: "We must be able to . . . resort to various stratagems, artifices, illegal methods, to evasion and subterfuges. . . ."

Do we prefer to think he didn't mean it? That the Russian has been mistranslated? That I have torn the remark from a context which says exactly the opposite? Or was Lenin really in favor of evasion, and did evasions multiply in geometric progression, until for millions of men, *Communist or not,* they became standard practice? I italicize "Communist or not" because though there may be reason to mystify and deceive one's own fellow-travelers, the main task is to mystify and deceive the outside, non-Communist world.

So I hope no one supposes that I am writing all this to make it seem that the playwrights I mentioned are Communists or fellow-travelers. My argument has more force on the assumption that they are not.

Postscript

When I wrote that *Anastasia* and *Sing Me No Lullaby* seemed to leave a niche for a Communist hero, I had no notion of implying that they seemed *to their authors* to leave such a niche, much less that, in earlier drafts than those performed, the niche was actually filled. But in one of the two cases, this proved upon inquiry to be so: Marcelle Maurette wrote me that in her French original Anastasia's lover *was* a Communist and that Anastasia did return with him to Soviet Russia. Robert Ardrey wrote me, on the other hand, that in no draft was his persecuted left-winger a Communist.

No one who accepts the general point of my statement will be surprised to learn, further, that the absence of the Communist from the final version of *Anastasia* and from Mr. Ardrey's play has more political significance than his presence in the earlier *Anastasia.* Miss Maurette says—and I believe her—that she is not interested in politics, and made the lover a Communist for

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dramaturgic reasons—a striking contrast with the Prince, his rival and opposite number. But surely the reasons for suppressing this feature and damaging the dramaturgy in New York must have been political? For America is the place where one must not be candid about Communism.

Mr. Ardrey, for his part, had no conscious impulse to create a Communist at all. Quite the contrary. He tried to live the American myth of innocence *à la* Miller. The reality, as he saw it, was unjust suspicion, for in the Garden of Eden all suspicion is unjust. But finding, as he must, that there *is* some Communism around too, he has to blame this on the suspicion!

Lillian Hellman's Lesbian, in *The Children's Hour,* is not a Lesbian till anti-Lesbianism "makes" her one, and Mr. Ardrey's Communist is not a Communist till anti-Communism "makes" him one. Guilt, then, rests wholly with Senator McCarthy and such, and playwrights linger in Eden quite a while after Adam left.

A JEREMIAD

ELIE FLATTO

EVEN I, an ancient panderer, a prophet impotent,
A sterile leaf unwrinkled by God's fire,
Tonight feel in my sack-clothed loins
The stirrings of a new fermenting power
Raking the dull, dumbed embers of desire;
Even I grow restless and cannot sleep.
Come now, O foolish town! the night is soft
That wafts thee drunken to thy couch of ease,
And is caressed with sighings, lispings of the wind,
Which should instead rouse thee to a rage of lust.
Thy Lord and Lover, know, is abroad this night;
He could not sleep on Heaven's couch, and now He stands
Tiptoe upon His holy mountain, and He breathes
Like a young breathless lover, His soft, lisping sighs
Upon the winds, curling at the closed casements.
Unlock the bolted, double-barred doors,
And let thy panting Lover in.
O foolish town! dost think the mummied mumblings
Of the priestly garments' ere the scented fires
Sacrificial of cinnamon and myrrh
Will satisfy the lust divine that burned
With passion's fire on the unconsumed bush
Before the wondrous shepherd's dazzled eyes,
And breathed the echoed thunder "I shall"
That wed the Jews at Sinai's mount?
O foolish town! that these dimly echoed footfalls impotent
Might reverberate to thunderous pulsations of desires
To chant thee to thy matrimonial bed of joy.
Ah! but she sleeps, this foolish town, indeed,
Upon her couch of ease, while her Lord's sighings
Like wind-raked leaves die down the watches
Of the night, unrecognized, unheard, and He
Removes Himself alone to Heaven's Jerusalem.

ELIE FLATTO, born in Antwerp in 1932, came to this country at the age of nine. A graduate of Yeshiva College, he is currently working for a master's degree in English at Columbia. This is his first published poem.

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JEWISH SURNAMES THROUGH THE AGES

An Etymological History

BENZION C. KAGANOFF

A man's name is not like a cloak that merely hangs about him and that one may safely twitch and pull, but a perfectly fitting garment that, like the skin, envelops him so tightly one cannot scratch or scrape it without injuring the man himself.—Goethe

AN ETYMOLOGICAL study of family names runs into much thornier territory than a survey of personal names like the one I undertook in these pages last year ("Jewish First Names Through the Ages," November 1955). Some Jewish surnames, of course, are quite easy to trace. For example, a name found among Sephardic Jews—Moshiach (Messiah)—originally signified a zealous follower of Sabbatai Zvi, the false Messiah who very nearly succeeded in imposing himself on Israel in the 17th century. Similarly, Cohen and Levy are direct transliterations of Hebrew words that make it clear that the one is a man of priestly lineage, and the other a Jew of Levitic extraction.

But in general, surnames are infinitely more various than personal names, having been culled from more diverse sources, having undergone more changes of form, and having come from many more different languages. Surnames are not, in any case, as "standardized" as first names. We feel freer to touch them up, trim or change them altogether. This is why the origins of many of them are lost in obscurity. Even where a name survives in its original form we may have trouble—as with those which derive from abbreviations whose meaning was once clear but which cannot now be deciphered with certainty.

At the beginning of the Biblical period, Jews, like all members of ancient societies, had no surnames of any kind. Men were known simply as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and so forth. But as the patriarchal families swelled into tribes, more definite identifications were deemed necessary, and patronymics began to be used: a man was designated as X *ben* (son of) Y. Thus we find: Joshua ben Nun, Caleb ben Yefuneh, Palti ben Raphu, and so on. The patronymic is the form of many surnames extant today, both among Jews and non-Jews: Jameson, Johnson, Jackson, Abramson, Mendelson.

In the later period covered by the books of Judges and Kings we find places of origin being employed to identify individuals more closely: Doeg the Edomite, Uriah the Hittite, Elijah the Tishbite, etc., etc. At the time of the return from Babylon under Ezra we come upon several descriptive and adjectival personal names with a definite article. These, to be sure, occur only rarely, but they supply interesting examples of personal names that at the same time serve very nearly as surnames: Ha-kotz (the thorn) in Ezra 2:61; Ha-katan (the little one) in Ezra 8:12; Ha-lohesh (the enchanter) in Nehemiah 3:12. This form probably constitutes the transition to the more definite types of surnames which make their appearance in the Talmudic period.

The Biblical style of nomenclature persisted through Talmudic times, but with

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THIS survey of the origins of Jewish surnames by BENZION C. KAGANOFF is a companion piece to the same writer's much discussed "Jewish First Names Through the Ages" (November 1955). Rabbi Kaganoff, whose congregation is the Anshe Sholom in Chicago, was born in the Ukraine in 1924; he is a graduate of Northwestern University and the Hebrew Theological College of Chicago.

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several innovations. Patronymics are quite prevalent in the Talmud: Jochanan ben Zakkai, Joshua ben Chananiah, Simon ben Gamliel. But since various individuals might bear the same personal *and* patronymic names, it was occasionally necessary to base a surname on other family relationships. Thus we get Raba *bar bar* Chana (Raba the grandson of Chana), Levi the son-in-law of Zachariah, Chama the father of Hoshaya, Tachlifa the father-in-law of Abahu, and so on.

Places of origin continued to be used as surnames in Talmudic times: Nahum the Mede, Nahum of Gimso, Todos of Rome, Levites of Yabne, Hillel the Babylonian, Jose the Galilean. (Judas) Iscariot and (Mary) Magdalene in the New Testament are likewise place names, the former being Judas *ish Krioth,* "the man of Krioth"; the latter, Miriam of Magdela.

It is in the Talmudic era that priestly origin first accounts for surnames: Ishmael the High Priest; Jose *Ha-kohen* (the priest); Chanina the Chief of the Priests (*s'gan ha-kohanim*). At least one surname of the same period came from position in the family: Taboth *Rishba* which signifies "chief of the family."

Men also earned surnames: Samuel the Astronomer; Chanina *Kara* (the Bible teacher); Chutzpith the Interpreter or Translator (*ha-m'turgemon*); Ephraim *Safra* (the scribe), and so on. In the crafts we find: Jochanan the Sandal-maker; Daniel the Tailor; Ada the Waiter; Isaac the Smith. We are familiar with occupational surnames today, both among Jews and non-Jews: thus Smith, Taylor and Schneider; Carpenter, Becker (Baker), Shoemaker.

Nicknames also make their first appearance as a source of surnames in the Talmudic period: Hillel the Old Man; Zeira the Younger; Abba *Arecha* (the tall one); Samuel *Ha-katan* (the short one); Jose *Katanta* (the little one). The Talmud mentions a Tayfa as well as an Isaac *Sammoka* (the red), called so because of the color of their hair or complexions.

None of these surnames, however, had the major characteristic of modern family names: transmissibility from father to son. They remained attached to the individual and were not inherited by descendants. Of all ancient names, those of kings and priests approached the notion of inherited family names most closely. The royal dynasty was called Beth David—the House of David; the priestly class was called Beth Aaron—the House of Aaron. During the Second Commonwealth, when the Davidic line had for all practical purposes disappeared politically, family names began to be perpetuated among the priesthood, where the practice caught on because of the various functions in the Temple that were the special province of certain priestly families. The Talmud (Tractate Yoma) mentions a priestly family, Beth Abtinas, the House of Abtinas, that monopolized the secret of preparing the frankincense used in the Temple; we also hear of Beth Garmo, the House of Garmo, which alone possessed the secret of baking the shewbread.

Another indication that priestly family names were transmitted is the case of the Hasmoneans, in whom the sole political leadership of Judea was vested for many generations. According to Josephus, "Hasmonean" was derived from Hasmoneus, the great-grandfather of Mattathias, and was borne by all his descendants. And so while each of the five sons of Mattathias had his own particular surname (the most famous being that of Judah which was Maccabeus), the name Hasmonean was inherited by all members of the line.

THERE were no further changes in the ways of selecting surnames for a long time after the destruction of the Jewish state in 70 C.E. In this respect the Jews remained uninfluenced by the Romans, who, among all the ancient peoples, had the most highly developed system of personal nomenclature. It was only in the 10th and 11th centuries that family names began to become more common, among Jews and non-Jews both.

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There are several important reasons for this development. During this period the rise of cities, to which Jews had moved in growing numbers, was the most important immediate factor. In an urban environment it was impossible for individuals to know one another as they did in villages, and mere personal names no longer sufficed to differentiate them as before. The rise of commerce, too, necessitated a more exact system of naming. This would explain why the main impetus for the spread of surnames came from Southern Europe, particularly Venice and the other North and Central Italian cities that were centers of medieval commerce. Thus tradition has it that Jews first adopted surnames in Italy. One family, still extant in the 18th century, called itself Adolescenti ("the youths") and traced its descent from the captive youths brought to Rome by Titus after the fall of Jerusalem.

The custom, moreover, of naming children after deceased relatives had become pretty well entrenched among Jews by this time, and as a result, many identical personal names tended to appear in the same family, which made it necessary to add something more to a name to avoid confusion.

All through the Middle Ages surnames were quite common among Spanish and Portuguese Jews too, who adopted the practice from the Arabs. And second names soon made their appearance among the Sephardim of France, where, as among the other Sephardim, the patronymic type was the most popular. This was formed in various ways.

(1) The use of *ibn* (son of) replaced the Hebrew *ben* among the Arabic-speaking Jews of Spain and North Africa. The most famous examples are Ibn Aknin, Ibn Verga, Ibn Ezra. (2) Another variant was simply to tack one's father's name on to one's own; this was especially common in Southern France. Bonet, the son of Abraham, became Bonet Abraham; Shlomo, the son of Vidal, became Shlomo Vidal. (3) In Spain the paternal name, translated into the vernacular, would be used as the family name: Chabib became Caro; Zemach became Crescas, etc., etc.

Occupations also served as the source of family names. Among Spanish Jews we find Chazan (cantor), Abudraham (literally, "the father of the drachme"—a title designating the officer in charge of the mint or the collector of taxes), Atar (spice merchant), Abulafia (father of medicine), Tibbon (straw merchant). (These last three happen to be among the oldest and most illustrious of Sephardic surnames.) In Southern France there were Chalfan (money-changer), Gabbai (synagogue official), Kimchi (flour merchant); and in Italy: Dayan (rabbinic judge), Rofe (doctor), Cantarini (cantor).

Many Sephardic family names stem from nicknames based on personal or other characteristics: thus Albo (white), Bueno (good), Kassin (Hebrew *katzin*—rich), Petit (small), etc., etc.

But most surviving Sephardic family names are derived from places of origin. This practice became very widespread after the expulsion of the Jews from Spain and Portugal, when the names of localities were preserved, it would seem, for reasons of sentiment. Spain has given us Alcalay (from Alcola), Belmonte, Cardozo, Espinoza (whence Spinoza), Gerondi, Toledano, and so on. France is the home of Nantua and Villanova, and Italy of Porto, Trani, Montefiore, and Luria (whence the present-day Lurie).

A most interesting practice among the Jews of medieval Spain, Italy, and Southern France—particularly among those who were writers—was to form a surname by translating the name of one's place of origin into Hebrew. Thus Parchi comes from *perach*, Hebrew for "flower," and was adopted by a Jewish writer from Florenza in Spain; Yarchi comes from *yareach*, the Hebrew for "moon," and was used by a Jew of Lunel in France; Kaspi was taken from *kesef*, Hebrew for "silver," by a Jew of Argentière. Other surnames designated the

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quarter of the city in which the bearer lived: hence Portaleone, or "Lion's gate," a section in the Roman ghetto.

A name might indicate both the occupation and place of origin of its bearer: Rofa di Porto—the doctor of Porto, Italy—was the honored leader of his community. His descendants abound today under a corrupted form of that same name: Rappaport!

AMONG the Ashkenazim in Northern Europe the story is quite different. They were more isolated from the Gentiles around them than were the Sephardim in the Mediterranean countries; their political rights were more precarious; and last but not least, they were not numerous in the larger cities. In Frankfort on the Main the Jews numbered only seven hundred in the 14th century, and there were only about twelve hundred Jews in Prague as late as the 16th. Members of communities of this size usually knew one another quite intimately, so there was little need for surnames. In official registers, the surname "the Jew" was generally added to the first name, and that was all. In the Jewish records themselves we find as names, besides the common patronymic forms, a prevalence of places of origin: Ephraim of Bonn, Meir of Ruthenberg, Yom Tob of York, Petachiah of Regensberg, Yechiel of Paris, and so on.

In the 14th and 15th centuries, we come across some family names that already wear their modern forms—that is, the designating preposition is omitted: thus Moysse Tannenbach, and Gabriel Treviess, both of which second names are based on places of origin. In patronymics we find a Jeckli the son of Jolieb referred to as Jeckli Joliebes.

Though the development of surnames among the Ashkenazi Jews followed patterns similar to those of their Gentile neighbors, there was one basic difference: the Crusades and the subsequent rise of commerce may have provided the impetus for an increase of family names among Christians, but the progress of the Crusaders themselves through France, Germany, and Bohemia brought great suffering and political degradation to the Jewish communities there. And with the deterioration of their political and social status, the spread of family names among the Jews was arrested—as if such names, or the need for them, were a concomitant of material and social advancement. And the increasing isolation of the Jews of Western and Central Europe, in the late Middle Ages and during the Reformation, from the centers of life around them seems to have continued to keep their need for distinctive names low.

Jewish birth records were not kept in most places during the Middle Ages. Even where they were, the fortunes of the community were usually such that they were either lost or destroyed. Inscriptions on tombstones provided a more permanent record, and these show us that family names were rather exceptional among Ashkenazi Jews before the late 18th century: that is, as long as they were left free to choose them of their own accord. The few choices they did make, however, set a number of precedents that were followed later on, when they were compelled by law to adopt second names.

One of the most important developments in the history of Jewish family names took place in Frankfort on the Main, where the Jews were compelled to live in a special section called the Judengasse, and families were registered according to the houses they occupied, the right to live there being closely tied up with the ownership of one's house.

In medieval German cities, as elsewhere in Europe, houses were not numbered; few people then could read letters or numbers anyhow. It was therefore the custom in most places to identify a house by a sign hung outside. These colorful and picturesque house signs seem to have had a particular attraction for Jews; no matter how far the Jew had traveled from his original house in Frankfort, he still valued its memory. So strong, in fact, was the love of the Jews for their house signs that they became part of family tradition and, like their forefathers in the days of the Roman Caesars

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who put signs in the catacombs, the Jews of Frankfort and Prague carved house signs on their gravestones.

The rationalizing French introduced the practice of numbering houses, and by the end of the 18th century house signs had all but disappeared in Germany. When, in 1776, the houses in Frankfort's Judengasse were ordered to be numbered, there was such bitter resistance that the city council fined the whole Jewish community. This is all the more significant because there is no evidence of any Gentile community shedding tears at the passing of its house signs. (Perhaps no other people in pre-19th-century Europe were so conservative fundamentally as the Jews, who tended to make habitual usage sacred usage.) It is therefore small wonder that so many house signs found their way into Jewish family names from the 16th century on.

At first, house signs were illustrations of the owner's name. Thus the house of a Jew known as Wolf would be called *"zum Wolf,"*—"at Wolf's," and its sign would bear a picture of a wolf and the house itself be designated "At the Sign of the Wolf." To this day European hotels, inns, and pubs use such signs, and they were also common in Colonial America. Many German Jewish first names which had been taken from animals lent themselves very well to pictorial representation, and so we find homes with such designations as: "At the Sign of the *Gans* (goose)"; "At the Sign of the *Baer* (bear)"; "At the Sign of the *Loeb* (lion)." All these animal names, it must be remembered, were first names.

Sometimes a slight modification had to be made in order to represent the house owner's name by a picture. The diminutive of Isaac was commonly "Seckl." If a house-owner was named Isaac, he would have a sickle painted on his house sign, feeling that *Sickel*—the German for "sickle"—could easily stand for "Seckl." In the same way the figure of a blackbird (*Amsel*) adorned the houses of Jews called Amschel—which is a corrupted form of Anselm.

But not all personal names could be represented by pictures. In such cases Jews often borrowed from the house signs of Gentile neighbors. These borrowings likewise were eventually incorporated into family names and are still extant: thus Strauss (either ostrich or flower bouquet), Taube (dove), Apfel (apple), Birnbaum (pear tree), Gruenbaum (green tree), Nussbaum (nut tree), Rothschild (red house-shield), Stern (star), Engel (angel), and so on.

One family in Frankfort that was of priestly descent and known as Cahn took for its house sign the picture of a boat (*Kahn* is the German for "boat"). Later, other members of the same family used the sign of a ship—*Schiff*—so that what was originally the Hebrew Kahn became the German Schiff.

Those who bear the family name Elefant or Elfand (Slavic: Gelfand) will be interested to discover that house signs have been found showing that what our forefathers called "elephant" was represented by the picture of a camel!

THROUGHOUT the Middle Ages, as we have seen, the Jews relied greatly on patronymics for family names. The name of the scholar Moses Isserles is an example: Isserles is a genitive form of Isserl, which was used as a diminutive of Israel. Other names of the same kind are Fishels, Moscheles, Sanders.

Since women were often the breadwinners, many famous Ashkenazim bore as surnames the names of their mothers or other female members of their family: Samuel Eidels, Joel Sirkes (Sirke being a diminutive of Sarah), Moshe Rivkes, Elijah Pessels, Zvi Chayes, etc., etc. Names denoting personal characteristics appear now and then: Klein (small), Lang (long), Jaffe (beautiful), Schwartz (dark or black), and so forth.

Some Jewish last names throw light on historical facts of great interest. For example, the common notion that medieval Jews were exclusively engaged in money-lending can be refuted by the fact that surnames such as Arzt (doctor), Becker (baker), Metzger

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(butcher), Schreiner (cabinet-maker), and Schneider (tailor) survive from before the 15th century. Other occupations appear as family names either in German or Hebrew: Apotheker and Rokeach (druggist), Schreiber and Sofer (secretary or letter-writer), Richter and Dayan (rabbinic judge), Lehrer and Melamed (teacher).

However, most Jewish surnames in the Middle Ages derive from places of origin, with every part of Europe being represented, often in corrupted form. Alsatian Jews coming to Germany were dubbed *Welsch* or *der Welsche* meaning "foreign." When these Jews, driven by persecution, migrated to Poland, Welsch became Wallack, Wallach, or Wloch, which, when their bearers remigrated to Germany, became Block.

Jewish last names formed from abbreviations—a practice never followed by Gentiles—were derived from the initials of a first name and patronymic as well as from places of origin. Such names were usually conferred on great masters of learning: thus Rashi (Rabbi Shlomo Itzchaki), Rambam (Rabbi Moshe ben Maimon), Ralbag (Rabbi Levi ben Gerson), and Rashal (Rabbi Shlomo Luria). Among the curious abbreviations derived from places of origin is Ash from Alt*sh*ule, the old synagogue of Prague, or from Aisen*sh*tadt. Other abbreviations commemorate a special event in the life of the family: Bak, from *B'ne K'doshim,* "children of martyrs"; Sak from *Sera K'doshim Spiro,* "descendants of the martyrs of Speyer."

BEFORE leaving the Middle Ages, several observations ought to be made. In our day, the last name is more important than the first: Doe distinguishes John Doe from most of the rest of the world, and John only distinguishes him from other Does. In the Middle Ages, however, the surname served only to help along the personal name in its identifying function: Doe distinguished John Doe from all the other Johns. The primacy of the medieval first name can be discerned in the fact that the monogram of Albrecht Dürer, the famous German painter of the 16th century, consisted of a capital "A" and a small "D." Similarly in the works of the *paiytanim* (the composers of Hebrew liturgic poetry), who sometimes signed their poems by forming an anagram of their names from the initial letter of each line, it is the first name that is honored in the great majority of cases.

Another sign of the slight regard medieval Jews had for their family names was the ease with which they themselves, or other people, changed them. A name denoting a place of origin might be altered simply because its bearer had moved. Joel Herlingen (Herlingen was the residence of his father) was also called Joel Stein (Stein being his own place of residence).

But the various surnames attached to one and the same Jew can also be attributed to the habit of using both a religious and a secular first name. The same was true of surnames: a Jew sometimes had one name in the Jewish community and another for civic and business purposes. Simon Heine, the great grandfather of Heinrich Heine, was also called Simon Bueckeburg, having come from that place. The philosopher Moses Mendelssohn was sometimes called Moses Dessauer because he came from Dessauer.

A classic example of multiple naming is Moses Schuster Kahn, who was also known as Moses Spanier Kahn and Moses Frosch Spanier. Schuster is an occupational surname, denoting that he was a cobbler by trade; the name Kahn tells us that he was of priestly lineage; Spanier identifies him as having originally come from Spain; Frosch is from a house sign, indicating that either Moses or his forefathers once lived in a house marked "At the Sign of the Frog."

This disorganized state of affairs as regards Jewish family names created great difficulties for government authorities, and so, when the German states undertook to "emancipate" the Jews at the turn of the 18th and 19th centuries, they made an effort to regularize Jewish family names by requiring them to adopt fixed and permanent ones. (At the same time use of the Hebrew

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language in their business transactions was prohibited.)

In 1797 Emperor Joseph II promulgated an edict ordering the Jews of Galicia and Bucovina to assume permanent family names. Similar edicts were passed in Frankfort in 1807 and in Baden in 1809. And Napoleon's proclamations of Jewish emancipation in France, Hesse, and Westphalia in 1808 were accompanied by laws requiring the adoption of permanent family names. Prussia followed suit in 1812, Bavaria in 1813, and Saxony in 1834. In 1845 the Jews of the Russian empire were likewise compelled to take fixed family names.

These new regulations were intended, above all, to serve several practical ends for the governments concerned. The levying of taxes would be expedited by fixed surnames, and so would the conscription of Jewish soldiers. But here was also an opportunity to Westernize, "civilize," and assimilate the Jew. To many an "enlightened" Jew himself, the adoption of a family name looked to be one more asset in the struggle to secure equal rights and integrate oneself in the Gentile world.

MOST Jews, however, resisted the adoption of fixed family names—again, out of an ingrained conservatism. In many places, the edicts had to be enforced over and over again. Meanwhile, for the government officials in charge, the granting and registering of names proved a new way of extorting money from Jews. Fine-sounding names came at a high price, while those who could not afford to pay were stuck with names like Salz (salt), Schmalz (grease), Nierenstein (kidney stone), and Garfinkel (carbuncle). Just as the use of Hebrew in business transactions was prohibited, so an attempt was made to eliminate all Hebrew elements from names and render their form as "German" as possible. This led to the prohibition of Biblical names, but the prohibition was not strictly enforced, and Jews managed in many cases to evade it.

Where Jews could manage by some device or other to escape the interference of the authorities and choose their own names, they resorted to several methods. When the deadline finally came, many who had delayed opened the Bible at random and chose the first name they could find. We know of one congregation that assembled in the synagogue at the direction of its rabbi, who then opened the prayer book and assigned the first word on the page to the first family, the following word to the second family, and so on down the line. In some cases names were simply invented out of whole cloth; in others they were taken from characters in the popular literature of the day (Sternberg, Morgenthau).

But a more popular procedure still was to draw on the tribal lineage of the family. Those who were descended from the priestly caste (*kohanim*) became Cohen, Kahn, and Katz (the latter an abbreviation for *kohen tzedek*, "priest of righteousness")—or, in Slavic countries, where there was no "h" sound, Kogen, Kagan, and Kaplan (the last meaning "descended from priests"). Those of Levitic descent became Levy, Levin, Levinsky, Levitan, Levitt, Levitansky, and Segal (the latter an abbreviation for *s'gan leviah*: "member of the Levites"). Some of the authorities, however, frowned upon these Hebraisms and insisted that Germanic forms be used. Hence we get a bizarre assortment of Hebrew-German combinations: Aronstein, Katzmann, Levinthal, and so forth.

Another method was to make the secular first name or *kinnuy*, which could easily be adapted to the vernacular, into the family name. Sometimes a corrupted or diminutive form of the Hebrew or Yiddish first name would do for a surname: e.g. Baruch Bendit, Jacob Koppelman. Often the Hebrew first name was simply translated into the vernacular: thus Solomon Friedman.

Such translations were made in every language. For example, Wolf, the *kinnuy* of Benjamin, appeared as the Slavic Wilk. In the same way Naphtali, for which the *kinnuy* Herz (hart) was used as a family name, was translated by French Jews into Cerf, while in Slavic countries it became

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Yellin or Yellinik. (Herz, incidentally, is the root of several names—Herzbach, Herzbrunn, Herzfeld, Herzberg.) The suffixes were added either for the sheer sake of embellishment or to distinguish one name clearly from another.

The simplest way of choosing a family name was to create a patronym. Among Austrian and German Jews this was done with the suffix *-sohn,* and among Slavic Jews with the suffix *-vitch:* hence Mendelsohn, Mendelovitch; Abramsohn, Abramovitch; Isaacsohn, Isaakovitch. Jews in Slavic countries also used the suffixes *-ov, -off, -eff,* and *-kin* to denote "descendant of," and to this day we find a host of matronymics and patronymics built on this principle: Baskin, Barkin, Chaikin, Rivkin, Sorkin, Malkov, Aronoff.

In Germany and the Austro-Hungarian empire, the mother's name rather than the father's very often served as the basis of a surname: Sarassohn, Zirelsohn, Breines, Beiles, Gitles, Reines, Zeldes, Perles. And frequently a man would forsake both his parents to go with his wife: Dienesmann (husband of Dinah), Estermann (husband of Esther), Hodesmann (husband of Hadassah), Perlmann (husband of Perl). Sometimes, however, it was possible to make a German-sounding name out of the initials of the Hebrew patronymic, so that many a *ben* Baruch became Bab, while *ben* Chaim could emerge as Bach, and *ben* Rab Nathan as Brann.

Occupations, of course, became an important source of derivation among the Ashkenazim when it came to the formation of new surnames: Becker (baker), Fleischer (butcher), Breuer (brewer), Weber (weaver), Farber (painter), Goldschmidt (goldsmith), Kramer (merchant), Wechsler (moneychanger), Ackermann (farmer), Brenner (distiller), Gerber (tanner). Hundreds of other examples could be cited, and when we consider that the same principle was followed by Jews living in many different language areas, we get some idea of the vast number of occupational names.

This category, incidentally, is even wider than might be suspected at first, for occupational names were now and then taken from the material worked with or from the tools of the trade. Thus a tanner might call himself Leder (leather), and a tailor would become Seidenfaden (silk thread), Fingerhut (thimble), Nadel (needle), or Scher (shears). A carpenter might choose to be a Nagel (nail); a cook, Ribeisen (grater); or a maid, Biegeleisen (flat-iron).

All occupations, professions, and crafts, from the most homely to the most exalted, are represented among Jewish family names. There are, for example, a whole range of names deriving from religious occupations: thus Rabad (an abbreviation of *resh av beth din,* head of a rabbinic court) and the Slavic Ravidovitch; Babad (*ben av beth din,* son of a rabbi), and Rabinovitch, Schulman, and Shkolnick. The cantorate provided Kantor, Singer, Schatz (abbreviation for *shliach tzibbur,* "representative of the congregation") and Schen (abbreviation of *shliach ne-emon,* "faithful representative"). From the profession of ritual slaughterer came Shechter, Shochet, Bodek (inspector of animals), Resnick (Slavic for *shochet*), and Shub (abbreviation for *shochet u-bodek* —slaughterer and inspector).

Personality and physical characteristics, as we have seen, had always been a source of informal Jewish surnames (and of non-Jewish as well: Richard the Lion-Hearted, Charles the Wise, Frederick Barbarossa—i.e., of the red beard). It was to be expected, therefore, that many Jews would adopt surnames of this type when the new laws came into effect. Names like Kurtz (short), Stark (strong), Schnell (fast), Gross (big) are common examples. We also find a large group of names determined by the color of one's hair: Schwartz (Slavic: Chorney) for black, Weiss (Slavic: Bialik) for white, Roth (red), Braun (brown), Gelber or Geller (yellow), Kraushaar (curly hair), Graubart (gray beard).

Some Jews simply registered the nicknames by which they were known in the Jewish community with the local authorities.

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Sometimes, however, it took a full purse to persuade the civil magistrate to agree; complimentary names like Ehrlich (honest), Kluger (wise), or Frohlich and Lustig (happy) came at a high price. One group of family names was supplied by the days of the week as well as by seasons—Frühling (spring), Sommer (summer), Sonntag (Sunday), Dienstag (Tuesday)—referring presumably to the time of birth or, perhaps, to the occasion on which the name was officially registered.

However, most Ashkenazi family names, like those of the Sephardim, point to places of origin, and so we find innumerable provinces, cities, villages, and hamlets all over Germany, Austria, Poland, western Russia, Hungary, and other countries represented among extant Jewish surnames.

Some of the most popular place names are: Auerbach, Bachrach, Bamberger, Bernstein, Brody, Dreyfuss (Alsatian corruption of Trier or Troyes), Dresner (Dresden), Epstein, Florsheim, Ginzberg, Wiener, Weil, Landau, Spiro (Spayer from Speyer, whence also Shapiro), Lemberger, Lasker, Kalischer, Ellbogen, Horowitz (Slavic: Gurovitz), Gumbiner, Schwab, Schlesinger, Frank, Posner, Pollack, Litauer, and so on.

Several interesting historical details are involved in Jewish place names. Nürnberg, for example, is seldom found as a Jewish name, while Fürth, a suburb of Nürnberg, is quite common, as is the variant Further. Having been expelled from Nürnberg in 1499, Jews were permitted to spend only the day in that city if they had business there; at dusk they had to return to Fürth.

It isn't always easy to determine offhand whether a particular name stems from a town or not. Thus Steinberg and Goldberg happen to be names of real places, but Levinstein and Aronthal are inventions. Nor need the possession of a place name mean that the bearer actually was a resident of the place designated. Many Jews called Moses selected the place name Mosbach because of its phonetic rather than geographic connection.

Adler (eagle), Blum (flower), Buxbaum (box tree), Fisch, Hecht (pike), and Karp are all house-sign names. There is a particularly interesting history behind the name Adler. The legendary phoenix, which was said to be reborn out of its own ashes, was identified, on the basis of Psalms 103:5, with the eagle as the symbol of Jewish survival, and this made it popular as a house sign and then as a surname. House signs also are behind the prevalence of fish in Jewish family names: i.e. Lachs (salmon), Hecht (pike), Carp or Carpeles. But the fish can be traced to other seas as well. Jewish inhabitants of the city of Ryback (meaning "place of fishes") called themselves by the names of actual fish! Many whose first name was Ephraim used the *kinnuy* Fischel as a family name because in the Bible Jacob told Ephraim that his seed would multiply as the fish in the sea (Genesis 48:16). But some Ephraims fancifully substituted the names of specific fish. There were Jonahs who adopted names of fish because of the story of the whale, and there were Joshuas who did likewise because the Biblical Joshua was the son of Nun (*nun* being the Hebrew for fish).

But the many Jewish surnames taken from flowers, plants, and gems cannot be attributed to house signs alone. They were popular because they were considered beautiful, and for names so considered the officials in charge of registration exacted the highest prices. The first Mandelbaums, Rosenbaums, Weinstocks, Perlmutters, Diamonds, and Rubinsteins paid a good penny for their fancy names.

A GREAT number of the names discussed so far are preserved among American Jews, either in their original forms, or in versions slightly altered by immigration officials who could not spell or pronounce them properly. Other changes* have come about as a result of the general tendency to Americanize—or rather, Anglicize—the form and spelling of foreign-sounding surnames

*See J. Alvin Kugelmass's "Name-Changing—and What It Gets You" in COMMENTARY for August 1952.—ED.

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among Jews and Gentiles alike. A common procedure has been to translate the European word into English (so that Goldschmidt becomes Goldsmith; Schoenkind, Fairchild, and so on), or simply to shorten the name: Fleischhacker to Fleisher, Mandelstamm to Mandel, Freidenthal to Fried.

Often the European element is completely expunged, with a purely American form emerging: Steinschneider becomes Stone; Finkelstein, Finch; Moskowitz, Moss; Kalisch, Cole. In most cases, the initial letter of the old name is retained as the basis of the new one.

But it is in Israel rather than America that Jewish surnames have undergone a total revolution of late. Israelis have been Hebraizing their names at a feverish rate, as though the taking on of a new name in a new land were of itself an act of spiritual rebirth.

In a series of articles appearing in the Hebrew monthly *Bitzaron*, Dr. Mordecai Kosover pointed out that the practice of Hebraizing surnames began sporadically among the early *halutzim*. It was in this early period that Eliezer Perlman, the great lexicographer, became Ben Yehudah, while David Green of Poland became David Ben Gurion of Palestine, and Isaac Shimshelevitz reappeared as Isaac Ben Zvi, later to be elected president of Israel.

After a slow start, name-changing was stepped up considerably under the British Mandate as a result of pressure from Zionist leaders who wished to give Palestine a "Hebrew appearance." Another factor was the adoption of secret names by members of the Haganah; with the achievement of independence these names were retained—just as the cover names assumed by Bolsheviks and other revolutionaries in Czarist Russia eventually became public and permanent. Even while the Arab-Israeli war was still on, a pamphlet was circulated among members of the Israeli armed forces calling upon them to discard their foreign names and choose Hebrew ones. After the war, Moshe Shertok became Sharett; Berlin was changed to Bar-Ilan; Elath was derived from Epstein, Agron from Agronsky, Granot from Granovsky, and Eshkol from Shkolnick.

The establishment of the state gave a tremendous impetus to the Hebraizing process, and in the first year of independence, seventeen thousand men and women changed their original names for Hebrew ones. The rush was so great that the Department of Immigration had to establish a special office for the purpose of speeding up the legal machinery of name-changing.

Names continue to be changed in Israel today, both among old settlers and new arrivals, and the government still publishes special lists every week to announce the changes that have been registered.

Some Israelis, particularly those with some first-hand experience of the European holocaust, have resisted the trend to rid all names of Diasporic influence, feeling that perpetuation of the old names is a way of keeping the memory of a cherished past alive. But they are in a small minority, and the Hebraizing process goes on apace, encouraged by a government which feels that the sooner every Israeli has a Hebrew name the more quickly will cultural and national homogeneity be achieved. No direct legislative pressure is being applied, but writers satirize Diaspora names and people ridicule them in conversation. They are held to smack too much of the humiliations of a past that many Israelis are only too eager to forget. The result is a psychological climate that works for the complete eradication of "Jewish" second names.*

The sources for the new Hebrew names, both personal and surnames, are the Bible, the Talmud, and Midrashic literature. Those individuals who cannot find names on their own come for help to the Board of Names, which is part of the Board of Language. Most of the new names are short, of one or two syllables, and most are Hebrew, though some Aramaic forms have been used.

Dr. Kosover has made a study of some four thousand Israeli family names involv-

*Even Golda Meyerson had to become "Meir" when she was recently appointed Foreign Minister of Israel.

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ing about twenty thousand persons, and has found several definite patterns in the way in which they have been Hebraized. Occasionally an effort is made to preserve some phonetic element of the old name: thus Orenstein becomes Oren; Lubarsky, Bar; Goldenberg, Golon; Greenblatt, Goren; Dorfman, Doron; Osovsky, Asaf; Zokovsky, Zakai. The same purpose is achieved in other cases by transposition—Biber emerges as Rabib and Brodner gets transformed into Bendor—or by the substitution of Hebrew suffixes for Slavic and Germanic ones, Aronowitch becoming Aroni, and Wolfsohn, Z'evi.

Foreign patronymics are frequently replaced with Semitic forms by using the Hebrew *ben,* the Arabic *ibn,* or the Aramaic *bar:* thus ben Zvi, ibn Zahav, bar Droma. The Hebrew prefixes *avi-* (father of) and *achi-* (brother of) have come into widespread use, as has the suffix *-el* (Avidor, Achiasaf, Gadiel). But the most popular method has been to translate either the whole or part of the old name into Hebrew: Birnbaum thereby becomes Agosi (*Birn* and *agos* both mean "pear"); Nussbaum, Agozi (*Nuss* and *agoz* both mean "nut"); and Rosenbaum, Vardi (*Rosen* and *vard* both mean "rose").

Fisher and Riback similarly become Dayag (which is Hebrew for "fisher"); Kovalsky and Kuznitsky become Naphcha (the Aramic for "smith"); Novick becomes Chodosh (new); Wexler becomes Chalfan (money-changer); Jung becomes Elem (young); Recht becomes Amiti (honest); Lempert becomes Lavi (leopard); Adler becomes Nesher (eagle); Silver becomes Kaspi (silver); Schild is changed to Mogen (shield).

There is a certain poetic justice in the attempts some Israelis have made to rectify the wrongs done more than a century ago to their forefathers by Austrian and German officials: Inkdiger (*hinkediger* meaning "lame") has been changed to Adir (strong); Alter (old) becomes Abrech (young); Ungluck (misfortune) has been transformed to Osher (fortune), and Lugner (liar) to Amiti (man of truth).

NAMES expressing the emotions and sentiments of the new era that has begun with the state have also been popular choices. These names are built on roots like *dror* and *cheruth* (both meaning freedom), *am* (people), and *tzur* (rock). Among the results are: Drori, Lidror, Cheruthi, Amichai, Amikom, Elitzur. Another kind of expressive name harks back to the disaster in Europe which preceded the birth of Israel: Nanod (wanderer), Sordid (refugee), Galmud (lonely).

About 65 per cent of the surnames received originally by German Jews are of geographic origin, and roughly the same proportion holds for East European Jews. In Israel too, place names are common, but these have nothing to do with their bearers' places of origin. For example, the name Ophir does not mean that its bearer, or an ancestor of his, comes from the southwest of the Arabian peninsula where Solomon got his gold; what has happened is that people once called Goldberg, Goldman, or Zolotovsky have taken the name of Ophir simply because of its association with the idea of gold.

Not all changes of name in Israel are from non-Hebrew into Hebrew forms. Some Israelis who had Hebrew names in the first place have assumed new ones; some non-Hebrew names have been changed to new non-Hebrew ones. And there are even some cases of Hebrew names becoming non-Hebrew ones in Israel.

One gets the feeling that the process going on in Israel is an attempt to correct a wrong done to Jews in Eastern and Central Europe over a century ago. The new family names in Israel may still not fit perfectly, but they have at least helped wipe out some of the painful associations. Artificial though it appears, the style of naming in Israel may serve as new skin to cover the blemishes and heal the scars of years gone by.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

FROM THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

Discipline for the Inner Vision

AMONG the manuscripts discovered at Qumran in 1947 and since widely known as the Dead Sea Scrolls is a text called by scholars "The Manual of Discipline." This text formulates the rules and principles of the Brotherhood whose headquarters were located in a recently excavated building near the caves in which the Scrolls were found, and from the library of which those Scrolls are now believed to have come. Because of the correspondences between this document and the descriptions of the Essenes given by Philo and Josephus, most scholars agree that the Brotherhood was closely related to, if not actually identical with, the Essene sect—an ascetic, "puritan" movement designed to safeguard the Law and the Covenant against the religious laxity and priestly corruption which prevailed in the Jewish community of Palestine in the early years of the Common Era.

The section of the Manual which we now publish is headed explicitly "For the Instructor" (literally, "him who would bring men to the inner vision"), suggesting that this section was originally the "prompt-book" for a sermon.

Similarly, our concluding fragment, "The Coming Doom," taken from another of the Scrolls, is probably part of the sermon or discourse [Hebrew, *derashah*] based on a string of similes relating to the Last Day.

These renderings are taken from *The Dead Sea Scriptures,* by Theodor H. Gaster, to be published later this month under the imprint of Doubleday. Dr. Gaster's book is the first complete translation of the Scrolls into English and includes, besides other important texts, a version of the Brotherhood's *Hymns of Thanksgiving,* a series of religious lyrics in the style of the Psalms.

Elsewhere in this issue we publish an interpretive essay on the Dead Sea Scrolls by Dr. Gaster.—ED.

THIS is for the man who would bring others to the inner vision, so that he may impart and teach to all the children of light the real nature of men, touching the different varieties of their temperaments with the distinguishing traits thereof, touching their actions throughout their generations, and touching the reason why they are now visited with afflictions and now enjoy periods of well-being.

All that is and ever was comes from a God of knowledge. Before things came into existence He determined the plan of them; and when they fill their appointed roles, it is in accordance with His glorious design that they discharge their functions. Nothing can be changed. In His hand lies the government of all things. God it is that sustains them in their needs.

Now, this God created man to rule the world, and appointed for him two spirits after whose direction he was to walk until the final Inquisition. They are the spirits of truth and of perversity.

The origin of truth lies in the Fountain of Light, and that of perversity in the Wellspring of Darkness. All who practice righteousness are under the domination of the Prince of Lights, and walk in ways of light; whereas all who practice perversity are under the domination of the Angel of Darkness and walk in ways of darkness. Through the Angel of Darkness, however, even those who practice righteousness are made liable to error. All their sin and their iniquities, all their guilt and their deeds of transgression are the result of his domination; and this, by God's inscrutable design, will continue until the time appointed by Him. Moreover, all men's afflictions and all

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their moments of tribulation are due to this being's malevolent sway. All of the spirits that attend upon him are bent on causing the sons of light to stumble. Howbeit, the God of Israel and the Angel of His truth are always there to help the sons of light. It is God that created these spirits of light and darkness and made them the basis of every act, the [instigators] of every deed and the directors of every thought. The one He loves to all eternity, and is ever pleased with its deeds; but any association with the other He abhors, and He hates all its ways to the end of time.

This is the way those spirits operate in the world. The enlightenment of man's heart, the making straight before him all the ways of righteousness and truth, the implanting in his heart of fear for the judgments of God, of a spirit of humility, of patience, of abundant compassion, of perpetual goodness, of insight, of perception, of that sense of the Divine Power that is based at once on an apprehension of God's works and a reliance on His plenteous mercy, of a spirit of knowledge informing every plan of action, of a zeal for righteous government, of a hallowed mind in a controlled nature, of abounding love for all who follow the truth, of a self-respecting purity which abhors all the taint of filth, of a modesty of behavior coupled with a general prudence and an ability to hide within oneself the secrets of what one knows—these are the things that come to men in this world through communion with the spirit of truth. And the guerdon of all that walk in its ways is health and abundant well-being, with long life and fruition of seed, along with eternal blessings and everlasting joy in the life everlasting, and a crown of glory and a robe of honor, amid light perpetual.

But to the spirit of perversity belong greed, remissness in right-doing, wickedness and falsehood, pride and presumption, deception and guile, cruelty and abundant insolence, shortness of temper and profusion of folly, arrogant passion, abominable acts in a spirit of lewdness, filthy ways in the thralldom of unchastity, a blasphemous tongue, blindness of eyes, dullness of ears, stiffness of neck and hardness of heart, to the end that a man walks entirely in ways of darkness and of evil cunning. The guerdon of all who walk in such ways is multitude of afflictions at the hands of all the angels of destruction, everlasting perdition through the angry wrath of an avenging God, eternal horror and perpetual reproach, the disgrace of final annihilation in the Fire, darkness throughout the vicissitudes of life in every generation, doleful sorrow, bitter misfortune and darkling ruin—ending in extinction without remnant or survival.

It is to these things that all men are born, and it is to these that all the host of them are heirs throughout their generations. It is in these ways that men needs must walk and it is in these two divisions, according as a man inherits something of each, that all human acts are divided throughout all the ages of eternity. For God has appointed these two things to obtain in equal measure until the final age.

Between the two categories He has set an eternal enmity. Deeds of perversity are an abomination to Truth, while all the ways of Truth are an abomination to perversity; and there is a constant jealous rivalry between their two regimes, for they do not march in accord. Howbeit, God in His inscrutable wisdom has appointed a term for the existence of perversity, and when the time of Inquisition comes, He will destroy it for ever. Then truth will emerge triumphant for the world, albeit now and until the time of the final judgment it go sullying itself in the ways of wickedness owing to the domination of perversity. Then, too, God will purge all the acts of man in the crucible of His truth, and refine for Himself all the fabric of man, destroying every spirit of perversity from within his flesh and cleansing him by the holy spirit from all the effects of wickedness. Like waters of purification He will sprinkle upon him the spirit of truth, to cleanse him of all the abominations of falsehood and of all pollution through the spirit of filth; to the end that, being made upright, men may have understanding of transcendental knowledge and of the lore of the sons of heaven, and that, being made blameless in their ways, they may be endowed with inner vision. For them has God chosen to be the partners of His eternal covenant, and theirs shall be all mortal glory. Perversity shall be no more, and all works of deceit shall be put to shame.

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Thus far, the spirits of truth and perversity have been struggling in the heart of man. Men have walked both in wisdom and in folly. If a man casts his portion with truth, he does righteously and hates perversity; if he casts it with perversity, he does wickedly and abominates truth. For God has apportioned them in equal measure until the final age, until "He makes all things new." He foreknows the effect of their works in every epoch of the world, and He has made men heirs to them that they might know good and evil. But [when the time] of Inquisition [comes], He will determine the fate of every living being in accordance with which of the [two spirits he has chosen to follow].

* * *

The Coming Doom

[THEY pay no heed to the] real hidden [meaning of things, but divert themselves instead with all] kinds of iniquitous arcane lore. [ ] They do not know the hidden meaning of what is actually taking place, nor have they ever understood the lessons of the past. Consequently, they have no knowledge of what is coming upon them and have done nothing to save their souls from the deeper implications of present events.

This, however, will symbolize things for you. What is going to happen is, as it were, that all iniquity is going to be shut up in the womb and prevented from coming to birth. Wrong is going to depart before Right, as darkness departs before light. As smoke disappears and is no more, so will Wrong disappear for ever. But Right will be revealed like the sun. The world will rest on a sound foundation. All who cling to rarefied arcane lore will cease to exist. The world will be filled with knowledge, and ignorance exist no more.

The thing is certain to come. The prophecy is true, and by this you may know that it will not be revoked:

Do not all peoples hate wrongdoing? Yet, is it not rampant among them all? Are not the praises of truth sung by all nations? Yet is there a single race or tribe that really adheres to it? What nation likes to be oppressed by a stronger power? Or who wants his property plundered unjustly? Yet, is there a single nation that has not oppressed its neighbor? Or where in the world will you find a people that has not plundered the property of another?

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ON THE HORIZON

MIDDLEBROW ENGLAND

The Novels of Kingsley Amis

RICHARD CHASE

THE English novelist Kingsley Amis is being both hailed and damned in England as the spokesman for the postwar generation, a position he seems to share with two other young novelists, John Wain and Iris Murdoch. He has published two lively comic novels, *Lucky Jim* and *That Uncertain Feeling*, the latter of which has recently been brought out in this country by Harcourt, Brace. His general subject is the insurgent lower middle class in the new conditions that have been made for it by England's quasi-socialist "middle way." So far, however, he sticks mostly to what he knows at first hand, and his two novels deal with the adventures of the sons and daughters of coal miners, union officials, small merchants, and government functionaries as they make their way into the intellectual life of England by taking jobs in the provinces as librarians, professors, or publicists. As may be imagined, Mr. Amis finds supporters among those who share his own uncertain status and enemies among members of the old settled middle class, such as Somerset Maugham, who has denounced Amis and his "school" as vulgar, referring to the characters of their novels as "scum."

Mr. Amis, now thirty-three, studied at Oxford and then became a Lecturer in English at the University College in Swansea. The fact that he is both novelist and teacher reminds us how common his type has become in our own country in the last fifteen years. A good many Americans who read *Lucky Jim* and *That Uncertain Feeling* are sure to get the impression that they are reading about themselves. Nor is this only because of the Americanization of Mr. Amis's imagination or because he makes his characters say "I've had it" and "Let's take a powder." He seems to know all about the feelings and thoughts not only of status-seeking English intellectuals but of Americans too, particularly the struggling graduate students, young professors, and technicians who live in the jerry-built slums that have sprung up around our universities since the war. Mr. Amis seems to speak for a sort of hidden international proletariat or demimonde of the intellectual (or more often *anti*-intellectual) life, and it is therefore of some interest to notice what his attitudes are. "Attitudes" is the word, for Mr. Amis is not one to live or die by ideas. In fact anyone who like myself was born approximately ten years before Mr. Amis and his contemporaries will probably be astonished at how little the old intellectual idols mean to them. At the same time it is odd how much one's own familiarity with status-seeking, bill-paying, dish-washing, diaper-changing, and one's own unstable yearning for the lower culture have prepared one to feel as they feel and to think as they think.

Despite his almost newsy modernity, Mr. Amis's comic style has an affinity with the

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RICHARD CHASE, continuing the discussion of cultural levels he began last year ("Is There a Middle Way in Culture?" July 1955), finds that the novels of Kingsley Amis, unofficial leader of a new generation of English writers, portray and express a little noticed "Americanization" of English life and culture. Mr. Chase is associate professor of English at Columbia and the author of books on Herman Melville, Emily Dickinson, and Walt Whitman.

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literature of the 1920's, especially with the early novels of Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh. And as John Betjeman is quoted on the dust jacket of *That Uncertain Feeling* as saying, Mr. Amis's liking for hilarious farce makes him a sort of "literary Harold Lloyd." The Harold Lloyd analogy is useful because it suggests the phenomenon that is at the heart of Amis's novels: the petty bourgeois man and the comic situations he gets into as he drives or, more often, drifts towards status and respectability. One would not be surprised if Mr. Amis winds up in some intellectual's version of Harold Lloyd's eminence as an international potentate of the Shriners, a success Lloyd achieved not on the screen but in real life.

Although Amis sometimes sounds like Huxley and Waugh, he was not, like them, born into the comfortable middle class, and his comedy is not confined, as theirs was, to a mordant satire of the intellectual life and the cultural and social predicaments of that class. In Amis's novels comedy and social analysis become the weapons of a newly rising class which is gradually displacing an older privileged group and rejecting many of its values in the act of achieving its respectability and power. Which is only to say that, farcical and easygoing as Mr. Amis often is, he nevertheless gets more of the substance of history into his novels than one finds in those of Huxley and Waugh, and that he may come to seem more in the central tradition of the European novel than they. For if, as it seems to be agreed, the classic subject of the novel in Europe was the assault of the bourgeoisie on the aristocracy, there seems to be no reason why at least a very considerable subject should not be found in the assault of the petty bourgeoisie on the high bourgeoisie. And as for Mr. Amis's particular theme—the socially disreputable but insurgent intellectual—there has already been a precedent, though in a different historical setting, in Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh.*

THE moods and vicissitudes, the frustrations and the whimsies of the figure who interests Mr. Amis are most fully pictured in John Lewis, the twenty-six-year-old hero of *That Uncertain Feeling.* Lewis is a sub-librarian at Aberdarcy in Wales. He lives with his wife Jean and their two small children on the second floor of a dingy house, and there is much difficulty with the nosey and querulous landlady, who lives downstairs with her drunken son. Although Jean is a competent mother, she is inclined to be lax in her general conduct of the household, so that there are often dirty dishes in the sink as well as half-eaten cookies on the bookcase, and safety pins here and there. She is rather hard-bitten. Her sentences are liberally laced with the word "bloody," and she tends to greet her sporadically amorous husband with such expressions as, "Christ, here's lover-boy pitched up all of a sudden." There is no doubt that she is the most solid citizen in the book. Looking at her, while thinking of another woman, her husband reflects that she has less dignity than anyone he knows, and less need of it.

The other woman is Elizabeth Gruffydd-Williams, a member of the "Anglicized Aberdarcy bourgeoisie," the wealthy upper group about which John Lewis has such ambivalent feelings. She comes to the library one day to get a book on ancient Welsh costumes in connection with a nationalistic verse drama she is sponsoring. As soon as she and Lewis meet, it is mutually assumed that they will make love whenever a suitable occasion presents itself. Most of the action of the novel has to do with finding a suitable occasion. There are noisy and somewhat ill-natured parties (American-type, standing up with martinis). There are jaunts to country roadhouses. There is a variety of contretemps and difficulties about whether Jean should come along on these jaunts, providing a baby-sitter can be got, and whether Elizabeth should try to cajole Jean into complacency by inviting her to tea. There is a Harold Lloydish scene in which Lewis hides in a closet to escape detection by Elizabeth's husband, poses as a plumber, gets out of the house through a window after dressing himself in a female costume meant for a character in the play Elizabeth is sponsoring, is chided on the bus by a lady Welsh nationalist because he can't speak Welsh, and is pursued by a lecherous laboring man. There are outbursts of mutual hatred between Lewis and certain members of the upper group. Also to be reckoned with is the unstable character of the hero's passion, for with him passion tends to take the form of "uneasiness and inert, generalized lust." At

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last, however, he and Elizabeth "do it," as she inelegantly says, after an evening swim at the beach. But then Lewis's disorganized moral sense marshals its forces, and he hastily leaves town with his family and gets a job with a coal company. He has decided to turn down the promotion that was offered him at the library, because he has learned that it had been wangled for him by Elizabeth, whose husband is the chairman of the library board.

At the end of the book, Lewis and Jean are at another party, from which, however, they hastily depart when Lewis grabs her arm and they flee together from a professor's wife who has been making a play for him. The scene, like some others in the book, appears to be hastily got up by the author and it is somewhat meretricious. But it serves at least to emphasize that although Lewis is less lucky than the Jim Dixon of Amis's first novel, he still lives a charmed life. The hard-bitten wife is tender with him again, and in general he can still be the gay if uneasy fellow who always manages to escape tragic involvements. Luckily Elizabeth is incapable of conceiving a child. Jean confesses that her story of sleeping with the Welsh nationalist bard Gareth Probert, to get revenge on her husband, was false. Lewis is now, as a coal salesman, even poorer than before, but he is free of compromising entanglements.

THE slight but engrossing tale is told in the first person by Lewis in a vigorously breezy style and with much self-awareness. Always a bit of a buffoon, Lewis reports that as he approached Elizabeth in the library for the first time, "I injected into my demeanor a purposeful air that owed a little, I confess, to the striding, sneering hero of that week's main feature at the Pavilion. You wanted to see me? Well, now's your big chance, lady. Siddown, will you? All right, shoot." Later he reflects that "if my character was, as it appeared to be, not so much bad or weak as unworkable, farcically unfitted for its task, like an asbestos firelighter, then that was more than merely bad luck on Jean." The only solution, he decides, is "to start liking being the kind of man I evidently am."

This sort of blithely amoral attitude towards things in general undoubtedly conceals a good deal of guilt under the easy appearance of self-complacency. And indeed Lewis has to admit that as he jovially prepares for "a spot of the old adultery" he can't help simultaneously "letting the ancestral Welsh nonconformist puritanism make a crafty comeback in me after all these years of discredit"; nor can he ignore the vague feeling of depression that suffuses his amorous fantasies. However, because it is both more workable and more fun, blithe amorality seems preferable to two other kinds of attitude depicted in the book. The first is that of Ieuan Jenkins, in whose favor Lewis declines the promotion at the library, and who speaks for what may be called Victorian probity. In a passage which might do for a speech by Clement Atlee to Aneurin Bevan, Jenkins says wearily to Lewis, "Who can be relied on? Where is there any loyalty left, any—any trust? What's happened to common decency? Finished. All finished."

The other attitude, and one that Jenkins warns against, is the cynical selfishness of the wealthy bourgeoisie, as illustrated by the sexual acquisitiveness of Elizabeth, who callously humiliates the latest of her series of lovers while she pursues Lewis, and by the petty spite and chicanery of her husband. Theirs is the behavior of a privileged class which has been left nothing but the remnants of its material power by the rapid wartime transformation of England into a Welfare State. What Lewis calls "the new privileged classes of 'our society'" seem to him preferable to the "Anglicized Aberdarcy bourgeoisie"—namely, the people now seen taking their leisure at the best pub in town, "an occasional grocer or butcher in his Yacht Club blazer and lavender trousers, a publican or two in subfusc accompanied by an ignorant doctor or two in sportive checks, an odd golfing jacketed cinema manager, café owner, or fish-shop proprietor." At least, says Lewis, these people don't mind if you take a brandy before dinner.

THE tastes of Mr. Amis's hero might be described as those of a highbrow who with a mixture of anxiety and relief is relaxing into a middlebrow, though he is fond, also, of making sallies into lowbrowism. A year or two ago, he recalls, he had been fond of Henry James. But now he looks forward to the next issue of *Astounding Science Fic-*

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tion. He doesn't want to think any more about T. S. Eliot, and he is irked by fake highbrow nationalist poets like Gareth Probert—poets who "pretend to be wild valley babblers . . . thinking in Welsh the whole time and obsessed by terrible beauty, etc." He refers off-handedly to the exacting literary standards of people like I. A. Richards and William Empson—"what those Cambridge chaps used to call critical awareness." Musing about his prospective appearance before the library board to be quizzed as to his fitness for promotion, he imagines a member of the board asking him, "Are you interested in films, drinking, women's breasts, American novels, jazz, science fiction?" The answer to this unlikely question is supposed, of course, to be "No," but it makes a fair list of the things Lewis is fond of. Under a seat cushion at home he keeps a picture magazine on whose cover is a photograph of "curvesome Marietta Du-Forgue." As for picture magazines in general, he cannot help reflecting how pleasant it would be if only this one and its two competitors could come out "once an hour instead of once or twice a week, without impairing the rigor of their standards." And at this moment, such is his life, he becomes conscious of a thin voice calling from the bedroom, "Dadd-ee."

It is at times like this that Lewis is most aware of "that uncertain feeling." In its social origins, what he feels is the uneasiness of a man without power or position in a society that is changing, and which in its transitional period offers the possibility but not the assurance of unprecedented opportunity for such as he. More generally, the uncertain feeling is what theoretical minds would identify by using words like anxiety or existentialist. But Lewis is content to call it "rootless apprehension, indefinite restlessness, and inactivating boredom."

THE attitudes of John Lewis more or less resemble, one gathers, those of Kingsley Amis himself. They are fundamentally the attitudes called for in Mr. G. S. Fraser's *The Modern Writer and His World,* which was published in this country last year by Criterion Books. Mr. Fraser's historical study of modern British literature has unfortunately not received, on this side of the Atlantic, the attention it deserves. The notable thing about *The Modern Writer and His World* is that one finds in it an intelligent if perhaps finally rather unimaginative mind expressing a strong dissatisfaction with the literary gods of the first four decades of the century, such as Henry James, Shaw, T. S. Eliot, Virginia Woolf, Yeats, Joyce, Pound, and W. H. Auden. These writers seemed to Mr. Fraser to live in a high, tense world of strenuous and difficult metaphysics, moral doctrine, political ideology, and religious feeling which it was no longer possible to share. They seemed to him also to have striven for an impossibly high ideal of artistic craftsmanship and for an expressive form which was too dependent on abstractions, universals, myths, and symbols. Of course there has been no dearth of complaints such as these; yet among critics who share his views Mr. Fraser commands more respect than most.

Fraser's prescriptions for the new literature of England reminded one strongly of Wordsworth specifying what would have to be done in order to bring the artificial poetry of the 18th century back into touch with experience. Speculating on the future of the novel, Fraser noted that under modern conditions it is increasingly difficult to penetrate deeply, as the novelist must, "into the mind and habit of a community" and "to make a clear shape of the merely personal life and to reach out to other persons of similar temperament." These minimal requirements for the novel might still be met, he thought, by certain younger writers who had "it in them to write the novel that will catch, without false abstraction or tendentiousness, the strange rhythm of our time, with its continual overhanging tension, its storms, and its calm, fatalistic drift."

Within the limits of his comic art and his subject matter, Kingsley Amis looks like the answer to Mr. Fraser's prayer. If there is anything Mr. Amis's John Lewis dislikes more than the grubbiness and poverty of his life or than the upper middle class, it is the literature of myth and symbol which this class modishly supports. Sitting beside Elizabeth Gruffydd-Williams at the performance of Probert's play *The Martyr,* which is an imitation of Dylan Thomas and Yeats, Lewis occupies himself, while wondering if he should place his leg against Elizabeth's, by noticing that in the play "words like 'death'

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and 'life' and 'love' and 'man' cropped up every few lines, but they were never attached to anything concrete or specific. 'Death,' for example, wasn't my death or your death or his death or her death or our death or my Aunt Fanny's death, but just death. . . . Dear, dear, the thing was symbolical all right." John Lewis is of course not moved so much by an inverted moral fervor as was Hemingway, who in a famous passage in *A Farewell to Arms* found abstractions such as these "obscene." He finds them merely fatiguing and unnecessary.

But it is not his overt attacks on "abstraction," nor is it the realistic décor of Corn Flakes boxes, animal crackers, pans of warm milk, and the many other details of his settings, which make Mr. Amis seem a genuine original in the contemporary history of the novel. His real achievement is that, although he is hardly as yet a major novelist, he has met Mr. Fraser's minimal requirements of the present-day novel.

The reason why readers are finding Mr. Amis relevant as well as amusing seems to lie especially in his ability to give what Fraser calls "a clear shape of the merely personal life." He gives the impression of a drastically scaled-down ambition. He does not make personal fulfillment depend on concerted action or ideology, as on the whole writers were doing in the 1930's. As with most of us, even those of us whose ideas were formed in the age of the Great Depression, Mr. Amis suffers from astigmatism when he looks at the 1930's. He sees the 1920's much more clearly and responds more spontaneously to its currents of emotion, and he takes from that gay and doomed decade some of its licentiousness and iconoclastic wit, as well as its ideal of the personal life. Yet a profound change has occurred in what is expected of the personal life. It is no longer a matter of self-fulfillment through uninhibited behavior or through romantic gestures or heroic quests or sublime tragi-comic collapses and assertions. Despite their free and often ill-bred behavior, Mr. Amis's characters are always seen in the sheerest, meanest actuality of their lives, and if they are in quest of anything beyond social status and relief from boredom, their goal may be described as the sharpening and reorganization of the "inert, generalized lust" they feel, into an active sense of being, a sense of the reality and significance of the personal life. The difference between the 1920's and the 1950's is neatly summed up by John Lewis: "It wasn't so much doing what you wanted to do that was important, I ruminated, as wanting to do what you did. What about writing that down?"

If, as I suggested above, Mr. Amis's assumptions are middlebrow and if, furthermore, they sometimes seem to speak with the voice of the future, one may want to ask whether his particular brand of middlebrowism is importable to America. Mr. Amis, be it noticed, is not really a lowbrow, despite his liking for jazz, science fiction, and picture magazines. Like most articulate middlebrows on both sides of the Atlantic, he is an intellectual anti-intellectual (by contrast, the lowbrow, as Eric Bentley suggests, is typically a non-intellectual anti-intellectual). Yet why is it that his attitudes seem somehow superior to those of his American counterparts? Why is it that when Mr. V. S. Pritchett publishes some disparaging remarks about James Joyce's *Ulysses*, claiming that it is more of a puzzle than a work of art, one does not feel like writing a letter of protest, whereas one does when Pritchett's remarks are repeated and approved in the *New York Times Book Review* by J. Donald Adams? Is it simply because British middlebrowism is farther away than our own? Is it because our culture in the Age of Eisenhower is to such a large extent smothered by middlebrow standards, whereas English middlebrowism continues to show signs of life?

The real answer would seem to be that the English continue to perform the unlikely historical feat of making a great middlebrow literature. For reasons I tried to outline in Commentary (July 1955) in an article called "Is There a Middle Way in Culture?" American conditions have so far been such as to make a great highbrow culture possible, and also a great lowbrow culture—but not a great culture of the middle.* By contrast the English have for centuries been successfully performing the character-

*Only by way of analogy can one use the terms highbrow, lowbrow, and middlebrow to refer to cultural attitudes and art products of more than a few decades ago. To be sure, the kinds of taste and attitude which one associates

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istic middlebrow task of bringing the higher formalities and abstractions of art into a new relation with ordinary experience, with the personal, the temperamental, and the domestic. With the English this process of adaptation often turns out to be active and creative, whereas the middlebrow effort in America has been passive and parasitic—defining itself not according to any inner necessity of its own but only by what it rejects. It rejects the difficult ideas and principles of art which are propounded by the highbrow and merely pretends to an intimacy with the earthy and personal experience which it accuses the highbrow of being too refined to embrace. Hence the inner malaise of American middlebrowism, which is never quite concealed by its appearance of genteel complacency.

In his breezy way Mr. Amis may be said to carry on the creative task of the English middlebrow. And yet there is a nervous, "American" quality about him. We do not have in Mr. Amis a brutal and monolithic philistine like, say, H. G. Wells. "That uncertain feeling" is not only an existential uneasiness or the characteristic emotion produced by an undefined social status; it is also the guilt and anxiety of a writer who defines himself intellectually by a merely negative act—the act, namely, of rejecting most of the great ideas that for fifty years have been thought necessary to an understanding of the modern world. To this guilt and anxiety may perhaps be attributed the occasional outbursts of self-hatred in Mr. Amis's characters.

THERE is no social group in this country precisely like the one Kingsley Amis depicts in his novels. Yet, as I suggested above, the impoverished graduate students, teachers, laboratory technicians, and librarians who live in their cramped apartments, crowded shacks, and trailers in the vicinity of our large universities must surely see something of themselves in Mr. Amis's characters. One could perceive, at any rate, a new culture in Shank's Village, the agglomeration of temporary huts in Rockland County, N. Y., which functioned for ten years after the war as the intellectual backyard of Columbia University. And one can perceive a similar culture in the temporary villages that have sprung up around institutions like Indiana University.

The status-seeking inhabitants of these sprawling communities are brought much more immediately into contact with the facts of life than those who formed their ideas in the 20's and 30's are likely to have been. Books by the great thinkers who meant so much to them—Marx, Nietzsche, Freud—these may be found in the orange-crate bookcases in the flimsy shacks and Quonset huts, along with volumes by the difficult modern poets and novelists. Picasso and Klee may be seen on the dingy walls, and there are records by Bach and Mozart, along with some jazz and folk songs. But much more real and pressing than the life of ideas and of art is the spectacle of life as it is being actually led—with its hard work, its insecurity, its abnegation, its nervous fatigue, with its domestic duties and the ever-present children, who must be perpetually considered, even when engaging in the rather grubby sexual infidelities that make one of the few sources of diversion. Such a life leaves little enough energy to run after the intellectual gods of an earlier generation, and these were gods, it must be admitted,

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with, for example, middlebrow writers of our own time are to be seen in literary works of various times and places throughout history. Thus it makes some sense to say that Chaucer was a middlebrow, whereas the French romancers and allegorists who gave him many of his ideas were highbrow, just as one might say that Pascal was a highbrow and Montaigne a middlebrow. But because these terms are not so much aesthetic and intellectual as socio-historical categories, they refer with full accuracy only to the modern times that have given rise to them. They are inevitably associated with the absorption of art and literature by commercialism and bureaucracy and the consequent emergence of a middle ground of culture, which in America in the time of Howells began to occupy the gap between the high culture and low culture that had existed since the 18th century.

The "brow" terms first began to be consistently used about forty years ago by critics who wanted to counter this absorption of culture with the concerted effort of a militant intelligentsia or advance-guard whose purpose it was to defend radical values. For a time the highbrow—for example, Waldo Frank—made common cause with the lowbrow—like Sherwood Anderson—against the gathering flood of middlebrowism. But at present there is in this country so much uniformity and so little effective protest that the distinction among "brows" is less real than it once was.

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who required of their votaries a strenuous worship.

What this way of life, as well as the general spirit of the times, produces can be roughly described as a provincial, anti-intellectual, protestant moralism which finds its comic self-awareness in writers like Kingsley Amis, its literary-critical champion in F. R. Leavis, and its prophetic voice in D. H. Lawrence. Which is to say that, as always, American middlebrowism feels more strongly drawn to English than to American, French, or Russian writers.

WILL the new middlebrowism in this country turn out to be merely a new version of the old? One may at least speculate that if the rising writers, scholars, and government workers retain in the future years of their success some of the attitudes and emotions of their experience as a second-class citizenry in the university slums, they will not retain the complacent gentility of the older middlebrowism. At best they will keep the dynamic of their insurgent years. One hardly knows whether these underprivileged groups will change their attitudes and lose their cultural identity as they become full-fledged members of society or whether, having been made to suffer almost uniquely and living under conditions most factory workers would not tolerate, they will retain their own attitudes and, if they do, whether they will succeed in making them influential. Yet, as everyone knows, our civilization, especially in its present phase of unprecedented wealth, has grown enormously competent at enforcing conformity and relaxing intransigence. The chances are that the new middlebrows will be more or less facelessly absorbed into the vast rich, going concern of our society, thus demonstrating once again that the middle way in American cultural life is mortally weakened not only by its lack of ideas but by its historic inability to emulate the kind of energetic and creative naturalism that distinguishes the English middlebrow.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

READING THE CONSTITUTION ANEW

Realty vs. Personalty

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

EVERY major turn in events seems to bring with it a turn in historical consciousness. The same mood which has recently brought upon us what we so loosely call the "New" Conservatism has also brought a new note into historical writing. Such recent assessments of the American past as those made by Daniel Boorstin and Louis Hartz rest upon conceptions very different from those inherited by this generation from such of their forebears as Charles A. Beard or Frederick Jackson Turner. The older tradition, shaped in good part by Populism and Progressivism and reinforced by the temper of the New Deal era, put political and social conflict in the foreground of history—conflict between radical democrats and property-minded conservatives, farmers and capitalists, debtors and creditors, West and East, small business and big business, workers and employers. The school of interpretation now emerging, which tends to forgo the dramatic possibilities that come from emphasis on conflict, derives its dialectical interest from the tension between its own views and the older ones, or sometimes from the historic contrast between American and European experience. American politics—so the argument runs—has been built socially upon a middle-class basis and ideologically upon a liberal consensus. With few notable exceptions, the extremes of left and right have been unable to make themselves felt; feudal arrogance and proletarian radicalism have been absent or remarkably feeble; antagonistic social groups have not veered far from a common center; political differences have been particular and pragmatic rather than general and fundamental; they have been formulated not in profoundly differing or violently clashing ideologies, but in moderate variations from certain generally accepted premises.

If there is a single theme that unites Professor Brown's critique of Charles A. Beard's famous book of 1913 on the Constitution with Robert A. Rutland's study of the origins of the Bill of Rights, it is the explicit avowal or implicit acceptance of the idea that American politics during the days of the Founding Fathers was muted and of limited importance.

Beard had emphasized the social conflicts that gave rise to the Constitution and the political controversy that it caused. As he saw it, the Constitution was desired and created by a relatively small group of men who had a special interest in "personalty"—that is, not in land, but in property invested in commerce, shipping, manufacturing, and, above all, public securities. The framers of the Constitution, alarmed at the democratic tendencies of the state legislatures and at the feebleness of the Articles of Confederation, drafted a stronger instrument of central government capable at once of meeting its own fiscal obligations with greater reliability and of checking the lax practices of the state governments, particularly in

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IN THIS review of Robert E. Brown's *Charles Beard and the Constitution* (Princeton, 219 pp., $3.50) and Robert Allen Rutland's *The Birth of the Bill of Rights, 1776-1794* (North Carolina, 243 pp., $5.00), RICHARD HOFSTADTER directs attention to an emerging school of younger American historians who have been systematically revising our image of the American past. Professor of history at Columbia, Mr. Hofstadter is the author of *The American Political Tradition* (1949) and, most recently, the Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Age of Reform* (1955).

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the issuance of currency and in safeguarding the sanctity of contracts. The new government, far from being an extension of democracy, was an effort to check the power of majorities by men whose political theory, as expressed in their deliberations, was anti-democratic. The presentation of the Constitution to the several states for ratification aroused a bitter conflict, which Beard traced to distinct social groupings. Although the document seemed to challenge the interests of agrarians generally, who constituted a majority of the population, and of debtors in particular, the proponents of the Constitution were able to win its acceptance because they were an aggressive elite, educated, concentrated in strategic places, keenly aware of their own interests; and because their agrarian opponents were scattered through the countryside, slow to move, ignorant of political affairs, or disfranchised by their inability to satisfy the property qualifications for voting.

IN HIS *Charles Beard and the Constitution,* Professor Brown, a student of Colonial history who has written an important book on *Middle Class Democracy and the Revolution in Massachusetts, 1691-1780,* dogs Beard chapter by chapter, page by page, and paragraph by paragraph through his classic work, challenging practically every significant assessment of the evidence. No review can do justice to the bulk of even the important criticisms Brown makes. I hope it is not unjust to select two differences that he seems to consider of particular importance. The first of these is over the relative role of real and personal property among the interests that made the Constitution. Brown has little trouble in showing that the preponderance of real property among the propertied interests of America in 1787-88 was so heavy (even among the very men designated by Beard as the important "personalty holders") as to give us grave cause indeed to doubt the validity of Beard's strong emphasis on personalty—even when we are prepared to concede that in any economy personalty is likely to be more dynamic than realty. In any case, I doubt that this problem will loom as large for subsequent historians as it did for Beard, and as it necessarily does for Brown, who is locked in such intimate embrace with his adversary that his categories are entirely dictated by Beard's assertions.

Brown's second major criticism, however, raises fundamental questions about the interpretation of American political experience. He asks once again how democratic, or undemocratic, the society was which adopted the new Constitution in 1788. Where Beard emphasized the disfranchisement of adult males through the suffrage qualifications, Brown's own study of Massachusetts has done much to prove the wide availability of the right to vote in that province in Colonial times; and other recent studies dealing with other states tend to bear out his thesis. Brown properly points out that some of the efforts to minimize the breadth of the suffrage have rested upon the elementary fallacy of comparing the number of eligible voters, or even the number of actual voters in a given election, with the *total* population instead of with the whole number of *adult males.* Using the suffrage as his primary test of democracy, he argues that the Constitution must be understood not as the product of a class society with acute internal conflicts between the elite and the mass, but rather of a "democratic middle-class society."

Details aside—though it is hard to convey the quality of Professor Brown's work without illustrating his extraordinary patience with detail—he has important structural questions to raise about Beard's argument. Beard never dealt with the troublesome fact that the framers of the Constitution, who he asserted were determined to check the excesses of the state legislatures, were themselves appointed by those legislatures. What Beard describes as a head-on conflict must somehow be reconciled with the continuity between the state legislatures and the Philadelphia Convention of 1787. Secondly, Beard's treatment of the controversies over ratification in the several states was deceptive. As Professor Brown shows in one of the most original sequences of his analysis, Beard did not discuss these controversies in the order in which they took place, which for the historian is the most natural and faithful procedure, but in an order (itself not consistently followed) roughly geographical, reading from North to South. This has the effect of throwing into the foreground states in which ratification was most strongly and effectively opposed; it gives the impression that from the very outset the controversy was hard-fought and the decision extremely close. In fact, among the first five states to ratify the Constitution, three did so unanimously, a fourth did so overwhelmingly, and in Pennsylvania, where there was a controversy of some importance, the Constitution was

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ratified by a two-to-one vote. Among the eleven states that held ratifying conventions and adhered to the Union when it went into effect, only four had close contests as measured by the votes, and Beard chose to discuss three of these near the beginning of his account. In mitigation of this criticism, it must be observed that ratification by three of those states with close votes, Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia, was considered essential to the success of the Union.

Professor Brown also points to other curious aspects of Beard's approach to the process of ratification. In Pennsylvania, where one of the earlier conventions for ratification was called, Beard felt that the action was "precipitous" and that haste was unduly favorable to the cause of the Federalists. (Benjamin Franklin, however, thought that the Constitution was adopted only "after the fullest discussion in convention, and in all the public papers, till everybody was tired of the argument.") On the other hand, Beard believed that in Maryland and South Carolina "deliberation and delays in the election and the assembling of the conventions resulted in an undoubted majority in favor of the new instrument." While it is at least conceivable that haste might have favored the Federalists in Pennsylvania while delay helped them in Maryland and South Carolina, there is here a suggestion of special pleading that needs a great deal more explanation than Beard ever gave.

To me one of the most significant of the moot points is the delicate one as to how bitter the conflict over ratification was. That there was a close vote in the ratifying conventions of a few states, and that some strong language was used in the debates and public discussions almost everywhere, is beyond doubt. It is still arguable how deeply ordinary citizens felt the issues. The whole effect of Beard's book is to suggest that a great many of them opposed it bitterly, but that "the people," being disfranchised and outmaneuvered by "the interests," went down to defeat. It was easy to show that in the popular vote for members of the state ratifying conventions only a small portion of the adult male population actually voted. Although Beard believed that this was in large part because they were disfranchised by property qualifications, he conceded in one very revealing passage that "far more were disfranchised through apathy and lack of understanding of the significance of politics," and in another, gave away a great part of his case with the sweeping admission that "the wide distribution of property created an extensive electorate." The difference for our view of the period between disfranchisement by property qualifications and "disfranchisement" through apathy or ignorance is an enormous one.

An excellent illustration of the vulnerability of Beard's conviction of the sharpness of the conflict is his treatment of Philadelphia, where he found that the election of delegates to the ratifying convention was "perhaps the hottest contest that occurred anywhere." In this hot contest only 1,450 voters out of about five thousand or six thousand eligibles took the trouble to vote—though, as Brown points out, a genuinely hot contest over twenty-two years earlier, at a time when the population was much smaller, had brought out four thousand votes. Brown puts it well when he says: "One of the master keys to an understanding of the Constitution is not how many men could not vote, but why so many having the vote did not use it. . . . When we stop talking about the 'mass of men' who *could not* vote on the Constitution and start talking about the 'mass of men' who *could* vote but did not bother to do so, then, and only then, will we understand the Constitution and its adoption. . . . The Constitution was adopted with a great show of indifference. . . ."

I am not sure that the conclusions Professor Brown has drawn from his researches into suffrage qualifications and his critique of Beard are the only possible conclusions. He looks upon the society which adopted the Constitution as a "democratic middle-class society." But in his eyes the democratic character of this indisputably middle-class society rests almost completely upon the right to vote. I do not believe that political democracy is as much a matter of the electoral franchise as Professor Brown seems to assume. There are intangibles of public leadership, social control, and political awareness to be taken into account, and when these are considered they suggest a conjectural third view of 18th-century American society which is somewhat different from Beard's or Brown's. Briefly, that alternative is that "the people" in 18th-century America were not vitally interested in politics, especially in inter-colonial politics; that their characteristic (though not invariable) political attitude was one of indifference, and that this indifference often ex-

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tended to issues which the historian now considers profoundly important; that in the absence of an alert and militantly self-interested political public, the functions of government and decision commonly went, very largely by default, to the gentry; that the gentry, far from presenting a united front to the people, were on occasion sharply divided among themselves on political matters, and that at times some of them chose to employ a rhetoric rather more democratic than were their actual convictions in order to win public support; that this was frequently the case in the struggle over the Constitution (though the representative political opinions of anti-Federalists were hardly more democratic than those of Federalists); that the Constitution was adopted amid wide public indifference, as Brown asserts; and finally that the most decisive popular challenges to government by the gentry were not delivered until the second and third decades of the 19th century, when "the people" began to make far more use of the franchise which had long been available to them, and when the demand that politics as a career be made open to talents became widespread. This view is consistent with the broad franchise and the political apathy which Professor Brown points to, but pays due regard to sociological factors in the assessment of democracy.

While I believe that the historiography of the future will be much closer to the argument of Brown's book than to Beard's, I find it hard to pass over Brown's critique without comment on its tone, which is often unnecessarily polemical and censorious. Although Professor Brown does give credit to Beard for having directed attention to neglected areas of history, he scolds him rather humorlessly for having written several other books during the period when he was writing his study of the Constitution, instead of digging deeper into the proper sources. Professor Brown would have budgeted Beard's time quite differently. As one of the generation that began to read American history during the 1930's and who has since had to unlearn a good deal of what he learned from Beard, I still feel that tribute is due him for the sense of passion and urgency with which he pursued his craft. All historians who try to go beyond narrowly focused monographs to write intellectually relevant histories run the risk of being trapped now and then by their ideological and political commitments. At the cost of sometimes misleading us, they often suggest important areas of inquiry. Many of the mistakes Beard made are of the sort that are likely to be made in the course of any ground-breaking inquiry into a complex subject. Minds like Beard—and Turner, who also misled us at critical points—perform services even when they are wrong.

Professor Brown is as ungenerous to his own predecessors in the criticism of *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States* as he is to Beard. Some of his arguments are highly original or are followed through the evidence more closely than they have ever been before. But the substantial literature of criticism and analysis on the subject that has accumulated over the past fifteen or twenty years belies the impression Brown gives that he is alone in the universe with Beard and the sources. By avoiding all reference to other critics of Beard (except those who have indirectly dealt with the subject in writing about the suffrage problem) he suggests far wider acceptance of the Beard thesis among the competent professionals than has been the fact in recent years. If he had done what Beard did in his work—that is, given a brief account of the leading writers who had in some part anticipated his own argument—he would have been fairer, and he might have given us a valuable essay on changing historical fashions, which would have put his book in its full context. And had he chosen to enumerate others who have significantly differed with Beard's book, one of the historians who would have demanded prominent mention would have been Beard himself. Brown mentions, but passes over all too casually, the fact that Beard a dozen years ago in *The Republic* (1943) and in *The Basic History of the United States* (1944) adopted a new view of the Constitutional period much closer to Brown's present study than to his own earlier work. This change of views on Beard's part does not deprive Brown's critique of the older book of any of its importance or value, but renders even more gratuitous than it might otherwise be the book's extraordinarily edgy tone.

The chief ground on which the more responsible anti-Federalists criticized the proposed Constitution was its lack of a Bill of Rights. Oddly enough, considering the importance in our legal tradition of the Bill of Rights, there has never been an adequate history of the process by which it was incorporated in the

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Constitution. Mr. Rutland's study goes only part of the way to fill the gap. His book treats adequately, as its title promises, of the *birth* of the Bill of Rights during the years 1787-88, but is rather perfunctory in accounting for the marriage of British law and American experience that preceded the birth, and for the Colonial period of gestation. That phase of the story that most concerns us here, however, is his illuminating discussion of a possible bill of rights in the Federal Convention and the role of the bill of rights issue in the ratifying conventions. What he finds is quite consistent with Professor Brown's suggestion that the conflict was not over-acute. Although the Federalists were on occasion accused of the sinister design of depriving the people of their traditional guarantees of rights, no evidence for this accusation turns up; what we see instead is their readiness to yield the point when they discovered how important it was.

When the American states broke away from British rule, seven of the original ones, in addition to newly formed Vermont, adopted distinct bills of rights, while four others incorporated similar guarantees in other ways. The Articles of Confederation, which loosely held the states together, did not add any further guarantees of its own, presumably because each state retained its own sovereignty, and separately offered considerable protection to freedom of conscience, freedom of the press, and other basic rights. The members of the Federal Convention, during the greater part of their proceedings, seem to have assumed that their new Constitution would stand in the same position as the Articles of Confederation. During the closing days, when George Mason of Virginia began to press for a Bill of Rights, most of the delegates seem still to have agreed with Roger Sherman: "The State Declarations of Rights are not repealed by this Constitution; and being in force are sufficient."

When the Constitution was presented to the states for ratification, the intense suspicion aroused among its opponents by the absence of such guarantees made it clear that the oversight had been important. The more astute Federalists found it strategic to say in the ratifying conventions that they would support the inclusion of a Bill of Rights, however unnecessary, if that would satisfy the opposition; and what emerged from the controversy was a sort of implicit promise to enact one. But the common premise shared by both sides in the debate—that bills of rights are valuable and important guarantees—looms larger than any difference of opinion over whether the new Constitution needed one. No doubt the most useful thing the opposition did was to assure that such guarantees would be added to the Constitution soon after it went into effect. As Jefferson expressed it, "There has been just opposition enough to produce probably further guarantees to liberty without touching the energy of the government, and this will bring over the bulk of the opposition to the side of the new government."

"Just opposition enough" seems to catch the tenor of the proceedings. One of the earliest important events of the first Congress under the Constitution was the introduction by James Madison of the Bill of Rights. While there was much further discussion of details, the passage of the first ten amendments and their referral to the states for ratification was completed in the fall of 1789. With this step the conflict over the Constitution (mild, as we may well believe, from the beginning) evaporated. A year after Washington's inauguration Jefferson could write to Lafayette: "The opposition to our new constitution has almost totally disappeared." Disputes over the meaning of the Constitution, which began almost immediately, may indeed have been more severe than the original conflict over its adoption.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Jews in Old Russia

To the Editor of Commentary:

Since I know that you always strive for accuracy of fact in the contributions you publish, I was a little surprised by Léon Poliakov's "Official Anti-Semitism in Old Russia" (July 1956). It is nothing new to attribute the beginning of official anti-Semitism in Russia to the struggle against the "Judaizing heresy" at the start of the 16th century. Dubnow pointed this out and it was reasserted in a recent article in the Israeli quarterly *Zion*.

It is, however, regrettable that Poliakov allows himself a number of misstatements of fact and exaggerations, explicit or by implication.

1) There is no evidence that "Jews were welcomed with open arms at the court of Kiev." And Zacharia was apparently not the instigator of the "Judaizing heresy" in Novgorod: a Russian sect, "Strigolniki," preceded.

2) The Jew Hoza Kokos who served as "intermediary between Ivan and his ally Menghi-Guirez," in negotiating a treaty with the Khan, was not a Russian Jew but came from Kaffa (Theodosia), which was at that time a Genoan trading colony. Not knowing the situation in Moscow, he wrote some letters to Ivan in Hebrew, and the latter requested him to write in Russian or the "Basurman language" (meaning probably Tataric).

3) Poliakov speaks of the Chmelnitsky massacres and the Russian invasion as if they were the same. The Chmelnitsky massacres began in 1648 and reached their peak during the years 1648-49 (the memorable *tach* and *tat* of the Jewish chronicles); the Russian invasion of 1654-56 was of much less importance.

4) *Die Judenstadt von Lublin* is hardly "a German report of the period"; probably Mayer Balaban's book (Berlin, 1919) is meant.

5) Polish Jews continued to trade in Moscow after 1504 until the mid-16th century (Schipper, *History of Jewish Trade in Poland*, p. 45).

6) The Pale of Settlement came about as a result not of the government's "official anti-Semitism," but of the demand of the Moscow merchants (1790, 1791).

Bernard D. Weinryb

Dropsie College
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Poliakov *writes:*

There is an old French saying: "If anyone accused me of stealing the towers of Notre-Dame, I would start running." Because Mr. Weinryb's objections are—to put it mildly—entirely without foundation, they are not easy to answer. But, point by point:

1) For the treatment of the Jews at the court of Kiev, I refer Mr. Weinryb to Dubnow and Hessen, the two authorities on that question. As to the origin of the Judaizing heresy at Novgorod, three different chronicles attribute its instigation to the advent and influence of Skaria (*not* Zacharia) and his friends. Not one of the various historians—Jewish or Russian—who have studied the matter has ever expressed any doubt about the facts. It is true, of course, that there were other heresies at Novgorod, a fact which has no relevance, since I have not undertaken to give the history of all the Russian religious sects.

2) I certainly did not say that Hoza Kokos was a Russian Jew. I said: "One such Jew, Hoza Kokos"—and then below: "another rich Crimean Jew named Zacharia. . . ."

3) Likewise, I never suggested that the Chmelnitsky massacres and the Russian invasion were the same. I simply wrote that the "atrocities committed against Jews by the Russian armies reached a height in the middle of the 17th century after the insurrection of Bogdan Chmelnitsky." I was dealing with Russia, not with Poland or the Ukraine.

4) Here is the full title of the "German report" on Lublin [translated from the German]: "Report or complete description of the lamentable and pitiful destruction of the beautiful city of Lublin as perpetrated in barbaric manner by the Muscovites and Cossacks. Year 1655" (without any indication of place).

5) Jewish merchants did live in Moscow at the beginning of the 17th century and I said so in my article ("Nevertheless, in that same period a little Jewish colony was founded in Moscow"). But these Jews managed to settle there *despite* the official ban. Check on identity of residents was then less strict than in our own time. Between 1550 and 1917, I believe there was not a single Russian ruler who did not renew the ban, under one form or another. For instance, at the beginning of the year 1638

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the Polish king asked Czar Michael to authorize an exception and permit his "court agent" Aaron ben Mordecai to go to the city of Moscow for the purpose of doing some buying. The Czar replied that "any Polish merchant could get into Moscow but not a Jewish merchant, because entrance of Jews into Russia had been banned since ancient times, inasmuch as Christians will have nothing to do with them."

6) The Pale of Settlement was established from the time of the annexation by Russia of territories inhabited by Jews (*beginning* of the 18th century). Catherine II's ukase of December 23, 1791, which Mr. Weinryb must have had in mind, simply *renews*, after the partition of Poland, the ban against Jewish residence in the Russian territories proper.

Tribute

To the Editor of Commentary:

The best tribute I can pay to the February [1956] number of Commentary, which is the first issue of the magazine I have ever seen . . . is to say that although a good deal of the material is not, to a Gentile, of obviously central interest, the consistent intelligence displayed, the maturity of judgment, the breadth of sympathy, and, above all, the general aliveness, made me read the entire contents with extraordinary pleasure and interest.

In the case of Hal Lehrman's "Three Weeks in Cairo," H. Stuart Hughes's "Western Strategy and Economic Revolution," and the book reviews, the standard seems to me a very high one indeed. For all the balanced fairness everywhere apparent, there is no sign of the lack of vitality and drive too often associated nowadays with judicial poise.

Dr. Leavis's article ("Mark Twain's Neglected Classic") is one of the best short pieces he has done. . . . I can think of no single piece of his to which I would more confidently send a reader in need of a demonstration that Leavis is not interested in "form" and "technique" for their own sakes.

Robin Mayhead

Peradeniya, Ceylon

Teachers & Pupils

To the Editor of Commentary:

It is obvious from Arthur Brodbeck's review of Joan Dunn's book *Retreat from Learning*, in your July issue, that he is not a public-school classroom teacher. For how else explain his extraordinarily charitable review of a book that lacks insight and argues for a completely authoritarian and undemocratic way of teaching?

I too read Miss Dunn's book, with a mixture of pity and joy—pity because her parochial and prissy background and approach precluded any possibility of rapport with normal, rambunctious adolescents; joy because my own experience, in a similarly "tough" situation, resulted in respect, awareness, and learning on the part of the youngsters, and myself as well. . . .

I would be the last to decry the importance of the classics in the teaching of English, but what earthly purpose is served for children to learn to spell polysyllabic words arbitrarily selected by the teacher as "required spelling" when those words have no relation to the language that the children themselves use?

In reference to the Flesches, Dunns, and other whining "antis" in the field of education, it is interesting to note that four thousand years ago the complaint was registered by a high priest in Egypt that the young people's manners and behavior were atrocious; and that the Board of Overseers of Harvard College toward the end of the last century complained that entering freshmen were "inadequate" in composition.

Obviously all youngsters can't be made to be deeply appreciative of the classics, and interestingly enough, neither were their parents and grandparents under the thumb of the proper school marm to whose methods a return is indicated by Mr. Brodbeck and those others with whom he agrees.

If the "thoughtful people" that Mr. Brodbeck refers to who are concerned with "progressive theory turned into meaningless rituals" would stop their mystic contemplations for a short time and visit, for example, a Junior High School that I know, in which more than two thousand youngsters who are really learning democracy along with their Three R's under teachers and administrators who are modern educators with nary a sign of "laxness," "text-book jargon," or aimless "whistling in the dark," they would receive a great surprise that would give them something to think about.

Arline Coopersmith

Cranford, New Jersey

Trade Unions in the Middle East

To the Editor of Commentary:

I would like to comment on Walter Zander's article "Arab Nationalism and Israel" (July). My purpose is rather to amplify his viewpoint with some recent developments I was privy to at the June sessions of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions in Brussels, its world headquarters.

The ICFTU, a six-year-old organization of free trade union organizations throughout the world (including our own AFL-CIO), has

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been able to bring into its fold whatever significant trade unions there are in the Arab world. These unions sit side by side with Histadrut, the powerful Israeli Federation of Labor. There are no questions raised, nor if they were raised would they even be countenanced, as to Histadrut's right to be represented on the highest governing body of the ICFTU, its Executive Board. The Arab or Moslem countries represented in the ICFTU today include Algeria, Lebanon, Libya, Morocco, Pakistan, and Tunisia.

Confronting the ICFTU today is a recently created opposition nationalist group, inspired largely by Egypt, called the Arab Confederation of Labor, with representation from Egypt, Syria, some Lebanese unions, and a Libyan representative. This organization has pressed its claims to representation of Arab workers with scant success thus far. The ICFTU affiliates, at the last session of their Executive Board, demonstrated an unswerving loyalty to the ICFTU. In fact, immediately upon its admission to the ICFTU, Algeria signed a protocol with its two neighbors—Tunisia and Morocco—pledging to further the aims of free trade-unionism in North Africa. So significant has this world, which Mr. Zander writes about, become that the ICFTU voted to hold its fifth biennial world congress next year in Tunis, the first time such a convocation will be held outside of Europe. And the ICFTU has even scheduled a regional trade union conference somewhere in Africa before the year is up.

These are rather tedious technical details to impose upon your readers but, added together. they offer a glimpse of a different possibility for the Middle East and the Arab world. Histadrut's spokesmen at the ICFTU have, again and again, urged broadening of trade union activity in the Middle East, seeing in such activity hope—but only hope—for some eventual solution to the unending crisis. This is not to say that strong free unions in the Middle East would mean an end to conflict, any more than the U. S. Supreme Court's decisions on segregation have meant an end to Jim Crowism in the South. But they do, indeed, afford a shining beam in this darkening part of the world.

THE North African trade union leadership has the support of the emerging independent governments, particularly in Tunisia where Habib Bourguiba, who addressed an AFL convention a few years ago, is friendly to the Union Générale Tunisienne du Travail. The basic problem which these Arab or Moslem unions must grapple with is politics in its most elemental sense. In fact, it must be the basic problem of any country whose workers are just emerging into a latter-day industrialism. For American, British, or German labor movements, "bread-and-butter" problems can be dealt with and, frequently are, on a non-political level. But in underdeveloped countries, where workers' organizations are relatively recent, economic and political demands are closely intertwined because colonial memories are still too fresh.

It is in this area that the ICFTU is playing, and will continue to play, a decisive role. Confronted by the Arab Confederation of Labor, whose direction is largely "anti-Zionist" and anti-Israel, and the pressures of the Communist World Federation of Trade Unions in the Middle East, the ICFTU has undertaken to help direct the nascent trade union movements into normal trade union channels while supporting their aspirations for freedom or self-determination. That is why the Algerian trade unions, young and inexperienced though they are, were admitted overwhelmingly into the ICFTU even though at this writing their organization is proscribed by the French and many of its leaders are either in jail or exile.

By and large, the political orientation of these movements, while nationalist in every sense, is toward democracy, not dictatorship. They most certainly are anti-Communist—the Tunisian movement was an affiliate of the WFTU but left after one meeting—and uninterested in Soviet economic or political aid. . . .

I am not naive enough to believe that substituting a Ford for a camel or a washing machine for a harem will solve the Arab-Israeli conflict; but, in the broadest sense, helping the Arab-Moslem world to emerge from feudalism in the 20th century may yet make survival possible for those Middle East elements who would rather build homes for workers than see them killed in a *jihad*. . . .

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

New York City

National Review's Answer

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I found it impossible to comment on Mr. Dwight Macdonald's charges against *National Review*, as published in your March issue ("Scambled Eggheads on the Right") in the space you allocate for such purposes. . . . Under the circumstances, I discussed Mr. Macdonald's article in *National Review* itself. I should be grateful if you would inform your readers that a copy of that answer is available to any subscriber to COMMENTARY curious to see it: one need only write to 211 East 37th Street for a free copy.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

New York, N. Y.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Power in America

THE POWER ELITE. By C. WRIGHT MILLS. Oxford University Press. 423 pp. $6.00.

Reviewed by DENNIS H. WRONG

LIKE Professor Mills's earlier books, *The Power Elite* is an uneven blend of journalism, sociology, and moral indignation. Having previously examined labor leaders and white-collar workers, Mills here turns his attention to the topside of American society: the old families enshrined in the *Social Register,* the celebrities of the mass media, the corporation executives, the generals and admirals, and the major politicians. But he does a good deal more than merely buttress a series of descriptive accounts of these august circles with the conventional apparatus of sociological research; his chief concern is with developing a theory of where the decisive power lies in American society, how it got there, and how it is exercised.

Mills maintains that the United States is run by a "power elite" of corporation executives, military men, and politicians whose interests converge or coincide, and who "are in a position to make decisions with terrible consequences for the underlying populations of the world." This theory is introduced in the opening chapter. The middle chapters, dealing with the various American upper classes, old and new, constitute an attempt to document and illustrate the central thesis, which is then elaborated in the final section of the book, where Mills examines and rejects alternative views. He closes with a ringing indictment of American society as immoral, politically irresponsible, and led by the "second-rate mind."

The early chapters of the book contain the best writing and some of the most incisive analysis. They trace the decline in the autonomy of the small town and its self-contained social world, the development of fashionable society and of a stylized upper-class way of life in the metropolitan centers of the East, and, finally, the replacement of the society lady and the debutante by the movie star, with the emergence of a nationwide celebrity system created and sustained by the mass media. No one, to my knowledge, has written with greater insight into the larger significance of café society, where the stars of all fields of endeavor mingle in the spotlight of publicity. And Mills's criticism of Veblen's conception of the leisure class is as acute as any I have seen. "He was," Mills writes, "not quite serious enough about status because he did not see its full and intricate importance to power"—an omission by Veblen which Mills more than makes good.

Moving from the theme of status and wealth to that of power, Mills describes the executives, the military and, much more briefly, the politicians—the three groups he sees as an "interlocking directorate" at the apex of the American power hierarchy.He provides a lot of information about each of them, some of it based on original research and some of it merely taken from the Luce publications and business magazines. In trying to persuade us that there is really an "interlocking directorate" at work in America, he makes much of the degree to which careers in the corporate, military, and government bureaucracies are becoming interchangeable, listing the generals who have been appointed directors of large corporations or participated actively in politics, and the businessmen who have accepted government posts. Most of this data is drawn from the record of the past four years, and one may perhaps be pardoned for hesitating to join Mills in regarding the Eisenhower administration as the goal and culmination of long-term trends in American politics.

Mills completes his picture of the power structure by identifying a "middle level" of power where Congress, state political machines, and regional economic interest groups are located, and where the conception (advanced by David Riesman, John K. Galbraith and others) of a relative equilibrium between competing groups has rough applicability. He argues, however, that the Riesman-Galbraith restatements of the traditional liberal theory of a balanced

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society confuse the part with the whole and the desirable with the actual. (Here Mills is a polemicist and at his best, without the tone of tough-guy knowingness about the facts of power that pervades much of the book.)

Below the elite and the "middle level" lie the powerless masses, pulverized by metropolitan living and rapid industrial growth, manipulated by the power elite, and distracted from any serious concern with politics by the commercial machinery of amusement. Clearly, in Mills's vision of them, they no longer bear much resemblance to the classic "public" of democratic theory.

EXCEPT for this almost eschatological view of the passive, violated masses, Mills's account of who holds the power in American society, is, it seems to me, broadly acceptable. The fundamental weakness in his whole analysis lies in his failure to tell us clearly *what* the elite does with its power, or *why* it does some things and not others—for power is not an absolute: there is only power to do particular things. What exactly does Mills's power elite do that leads him to think it plays so crucial a role? It makes "decisions having at least national consequences." The decisions he uses as examples are the most obvious ones conceivable: the chain of events leading up to American entrance into World War II, the dropping of the bomb on Hiroshima (referred to repeatedly), the commitment of troops to Europe under NATO, the Korean war, the decision to defend Formosa. Congress wasn't consulted about these decisions, says Mills (sounding for all the world like an Old Guard Republican), nor were you and I.

And so we weren't, but decisions bearing on war and peace—the only kind Mills mentions—are rarely submitted to plebiscites. Most modern governments give their executive branches unusual prerogatives to deal with situations considered relevant to national security. Lincoln was in effect a military dictator during the Civil War, often neglecting to consult even his own Cabinet, and this was in a period when, Mills himself informs us, the power elite had yet to achieve its ascendancy. Wars and cold wars have vastly increased the emergency powers of the Executive and it may be that too many vital policy decisions are being concealed from Congress, the press, and the public. A lot of people have been saying as much for some time. But Mills's anguished cry against the awesome power of the elite adds up in the end to little more than reiteration of these fairly familiar complaints, which hardly justify his view of America as virtually a totalitarian country.

But it is not only Mills's inadequately defined notion of power that is open to question; there is also the fact that he never specifies precisely what are the interests on the basis of which the power elite decides policy. They are not, he says, the profit motives of a capitalist "ruling class" in the traditional Marxist sense, but represent a "coincidence of interest among economic, political, and military organizations." Businessmen, he reminds us, have captured control of the New Deal Federal agencies that were created to control them, while corporations profit from orders placed by the Pentagon. Yet Mills makes it clear that he has in mind a more comprehensive unity of interests than that implied by these familiar occurrences which involve only a few industries and areas of government activity. American capitalism, he argues, is no longer a mere "scatter of special interests": it began to produce industry-wide spokesmen like Owen D. Young in the 20's, and today the heads of the great corporations have moved "from the industrial point of interest and outlook to the interest and outlook of the class of all big corporate property as a whole."

Do the shared interests of the members of the elite arise, then, from the fact that they know one another personally and have common social origins and a common style of life? This is not the whole story either, according to Mills, for to see the elite as no more than a clique of like-minded men would be too succumb to a "simple-minded biographical theory of society and history." Mills is after something more solidly rooted in history than this: he wants to identify "objective interests" that have been created by long-run "structural trends" in American institutions. Economic men, he tells us repeatedly, were dominant from the end of the Civil War until the depression, politicians acquired greater power in the New Deal era, military men became important during World War II, and all three have made common cause under the Eisenhower administration. But his account of these undeniable historical developments does not succeed in enlightening us as to what exactly are the "coincident interests" of the three groups making up the power elite.

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WHAT Mills fails to state outright, but is, I think, hinting at, is that big business has joined with the big politicians and the generals and admirals to maintain a "permanent war economy" for the purpose of averting an otherwise inevitable economic depression. The hydra-headed elite, according to this view, has a clear interest in perpetuating the present situation because, if the threat of war were removed, the military leaders would lose their positions of power and prestige, while another depression would perhaps spell the extinction of capitalism. Although it is needed to cap his argument, Mills neglects to make this extravagant theory explicit, possibly because he can't really bring himself to believe that his power elite is so far-seeing and Machiavellian.

I find the theory incredible. Are we to conclude that the armed belligerency of Germany, Japan, and Russia made only a secondary contribution to the new role of the military in American life? Is Soviet armed might today simply a bogey conjured up by the power elite to justify its position? Mills doesn't say as much, but he refers in a most oblique way to the fact that America is now "in a military neighborhood" and mentions the Soviet Union only once, remarking that the United States is not yet *that* totalitarian! The fact is that his sense of an irresistible determinism in events commits him to a strange brand of isolationism that sees changes in American society as being virtually self-generated by the "internal dynamics" of institutions.

Mills is alive to the fact that he might be charged with advancing a new "conspiracy theory of history." He insists that the power elite is not a band of plotters, but has come into being only because men have availed themselves of opportunities created by "institutional forces." Recently I asked an adherent of Mills's views whether or not he thought that important changes in American foreign policy would result if the Democrats won the 1956 election and chose as Secretary of State George Kennan, who is far from being an intellectual mediocrity and has sharply criticized what he regards as the excessive militarization of American policy. "Certainly," was the quick response, "but the power elite would never let Kennan have the job." Mills, of course, is not responsible for what others make of his views, but they clearly lend themselves to the idea of an organized clique secretly manipulating events. He himself finally half-recognizes this, and quotes Richard Hofstadter to the effect that identifying conspiracies *in* history is not the same thing as arguing that history *is* a conspiracy. Granted, but I do not think that Mills's new key fits the lock of history any better than those of earlier Populist and Marxist writers.

Dilemmas of Exile

MORI SA'ID. By HAYIM HAZAZ. Translated from the Hebrew by Ben Halpern. Abelard-Schuman. 320 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by PAUL GOODMAN

WE HOPE for what we do not have. And those who, starved for it, greedily hope for what is highest, find themselves out of touch and inept in the world as it is. They neglect the ills that they could indeed remedy, they are spiteful toward the goods that do exist, and they feed on their dreams like hashish. Yet how can they abandon their impossible idea? In comparison to it, what else is worth living for? They end up dying at the Wailing Wall. It is these dilemmas of Exile that Hayim Hazaz lusts to deal with, especially when the exiles are physically living in Jerusalem, which makes it all the more piquant. And in his novel *Mori Sa'id*, just translated into awkwardly graceful English by Ben Halpern, Hazaz contrives to catch these dilemmas in the very structure and texture of the narrative, so that by concentrating not so much on what he tells but on the form of the telling, we experience what it is to be a Yemenite, a Jew, or a man.

Like Buber, Hazaz must be a thorn in the side of the civil powers who are trying in outrageously difficult circumstances to construct a society on sensible principles; but those powers do well to cherish these painful and jolly writers, for they are the only ones who know how to write.

What first strikes one, in this excellent book, is the voluble talk, the endless blabbing, like virtuosi in an old-fashioned concerto. They sound off in various genres: lyrical rhapsody, vituperation and the exchange of vituperation, colossal stalling, amorous blarney, speechifying, speculation by number and letter, drunken warbling and the exchange of drunken warbling, and lovely snoring. In this Yemenite novel, the rhythm and color of the speech is something like the *Arabian Nights:* gaudy, bawdy, fanciful and vulgar, a bright gurgling

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brook. It is a grim story but almost always gay.

Yet *Mori Sa'id* is not a talky book. It is a novel, it actively presents its idea rather than talks about it. How is this possible if the book is so largely talk? The answer is that Hazaz handles that aspect of talk which is action (for instance, praise); or the avoidance of action; or the pathetic or relieving substitute for action. It is not what the characters say but *when* they sound off, and the tone in which at that juncture they sound off, that makes the on-going structure of the story. And this structure of talk as an action, as an avoidance of action, and as a substitute for action, is a marvelous expression of the author's theme. His theme is the hope for the Messiah; or closer, the conditions for the coming of the Messiah; or more closely still, how do people live in the hope and despair of the coming of the Messiah. In another novel, Hazaz deals with the false Messiahs of older days; in this novel, the ancient scholar Mori Sa'id, dream-haunted, manic, and paranoiac, knows that he will come, a sure thing, a certain thing, by Shmini Atsereth next. It is the period of Hitler and the bombs rain on Tel Aviv. Then, what! "If they did all that damage in two minutes, then nothing hinders His Name from bringing King Messiah and finishing them off in a wink."

In waiting for a miracle, there are certain limitations of action, limits where action is thwarted and impossible, or where it would be irrelevant and pointless. Then let us look at the way Hazaz organizes his plot as a whole, as a clue to his picture of the world in such a moment.

WHAT are the people doing? There are three main strands of plot, corresponding to three generations. Let us start with the youngest and least importantly treated—and how significant this "least important" is in a novel about Israel! The old sage's grand-daughter, chafing at the misery and superstition of the Yemenite existence, falls in love with a *chaver;* she tries to conform to her parents' conventions and fails; and the lovers run off to a kibbutz. That's it. Told straightforwardly, with few long speeches, and a certain amount of sentimental conflict. It is very good and ordinary. But the most striking thing about it is the author's sudden silence; for in defiance of every expectation of narrative structure, once they have escaped he does not follow them to the kibbutz; there is no scene, no sentence, nothing. Isn't it obvious what he means by this? As if he said, "Oh of course; they have made the right choice, to get out of this sordid history and its crazy hope, but—it's absolutely uninteresting. They are now sensible and free—let them!" Or perhaps, as if he said, "To me as a writer it's the old man's Messianic dreams that are real, granted that he is quite demented; it's not *this* world that is real; yet probably after all it's only this world that is real—hm, not if I can help it! I won't mention it further."

The middle generation, in its ignorance and misery, provides most of the scenes of activity. Its hero is Mori's shiftless drunken son Sion (Is the name significant?) Sion is quite active, his principle seems to be to put the Messiah to some practical use, alternating with escape into liquor. Throughout he both acts and talks; he talks because he is tormented by the old man's faith, he cannot shake it off; he makes a life of guilt, escape, excess, and self-justifying blab.

But the most extensive treatment is given to the eldest generation, Mori Sa'id and his hanger-on Mori Alfekah, who is hungry to hear the latest Messianic dream. And until the denouement, these two do nothing but blab, sober and drunk. In the denouement the two are sharply contrasted; following a random suggestion of Mori Sa'id to hasten the day by doing the *mitzvah* of peopling the earth, Alfekah makes another marriage and enjoys a sexual second spring; whereas Mori Sa'id himself conceives an impossible demand on us to give up our portion of immortality for the Messiah's sake, and frustrated he goes off to the Wailing Wall to die.

Now this seems a respectable amount of action to fill a book, and yet this action is not the book, it is only an action-framework. There is generated no suspense and anxiety and little pity and fear. There is little drama, but the effect sometimes of a tapestry, sometimes of a lyrical outcry. What is avoided, purposely avoided, is much dramatic interaction among the generations; especially Mori Sa'id is aloof from anything that is "going on." If we look at the relations among the plot strands, we get to the heart of what Hazaz is doing. First, least importantly, when there *is* an interaction, it is made to work in reverse. Thus, the girl's mother speaks against the young man, *therefore* the girl definitely commits herself to him; the father forbids the marriage, *therefore* she runs

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away with her lover to the kibbutz. There is no scene of rebellion, just hopeless misunderstanding and escape; therefore no drama. Between Sion and the old man there is not even this much; simply, the old man curses his son and the son is impudent to his father, and nothing changes.

Much more important, Hazaz gives us a spectacular *dis*connection of the plot strands, and he uses this for powerful satire and even sarcasm. Thus, the grandfather is rapt in his ecstatic heavenly triumph and we read about the desperate misery of his children; or Sion, in turn, is outraged by the desires of the children to live, and meantime he is whoring away in perfect (temporary) bliss. Yet though the effect is sarcastic, Hazaz does not leave us at all with the impression that the old man or Sion is to blame; rather that that's just how it is, living in Exile, and hallelujah. They are all justified and they are absurd; the young people are sensible and it's not worth talking about.

Let me stress the kind of point I am making: when a character fails to act, the author means us to think something about the character, that he is lazy or ignorant, vacillating, proud, etc., etc.; but when the author will not let his lines of plot interact, he means to say that this is the nature of the world.

But most important of all, there is continually a profound and subtle internal connection among the strands of action, a connection of spiritual mood and theological meaning. In this respect the lucubrations of Mori Sa'id, that are after all the major part of the book, dominate the other parts, interpret them, and are likewise interpreted by them. It is as if Hazaz were asking the question: "Are *these* the conditions for the coming of the Messiah?" and he answers by the shifting mood of Mori's dreams, "Yes, now it is close and probable . . . now it is postponed . . . now I am sick and fearful . . . now it is very difficult, very improbable. . . ." The reader may not notice these connections analytically, but he feels them poetically in the way things are juxtaposed. At the time that the drudgery and misery of Sion's wife and daughter are portrayed, then Mori Sa'id has joy in himself and lively hopes for the Messiah. At the time we hear of the marital misery of Sion and his friend Sheva, and when Mori Soliman inveighs against the English, then oh! it is a certain thing, the Messiah will come by Shmini Atsereth. (This is not a question of cause and effect, but of conditions and fulfillment.) Alas! when Sion becomes temporarily prosperous and the girl meets her boy, then the Coming must be postponed to Passover. When Sion is lusting for a whore, Mori is dark and foreboding; when his lust is fulfilled, then Mori fears death and wildly accuses his friend Alfekah of wishing his death. Yet, as if by an unconscious reflex of Sion's sexual joy, he suggests to Alfekah to take another wife while he has still some sparks. When Sion and the whore break up, then Mori is having "Days of Grace" and explores further into the secrets of heaven than ever before in his life: at this time he feels that he is the one righteous in the world for whom God will redeem all, and he crows like a rooster. But when Alfekah takes his bride and is happy with her, then Mori is deathly ill and suffers a paranoiac episode (he is convinced that his friend is a "secret agent of the Imam").

Clearly there are operating here the most deep-going psychological motives of frustration, spite, substitution, reaction-formation, and so forth. Mori longs for natural happiness, the natural happiness of the world, but he cannot endure that any happiness exists. Under the stress of possible partial satisfaction, he at once projects absolute terrors; and so his dreams veer and vary, and are also prophetic of the next stage. It is pointless to say that such interpretations are irrelevant to Hazaz, since he himself gives a full-blown portrait of the psychosis. In the crisis Mori feels that his happy friend has become a monster to assassinate him, and he himself is the single savior of mankind, beloved of the angels. He has become the unique battleground of the last days. Am I then saying that the book is a study of irrational behavior? Not at all; but that, like Kafka, with whom he has important similarities, Hazaz understands that at this reach of experience, of miraculous hope, it is not at all certain what is mere madness and what is the clear insight that madmen have in flashes, *if* they have; certainly *we* don't.

Inevitably the theory of the Messiah is a theory of love; but it is a physical Messiah, a resurrection of the body, not of the soul (the Yemenites are compared to the living bones in Ezekiel), so Hazaz treats of physical love. The three strands of the plot contain three love stories, three kinds of sexual pleasure. There is

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the love of Sion for his whore and the love of Mori Alfekah done to fulfill the commandment but paying off in happiness; these are the Venereal and Uranian loves. And there is the young love that is part of the new society in the kibbutz. Besides these, there is everywhere the account of the loveless marriages of the miserable folk. To all this the dreamer reacts strongly, but finally with the heroic spitefulness that, for Messiah to come, we must renounce our portion in Paradise: something is wrong with it, it is too selfbound. Hazaz has the right to this spite, since his handling of sexual love is utterly frank and refreshing; it is not fear or squeamishness but simple disappointment that makes him yearn for the impossible. I regret only that as a foil for the second-childishness of the sage, he does not include a fourth plot strand of the fourth generation, the children not quite ruined.

Like anyone concerned with Sabbatianism, historical Messiahs, Hazaz must conjure with antinomian ideas, that which is beyond human moral standards. "The son of David," as someone says in this book, "cometh not but in a generation entirely pure or entirely wicked." (Shall we then do evil that good may come?) The point is that mankind must go beyond itself, either in renunciation or indulgence —as Buber says somewhere: "A Paradise—even if it was a hell; at any rate not unreal. Rather violence lived than shadowy solicitude for faceless numbers. From the former a way leads to God, from the latter a way only to nothing." The problem is how to lay a claim on heaven. Naturally such an attitude nullifies the final worth of activity, and Hazaz expresses this is this novel by the mutual avoidance of the lines of action; yet he does not mean that what each one does, in his conditions, is irrelevant to the coming of the Messiah; it is very relevant, but how? It is, I think, Hazaz's fundamental antinomianism that allows him to treat every subject with such animal vividness and acceptance: for what difference does it make whether this or that? and yet how important that it be!

They are Yemenites. We may wonder why Hazaz, a Ukrainian, is so fascinated with these people. "Happy are we—that we are we!" (leaders in prayer), exclaims Sion at one point. Yes, and to put it bluntly, the Yemenites are the niggers of Israel; just as the Jews are the niggers among the nations; and just as in the Creation, mankind is the nigger. Indeed, where

THE JEWS FROM CYRUS TO HEROD

By Norman H. Snaith

The political history and religious development of the Jewish people from the Exile to the birth of Jesus. Part one of the book deals with the rise and fall of men and empires, while the second part is concerned with the growth of apocalypticism, the development of the figure of the Messiah, and the emergence of the Essenes and other distinctive groups.

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else would you look for the claim on heaven?

To return to the first point: it is all talk, and the talk itself is the action. In the context of expecting the Messiah, and especially when he does not come, the activities of men are relevant, but interpreting them and singing and dancing are even more closely relevant. (Best of all would be to be so secure in faith that you don't give it a second thought. Are you that secure?)

Finally, this is a novel of the generations, the youth, in a new culture, breaking away from the old faith. The story is slanted, for a change, from the point of view of the grandfathers. But one cannot escape the melancholy reflection that it is because they cannot function as teachers, because they cannot pass on their tradition, that their tradition becomes so ossified, strange, and merely dreamy. This is terrible, for there are sparks in it the moderns do not have the like.

American Jewish Political Characteristics

THE POLITICAL BEHAVIOR OF AMERICAN JEWS. By LAWRENCE H. FUCHS. Free Press. 220 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by WERNER COHN

PROFESSOR FUCHS's book consists of what the dust-jacket blurb calls "a historical account of the political behavior of American Jewry since Colonial times." My first stricture on his work concerns the fact that many detailed statements are confidently asserted, but without any citation of evidence: thus in 1916 "for the first time in at least sixteen years and perhaps for the first time since 1856 more Jews voted for a Democratic candidate for President than voted for the Republican nominee." Even more disturbing than the total absence of documentation in these first chapters is the haphazard nature of the account: a little anecdote here, a random piece of statistics there. There is no attempt at analysis; and lacking any sort of theme or thesis to defend, this "historical" exercise wanders through two hundred years of American Jewish life without in any way enlightening the reader.

When the author gives empirical data on contemporary activities of American Jews, he is somewhat more illuminating. But here again his unimaginative use of statistics and what I can only call his intellectual provincialism are serious impediments.

The book, however, performs a service in documenting one important finding: American Jews differ from non-Jews in being much more friendly to politicians of the New Deal type. This tendency cannot be attributed solely to such factors as occupational or geographical distribution, age, recency of immigration, or any of the other things which have frequently been adduced to rationalize away this significant aspect of American Jewish life.

ACKNOWLEDGING the existence of Jewish political peculiarities, Professor Fuchs quite properly devotes a considerable amount of space to an attempt to explain them. He mentions three "distinctive values of America's Jewish subculture . . . (1) Learning (Torah); (2) Charity (*Zedakeh*); and . . . (3) Life's pleasures (non-asceticism)." The value placed upon learning, he feels, makes Jews prefer intellectual candidates (and these, he assumes, are found most often among New Deal Democrats). The value called charity, according to Professor Fuchs, makes Jews "more than any other group . . . [defend] the rights of nonconformists." (Again, according to our professor, it is New Deal Democrats who are most distinguished for their defense of non-conformists.) The pursuit of life's pleasures, finally, makes Jews support people like Franklin Delano Roosevelt, because the New Deal stood for the good things in life more often than did its opponents.

The full measure of the author's naivety becomes evident in his frank admission that these three alleged Jewish distinctions can be summarized by saying that Jews are more "altruistic" than other people. Occasionally, Professor Fuchs seems slightly uneasy at having to make pronouncements which can be interpreted as Jewish self-praise. But then he takes the stance of an objective scientist: in the interests of science, one must tell the truth even when it is embarrassingly flattering to oneself.

Professor Fuchs indicates that Jews are in general more tolerant of "left-wing" opinion than other Americans. But what about nonconformists on the right? Here his evidence is somewhat ambiguous. On page 190 he says that more Jews than others (a minority amounting to 12 per cent of his Boston Jewish sample) "were in strong agreement that even Nazis and Communists ought to have free speech"; but

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This *I Believe*

By William Faulkner*

"SOON now all of us—not just Southerners nor even just Americans, but all people who are still free and want to remain so—are going to have to make a choice, lest the next (and last) confrontation we face will be, not Communists against anti-Communists, but simply the remaining handful of white people against the massed myriads of all the people on earth who are not white. We will have to choose not between color nor race nor religion nor between East and West either, but simply between being slaves and being free. And we will have to choose completely and for good; the time is already past now when we can choose a little of each, a little of both. We can choose a state of slavedom, and if we are powerful enough to be among the top two or three or ten, we can have a certain amount of license—until someone more powerful rises and has us machine-gunned against a cellar wall.

"But we cannot choose freedom established on a hierarchy of degrees of freedom, on a caste system of equality like military rank. We must be free not because we claim freedom, but because we practice it; our freedom must be buttressed by a homogeny equally and unchallengeably free, no matter what color they are, so that all the other inimical forces everywhere—systems political or religious or racial or national—will not just respect us because we practice freedom, they will fear us because we do."

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on page 158 he cites as one of the reasons why Jews supported LaGuardia the fact that the latter "worked tirelessly . . . against the Ku Klux Klan." From my own evidence, it seems quite clear that prevailing opinion in the Jewish community is that anti-Semitic movements should be outlawed—and this, whatever else we may say about it, scarcely supports a view of the Jewish community as a militant defender of non-conformity.

Professor Fuchs makes it amply clear that he considers New Dealism to be a very desirable political orientation, that he thinks the "left" in politics preferable to the "right," and that affinity with the Communist movement, while not desirable in itself, can generally, when it occurs in Jews, be interpreted as a manifestation of underlying humanitarian feelings. He is as much entitled to these views as I am to mine. But he is not entitled, it seems to me, to the claim of writing as a dispassionate scientist when all he does to account for political motives is to set down as "altruistic" those who agree with him.

I hope that my remarks here will not be interpreted as denying to Jews as much altruism as can be found among other groups. It is merely that I am not convinced that we possess this quality in significantly larger amounts than others, or that whatever makes us different from Gentiles can be explained in such simplistic and moralistic terms.

Toynbee as Ideologue

TOYNBEE AND HISTORY. Edited by ASHLEY MONTAGU. Porter Sargent. 385 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by BERNARD W. WISHY

THE well-known social scientist Ashley Montagu has collected over thirty articles to form a symposium on Toynbee's *A Study of History* which includes the views of such distinguished scholars as Pieter Geyl, Hugh Trevor-Roper, Geoffrey Barraclough, A. J. P. Taylor, and Walter Kaufmann. Collectively, these essays represent the best criticism that Toynbee is likely to receive in our generation, and their very appearance together in this book marks Toynbee's emergence, not as a great historian, but as a figure of cultural significance.

The consensus of opinion of the historians among the contributors is not surprising. Had

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Toynbee presented his work merely as personal reflections on the old questions about the nature, "pattern," and "meaning" of history, he might have escaped some of the criticism leveled at him here. But he has repeatedly asserted that, unlike Spengler, he has been loyal to fact, and it is precisely on grounds of fact that fellow historians have found him most vulnerable.

The eminent Dutch historian, Pieter Geyl indicates the general direction of the complaints against Toynbee: that he chooses the facts to fit his theses, basing far too broad generalizations about "civilizations" on much too narrow a foundation of factual truth, and isolating single facts—i.e. Holland's struggle against the sea —to the exclusion of others in accounting for the rise of a given civilization. Geyl finds Toynbee vague about the intensity of the "challenges" and "responses" which allegedly determine the course of civilizations. Further, his choice of the "creative individuals" who have shaped history seems purely arbitrary: St. Paul, Peter the Great, Machiavelli, Dante, the Buddha—but not others of equal importance.

These particular figures are chosen on the basis of another of Toynbee's principles of interpretation—"withdrawal and return"—according to which the major changes in history are brought about by men (or groups) who first "withdraw" from society for meditation and then return to make it over in the light of their new wisdom. But "withdrawal and return" is as vague a concept as "challenge and response." It covers both voluntary seclusion (the Buddha) and enforced exile (Dante). It cannot explain why, though both the Puritans and the Catholics "withdraw" in early 17th-century England, only the Puritans "return" with "omnipotence." The extent to which this, like so many other of Toynbee's generalizations, violates all sense of proportion is perhaps best seen in his extravagant assertion that England's "withdrawal" from the Continent in the 15th and 16th centuries made possible the Royal Society, the Glorious Revolution, the colonization of North America, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* the steam engine, the Reform Bill of 1832, British control of India, Darwin's *Origin of the Species,* and the British Commonwealth of Nations!

THE main discontent historians have felt with Toynbee, however, has revolved not so much around his subsidiary generalizations as his claim that over twenty different "civilizations" have experienced a common course of development. In this book, Gotthold Weil effectively challenges Toynbee's interpretation of the development of Islam, Wayne Altree takes him to task on China, Abba Eban on the Jews, and W. den Boer on ancient Greece (the civilization Toynbee knows best). Other contributors to the symposium attack his views on geography, renaissances, and religions, and Professor Geyl has elsewhere refuted most of the ideas about the contemporary world expressed by Toynbee in *The World and the West.* Very little of Toynbee's "system" has survived these assaults.

Though Toynbee's critics are remarkably free from that petty ill-informed hostility which the very idea of philosophy of history sometimes arouses, they seriously doubt that any system of "laws" like his can possibly encompass all they have learned from patient tedious research. After a century of "scientific history" during which an incalculable amount of sheer factual knowledge has been collected, many historians have given up an earlier hope that facts would supply "answers" or that they could find immutable "laws" of historical development. After all the possible "facts" are in and the historians have followed Croce's and Collingwood's and Beard's advice to use their moral imagination and "get inside the past," we are

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still left with many of the mysteries and ambiguities that Toynbee and other philosophers of history would like to have resolved—indeed, the mysteries seem deeper than ever.

But for all this, Toynbee remains an attractive mind to many people, and Edward Fiess's essay, "Toynbee as a Poet"—an appreciation with which Toynbee has himself expressed satisfaction—suggests the nature of this attraction. Walter Kaufmann shrewdly remarks that "people begin to think of Toynbee as a poet only where he has raised other expectations and then failed to fulfill them." Toynbee's "poetry," in other words, rather than being the result of a heightened feeling for the color and the nuance of history, is really a product of his vagueness. It is another word for abstraction. "Challenge and response," for example, the abstraction that Toynbee uses not only to characterize the process by which civilizations rise and fall, but to judge their spiritual resources, covers such a variety of events and beliefs that it loses all precision—and imprecision is hardly a quality of good poetry.

Moreover, judgment of a whole civilization seems impossible to start with: everywhere, men succeed in some respects and fail in others. In every generation, as Herbert Butterfield has said, there occurs a clash of wills out of which emerges something that no one ever really willed. The sense of mystery about the past that this view implies, and the sobriety it entails, make wide generalizations extremely suspect and confound prophecy. But a mind like Toynbee's cannot bear to live in a world as bafflingly complex as ours, and is driven by a need to subject life—as understood, if not as conducted—totally to the control of reason. It is, in short, the mind of an ideologue, doing with the past what other rationalists would like to do with the present.

TOYNBEE'S commitment to abstraction, and his sense of history as a titanic drama, provide another symptom of the dangerous contemporary taste for apocalypse. Life is seen as a continuing series of crises culminating in Victory or Death. The fate of a civilization is always at stake; destruction is always imminent. Human beings are conceived in relation to "waves of the future": there is little sense of the mass of unrecorded minor loyalties and smaller destinies, of people living out their daily lives without direct reference to the great issue of the age. History takes place only on the barricades and men achieve identity or fulfillment only as they become associated somehow with the universalist messianic movement of the latest "internal proletariat."

Toynbee musters a mass of facts to prove his case and to do justice to other civilizations than our own. Because he fails to maintain vital intellectual and moral distinctions while "appreciating" other cultures, his attempt at cultural pluralism degenerates into the worst kind of eclecticism and syncretism. Only a few of the enormous number of ideas he discusses are fully understood or worked out, and a huge ragbag of cultural information is presented—and taken—as scholarship and learning or even piety, viz. Toynbee's incredible "prayer" to Mother Mary, Mother Isis, Mother Ishtar, *et al.*

The terrible thing is the waste all this involves. Toynbee obviously has great gifts, but he has refused to impose on himself a discipline that could turn them to better account than the occasional insights or "interesting ideas" that his critics grant him. He has remained singularly undisturbed by their dissent from his views, and impervious to their sense of fact. If, as Geyl says, he conceives of himself as a prophet, he has done himself the injustice of accepting and paying court to some of the worst vices of our time instead of correcting them in true prophetic style. His work, consequently, tells us less about history than it does about himself and the tastes of our age.

Propaganda vs. Sobriety

NEGROES ON THE MARCH. By DANIEL GUERIN. George L. Weissman. 192 pp. $1.50.

THE NEGRO POTENTIAL. By ELI GINZBERG WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF JAMES K. ANDERSON, DOUGLAS W. BRAY, and ROBERT W. SMUTS. Columbia University Press. 144 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by C. VANN WOODWARD

DANIEL GUERIN'S *Negroes on the March* is the translation of an extract from his *Ou Va le Peuple Americain?*, a two-volume work published in Paris in 1951. The larger work, so the author tells us, was the product of a visit to the United States in 1947 and 1948. While he has attempted to bring the translated extract up to date by "noting the main occurrences

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and developments between 1951 and 1954," the predominant tone and outlook are still that of 1948—the year of the Henry Wallace campaign, when revolution was around the corner, and heroic formulas for social problems were the order of the day.

Mr. Guerin begins his book with an attack on another foreign critic of American race policies, the Swedish scholar Gunnar Myrdal, author of *An American Dilemma*. His main criticism is that Myrdal "does not explain *how, by whom and why race prejudice was brought into being.*" The Swedish writer's conclusions are "quite in harmony with the concerns of those who subsidized his work [the Carnegie Corporation], and serve their interests quite well." The corporation did not want "the real causes of the evil to be laid bare; for if a cause-and-effect relationship were established between capitalist oppression and race prejudice, the victims of race prejudice would be likely to draw conclusions dangerous to the established order, while the white victims of capitalist oppression would be inclined to ally themselves with the colored people."

Our French critic is quite ready with his own explanation of the cause of race prejudice. He tells us that it was "artificially and systematically manufactured by the subtlest and most diabolical methods" to keep the working class divided and thus more easily oppressed and exploited. It seems that "no real remedy exists within the framework of the present economic and social system." The only cure, of course,

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is the revolutionary one—the overthrow and destruction of the present system.

During his travels in America, Mr. Guerin pictured himself as a modern Diogenes with his lantern looking for an honest man. In the South honest men were pretty scarce: he turned up only six after an exhaustive search. And as a matter of fact they were none too plentiful in the rest of the country. Among the Negroes too they were extremely hard to come by. The NAACP was "tainted with the traits of the Negro petty bourgeoisie," and since Mr. Guerin is of the Trotskyist persuasion, he is naturally critical of Negro Stalinists.

While Mr. Guerin notes a number of efforts at progress in the last few years, he declares that "there has been no fundamental change in the political, economic, or social position of the American Negro" since his visit in 1948. He professes the belief, however, that "emancipation is on the march, and all hopes are warranted." But in view of the cure he prescribes he would seem to promise no more real hope than that school of social psychologists who diagnose race prejudice as a mental illness afflicting millions of American people, and then have to admit that there are simply not enough psychiatrists to treat them all.

It is not that this book is so badly informed. The author claims, perhaps with some justice, to have "read everything of importance that has been written on the Negro question in the United States." But he persistently works his information into stereotypes. His pictures of historical background, group attitudes, and regional configurations are painted with the glaring oversimplification of posters. And back of it all is the nostrum of revolution and the image of the Negro as "the bearer of flames, the volcanic element, on the soil of 'calm and prosperous' America."

To TURN from this to Eli Ginzberg's *The Negro Potential* is to turn from rhetoric to statistics, from the soap box to the study. Professor Ginzberg has quite as much sympathy for the Negro victims of prejudice as Mr. Guerin, but he is willing to face hard facts and unwilling to propagandize.

The central theme of *The Negro Potential* is the expanding opportunities of the Negro and his poor preparation to exploit these opportunities. While the author contends that the Negro is still far short of equality of opportunity and that complacency is entirely unwarranted, he points out that "the economic opportunities of the Negro in the United States have vastly increased" in the last fifteen years. The same is true of the Negro's opportunities in the military services during the last decade. Prejudice and discrimination are still handicaps, but the Negro's own deficiencies in training, education, skills, and health are also tremendous obstacles to his progress. These deficiencies are no doubt largely the result of poor schools, poor housing, and poor neighborhoods —which are themselves the products of discrimination. But whatever accounts for the appalling deficiencies that block the potential development and usefulness of the American Negro, Mr. Ginzberg's point is that the time has come to face up to them.

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The impact of the book is best conveyed by a few samples from the disturbing results of the studies upon which it reports. Only one out of seven Negro boys finishes high school in the South, and only one out of three in the North. But the quality of education received is even more disturbing than the quantity. One study revealed that only three out of every hundred graduates from segregated Negro high schools in the South were qualified to enter a good inter-racial college. Another showed that only 6 per cent of the top-ranking Negroes from Southern high schools did as well or better than the average student who took regular college entrance examination tests. Mr. Ginzberg concludes that "the overwhelming majority of graduates from Southern Negro high schools cannot compete with the average graduate of the average high school." How dim the prospect is of improving Negro education in the South is indicated by tests of some fifteen hundred Negro seniors in 37 colleges who were preparing to teach: their average score ranked below 96 per cent of all college seniors.

The Negro also fares badly in the schools of the North. The superintendent of one metropolitan school district where the great majority of students were Negroes, found that "less than 1 per cent of the entire student body in the area had an intelligence quotient of 120 or above." In the schools of an upper middle-class white suburban community, on the other hand, about 30 per cent had an IQ of 120 or above. A survey of the graduating class of 32 public schools in a dozen Northern and Western states in 1952 showed that Negroes accounted for 3,300 of the total senior class enrollment of 10,400, or over one-third. Yet only 53 Negroes were in the highest quarter of the class. The white students therefore did fifteen times better than the Negroes in class standing Since only 24 of the 53 Negro students in the highest quartile had taken college preparatory courses, less than one out of every hundred Negro seniors was qualified for college admission. Mere improvement in schools is no panacea. A childhood of poverty, family instability, inferior status, and segregation, seriously stunts the intellectual potential of Negro children before they reach school age.

The staggering cost of the lost potential of Negro ability is spelled out by Professor Ginzberg in realistic detail. The loss in military manpower alone, as revealed in army records of the Second World War, is sufficient to bring

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home the critical nature of the problem. Since two-thirds of all American Negroes still live in the South, where they make up a fourth of the total population, the South suffers most from the loss of the Negro potential. It would seem very doubtful that the South can keep pace with the rest of the country under this partly self-imposed handicap, especially if it continues to lose its most competent and best-trained Negroes to the North. Its recalcitrance on segregation is therefore "self-destructive."

Mr. Ginzberg and his associates warn the Negro that "equality cannot be bestowed; it must be earned." They also warn liberals and reformers that, "because inequality is so deeply imbedded in the past, it will take considerable time, even under the best circumstances, for the Negro to gain equal status with the white population." Such admonitions are typical of the tone of the book. *The Negro Potential* is therefore best described as sobering rather than inspiring. It is, in fact, the proven thesis of the book that this is a problem and a time for all the sobriety we can muster.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

Dennis H. Wrong teaches sociology at Brown University.

Paul Goodman is the well-known novelist, poet, and critic.

Werner Cohn is a young sociologist now on the staff of Northland College in Wisconsin.

Bernard W. Wishy is a member of the history department of Columbia University.

C. Vann Woodward, the eminent historian, contributed "Desegregation in Perspective" to our June issue.

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